TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Nkima danced excitedly upon the naked, brown shoulder of his master. He chattered and scolded, now looking up inquiringly into Tarzan's face and then off into the jungle. "Something is coming, Bwana," said Muviro, sub-chief of the Waziri. "Nkima has heard it." "It's a party of men," said Tarzan. "Perhaps they are not friendly," suggested the black. "Shall I warn the warriors?"

Tarzan glanced about the camp where a score of his black fighting men were busy preparing their evening meal and saw that, as was the custom of the Waziri, their weapons were in order and at hand. "No," he said. "It will, I believe, be unnecessary, as these people who are approaching do not come as enemies would, nor are their numbers great." The advance of the strangers was now audible.

A tall, black warrior was the first of the party to come within sight of the camp. When he saw the Waziri he halted and an instant later a bearded white man came forward, making the sign of peace. Out of the jungle a dozen or more blacks followed him. Most of them were porters, there being but three or four rifles in evidence. The Waziri realized at once that it was a small and harmless party.

"Dr. Von Harben!" exclaimed Tarzan, as the stranger approached. "I scarcely recognized you at first. What brings you into Tarzan's country, doctor? I hope it is only a neighborly visit and that no trouble has come to you." "I, too, wish that it were nothing more than a friendly call," said Von Harben, "but as a matter of fact I am here to seek your help because I am in serious trouble, I fear."

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Erich Von Harben, at the age of 23, had achieved distinction in Europe as an Alpine mountain climber, as an archeologist and as a student of dead languages. His father maintained a mission in Africa, and there his son visited him. Immediately the young student became interested in the study of various Bantu dialects.

The old men of the native tribes told him the legend of the lost tribe of the Wiramwazi mountains and young Von Harben became imbued with the idea that this tribe might be one of the lost tribes of biblical history. The reports had it that somewhere in the depths of the great mountain range was a mysterious tribe of white men.

Young Von Harben organized an expedition to penetrate beyond the Wiramwazi in quest of the lost tribe. But his expedition had not been gone long enough to accomplish its mission when a frightened member of his party returned to his village. He told strange tales of malign spirits, for the lost tribesmen were supposed to be bloodthirsty ghosts.

Dr. Von Harben tried to organize a relief expedition but he soon discovered other deserters from his son's party had spread terror throughout the land. The natives shuddered at the name of the Wiramwazi mountains and their fear gradually infected the doctor himself. In desperation he set out to find the only man to aid him, Tarzan of the Apes.

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After Dr. Von Harben explained his son's disappearance, Tarzan announced, "I leave at once!" Taking Nkima, the monkey, with him, he moved silently off into the jungle, his lithe carriage, his noiseless tread, his majestic mien suggesting to the mind of the doctor a personification of another mighty jungle animal, Numa the lion, king of beasts.

Several days out on the trail, as Tarzan swung swiftly and quietly through the trees, he saw below him some score of natives struggling along through the jungle. A few of them were armed with rifles and all carried packs of various sizes – such packs as Tarzan knew must belong to the equipment of a white man. The lord of the jungle hailed them.

The blacks halted, looking up fearfully. "I am Tarzan of the Apes. Do not be afraid," he reassured them, and simultaneously he dropped to the trail among them. "Where is your master?" demanded Tarzan. "He is dead," one of them mumbled. "Where is his body?" "We could not find it." "You are not speaking true words," said Tarzan.

"We were afraid," said a frightened black. "We deserted him upon the slopes of the Wiramwazi." "Go your way back to your own villages," said Tarzan. "If your Bwana is dead, you shall be punished." And, swinging into the lower branches of the trees, Tarzan disappeared from the sight of the unhappy blacks in the direction of the Wiramwazi.

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It was three days before Tarzan located the point at which Von Harben had been abandoned by his men, as a heavy rain and wind storm had obliterated the trail, but at last he stumbled upon the tent, which had blown down, but nowhere could he see any signs of Von Harben's trail.

Ascending diagonally and in a westerly direction in the hope of crossing Von Harben's trail, Tarzan moved in the opposite direction from that taken by the man he sought. Presently he encountered an almost perpendicular barrier along the base of which he picked his way among the rocks.

So engrossed was the ape-man in the dangerous business of picking his way along the mountainside that he gave little heed to anything beyond the necessities of the trail, and so he did not see the little group of black warriors gazing up at him from the shelter of a clump of trees far down the slope.

As Tarzan advanced his body was pressed closely against a granite face of the cliff while he sought a foothold upon the ledge of loose rubble. Where the footing was narrowest a stone gave beneath his foot, throwing him off his balance. Nkima shrieked and leaped from his shoulder as Tarzan lunged down the embankment.

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As Tarzan fell from the cliff his body was brought to a stop by one of the many stunted trees that clung tenaciously to the wind swept slope. Terrified, Nkima scampered to his master's side and pulled and tugged upon him in an effort to raise him, but the ape-man lay motionless, a tiny stream of blood trickling from a cut on his temple.

The black warriors, who had been watching them from below, clambered quickly up the mountain. Little Nkima made a futile and pathetic effort to keep them away from his fallen master, but they brushed him aside. Tarzan, unconscious, was surrounded by warriors of the Bagego tribe and carried to a hut in the village, a prisoner.

The next day Lukedi, one of the Bagegos, carried a gourd of milk to the hut. He shuddered with fear as he saw the figure of the giant white man who was sitting in the dim light on the turf floor, his wrists bound together behind his back and his ankles made secure with tough fiber strands.

Tarzan demanded that his bonds be loosened so that he could use his hands to drink. Lukedi called two slaves, who covered the ape-man with spears while Lukedi cut the fiber strands. Then an old rusted slave chain and an ancient padlock were brought and Tarzan was fastened to the center pole while two men with spears stood guard.

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"I am Tarzan of the Apes," said the prisoner. "I have no quarrel with the Bagegos." One of the guardsmen laughed derisively. "That may be your name," he said. "You men of the lost tribe have strange names. Perhaps you have no quarrel with the Bagegos, but the Bagegos have a quarrel with you," and still laughing he left the hut, followed by his companion.

The youth Lukedi remained, apparently fascinated by the prisoner, at whom he stood staring as he might have stared at a deity. Tarzan reached for the gourd and drank the milk it contained, and never once did Lukedi take his eyes from him. "What is your name?" asked Tarzan. "Lukedi," replied the youth. "And you have never heard of Tarzan of the Apes?" "No," he replied.

"Who do you think I am?" demanded the ape-man. "We know that you belong to the Lost Tribe," said Lukedi, "but you do not wear clothes like the members of the Lost Tribe." "What will they do with me?" Tarzan asked. "There is no doubt that you will be burned alive so your spirit cannot haunt us," said the boy. "We do not want you to come back to us in the form of a snake or a lion."

As darkness settled upon the village, Tarzan stretched himself upon the dirt floor of the hut, going immediately to sleep rather than fretting at impending danger. From childhood he had shared with the beasts, among whom he had been raised, the ability to awaken quickly and in full command of his faculties. He awoke now, immediately conscious the noise that had aroused him came from the roof.

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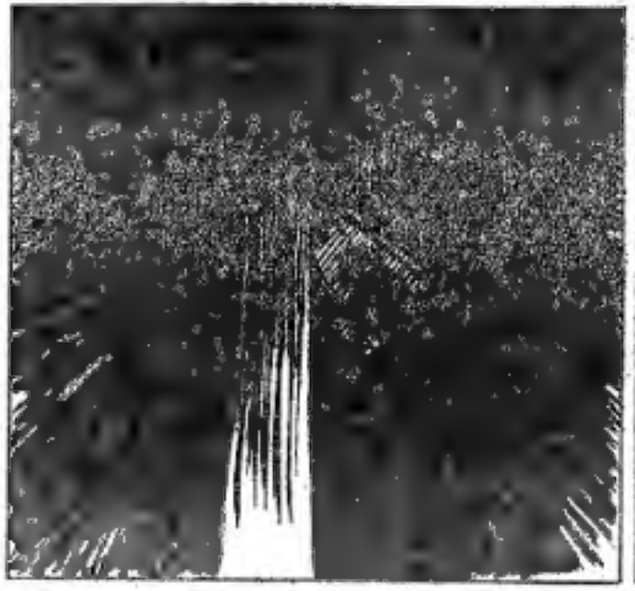

Tarzan recognized immediately that it was an animal who was trying to force its way into the hut, but the acrid fumes of the village cook fires so filled the air that he was unable to catch the scent of the creature on the roof. Presently he saw a little ray of moonlight. A hole had been forced through the roof. Tarzan saw a dark thing silhouetted against the sky.

As the figure became clear a broad smile illuminated the face of the ape-man. Now he saw strong little fingers working at the twigs that were fastened across the rafters, and presently the opening was enclosed by a furry little body that wriggled through and dropped to the floor beside the prisoner. "How did you find me, little Nkima?" whispered Tarzan.

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Nkima spoke in the language of the apes. He had been sitting high in the branches of a tree all day waiting for darkness to come. Now he proposed to go back and bring Murivo and the Waziri warriors to the rescue. "They could not get here in time," said Tarzan. "Go back and wait. I will join you." At that moment, one of the sentries, hearing voices, crawled into the hut.

"Whom are you talking to?" demanded the sentry. He heard a scampering and saw something dark go through the roof. "That," said Tarzan, "was the ghost of your grandfather. He came to tell me you, your wives and children would take sick and die if anything happened to me." The terrified sentry returned to his post and Tarzan could hear him telling of the ghostly prophecy.

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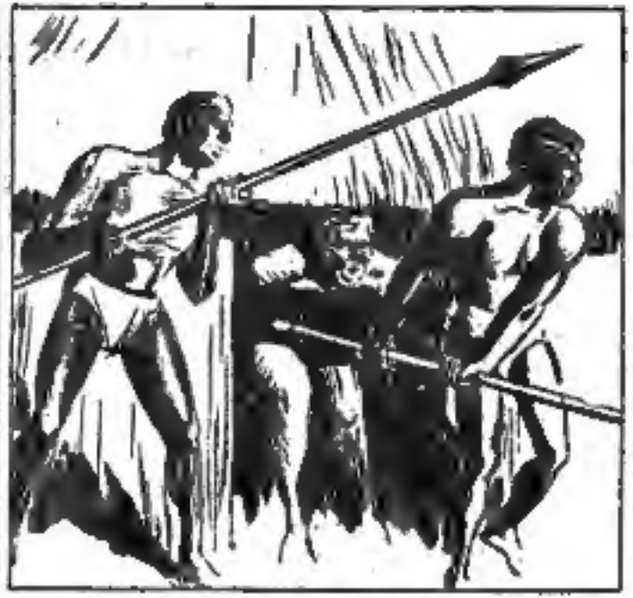
The following morning Lukedi came to the hut with another gourd of milk. He pointed to the low doorway of the hut. "Look," he said, "from here you can see them placing the stake to which you are to be bound and the boys are in the forest gathering fagots." "Go to your chief," said Tarzan, "and tell him I am not from the Lost Tribe. He must treat me as a friend."



As the youth reached the doorway of the hut there suddenly arose a great commotion in the village. Tarzan heard men issuing orders. He heard children crying and the pounding of many naked feet upon the hard ground. Then the war drums boomed and he heard the clashing of weapons and loud shouting. The guards who were at the doorway sprang to their feet.

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Within the hut Lukedi shrank back with a cry of terror. "They come! They come!" he cried. Tarzan saw the guards disappear and run off to join the other warriors. Lukedi, trembling all over, ran to the far side of the hut, where he crouched in gibbering fear. "Who come?" Tarzan asked. "The warriors of the Lost Tribe!" Lukedi shrieked.

Tarzan looked out of the hut upon a milling mass of brown bodies, waving spears, and terrified women and children. He saw the Bagegos fleeing in all directions. Strange figures passed before his eyes in pursuit. For a time there was silence, only a hurrying of feet, an occasional command and a wild scream of terror.

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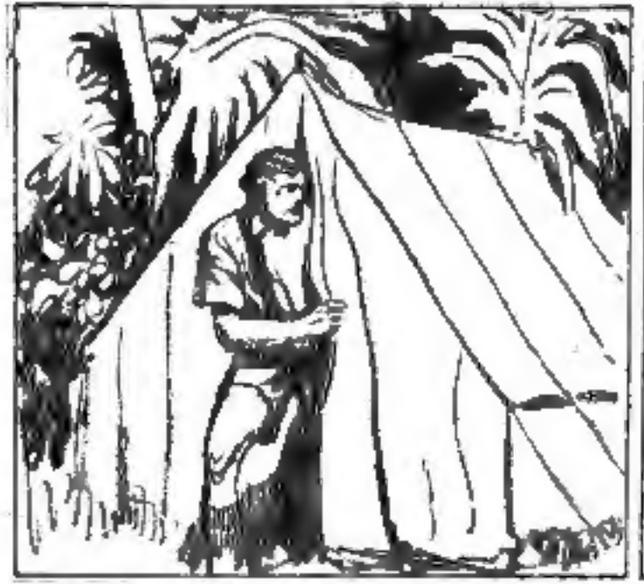

When the first frightened natives deserted the expedition of Erich Von Harben to return to their villages with the alarming stories that had finally sent Tarzan of the Apes upon the young man's trail, the young explorer himself continued fearlessly on. But one morning he awoke to find himself completely deserted. Even his body servant, Gabula, had left him.

A hasty survey of the camp revealed that his followers had stripped him of everything. All of his supplies were gone, and his gun carriers had decamped in the night with his rifles and all of his ammunition, with the exception of a single pistol and its belt of ammunition that had been in his tent with him. He was now alone on the slopes of the Wiramwazi mountains.

He looked toward the rugged heights above him. He had come a long way to reach his goal, which now lay somewhere beyond that serrated skyline, and he was of no mind to turn back now in defeat. A day or a week in these rugged mountains might reveal the secret of the Lost Tribe of legend. There were known dangers behind him in the jungles. Ahead of him dangers that no man knew.

It did not take the young man long to reach his decision, and presently he turned back to his tent and, entering it, packed a few necessities that had been left to him in a light haversack, strapped his ammunition belt about him, and stepped forth once more to turn his face toward the mystery of the Wiramwazi. He felt as light hearted as in the days when he had scaled the Alps.

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A mountain rill furnished Von Harben pure, cold water to quench his thirst and he carried his pistol cocked, hoping that he might bag some small game to satisfy his hunger. Nor had he gone far before a hare broke cover, and as it rolled over to the crack of the pistol, Von Harben gave thanks that he had devoted much time to perfecting himself in the use of small arms.

On the spot he built a fire and grilled the hare, after which he lit his pipe and lay at ease while he smoked and planned. His was not a temperament to be depressed or discouraged by seeming reverses, and he was determined not to be hurried by excitement, but to conserve his strength at all times during the strenuous days that he felt must lie ahead of him.

That night from below there came the noises of the jungle subdued by distance—the yapping of jackals and faintly from afar the roaring of a lion. Toward morning he was awakened by the scream of a leopard, not from the jungle far below, but somewhere upon the mountain slopes near by. He knew that this savage night prowler constituted a real menace.

Sane and phlegmatic as he was, Von Harben forgot the menace of beasts or death from starvation in his eagerness to go on. At last he scaled the final barrier and stood upon the crest of the first ridge. Before him stretched a rolling plateau, dotted with stunted wind swept trees, and in the distance lay the next ridge. Within him surged the eager thrill of discovery.

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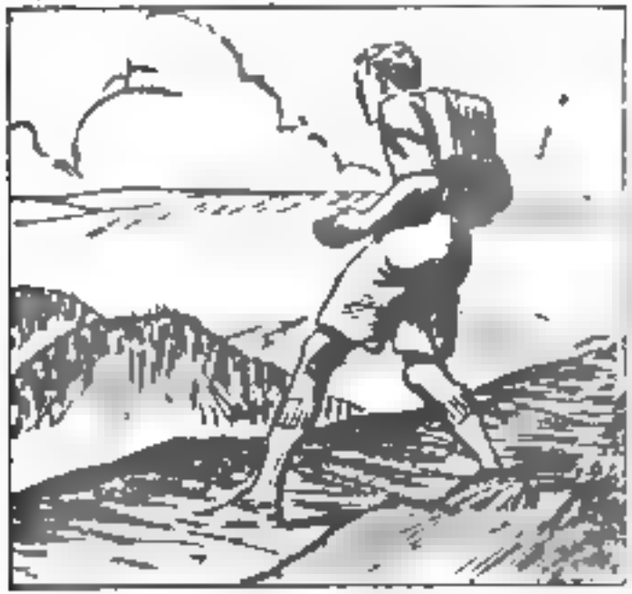
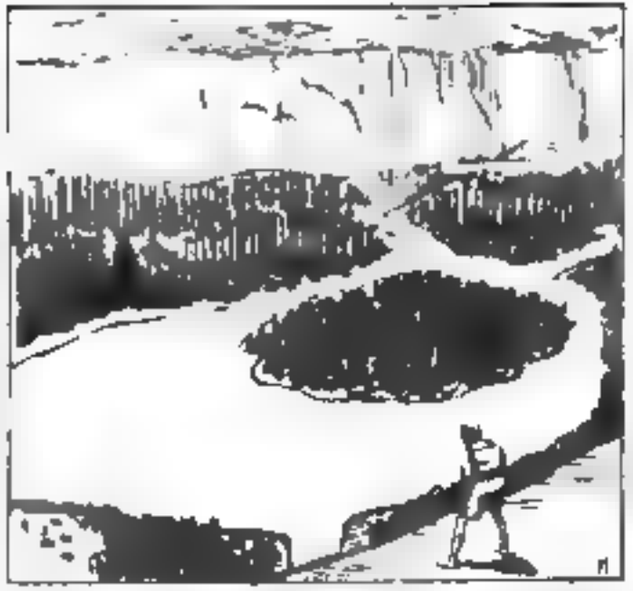


The [illegible] out of a great void and [illegible] him and [illegible] been looking across an inland sea [illegible] shores a waterless sea for nowhere was there any suggestion of water and then suddenly he came to a halt, startled amazed.

[illegible] be with [illegible] a head and [illegible] a sea across. Perhaps a mile below him [illegible] the floor [illegible] canyon the other wall of which he could but vaguely [illegible] to be somewhere between 25 or 30 miles to the north, 25 or 30 miles from east to west.



Almost below him was a large lake or marsh that seemed [illegible] the greater part of the east end of the canyon. He could see [illegible] though what appeared to be green growth of reeds and nearer the northern [illegible] a large island. Three streams winding ribbons far below emptied into the lake. He saw moving figures of what he thought to be grazing game.

The [illegible] the explorer [illegible] the sea [illegible] the [illegible] and how [illegible] had guarded [illegible] stupendous barrier cliffs. The cliffs seemed impossible of descent, and [illegible] he knew that he must find a way [illegible] that he would find a way down [illegible] that way.

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As Von Harben turned to face the thing that he had heard approaching he saw a negro armed with a rifle coming toward him. Gabula, seeing the white man. "What are you doing here?" I could not leave you to die alone at the hands of the spirits who dwell in these mountains," said Gabula. "You may return," said Von Harben. "I am going down into that canyon."

Von Harben peered over the edge and Gabula looked down. A new and unique effect on his wide eyes and parted lips. "By Numa," he whispered, "the black men will be killed!" Then the black. Von Harben shrugged his shoulders. "Goodby, Gabula," he said and extended his hand. "You are a brave man." Gabula did not take the offered hand. "I am going with you," he said.

This despair of lone courage filled Von Harben's heart with warm admiration for the black's heroism but he said simply, "Thank you. I know I will need help before I reach the bottom of the canyon. But even if I reach it, Gabula, or die of starvation, I have brought food," said the black. He unrolled the concentrated food that Von Harben carried for emergencies.

The sharp edge of hunger removed, Von Harben experienced a feeling of renewed optimism as he commenced his descent. Now he ran no Gabula followed him, now he flashed no white signal of the great beasts. When they reached the bottom of the cliff they found themselves at a point opening flush with the face of the cliff. There was no way to go ahead or turn back.

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Creeping over the loose rubble on the bottom of the fissure Von Harben discovered a sheer drop of a hundred feet to the level of the next terrace and his heart sank. He lay upon his stomach and, instructing Gabula to hold him tightly by the ankles he wormed himself outward until he could scan the entire surface of the cliff below him.

He saw that the fissure in which he lay was open again to the base of the cliff. He could reach it if he had a rope to swing by but he had no rope. For hours he meditated and then finally commanded Gabula to join him in lifting the heavy stones that surrounded them. These they hurled to the rocks below. Presently Gabula raised an unusually large rock. "Look, Bwana," he cried.

At the place the rock had occupied there was an opening about the size of a man's head extending into the fissure beneath them. Hurriedly the two men set to work to enlarge the hole. As the rock fragments clattered down a tall, straight warrior in the bow of a dugout on the lake below looked up and caused the attention of his comrades to the cliff.

Von Harben and Gabula increased the size of the opening until they were able to climb down, bracing their backs against one wall and their feet against the other. As Von Harben stepped from the fissure the warriors in the dugout below cried "It is the demon. The great wall is falling. The prophecy is being fulfilled. Let us hasten and tell the masters."

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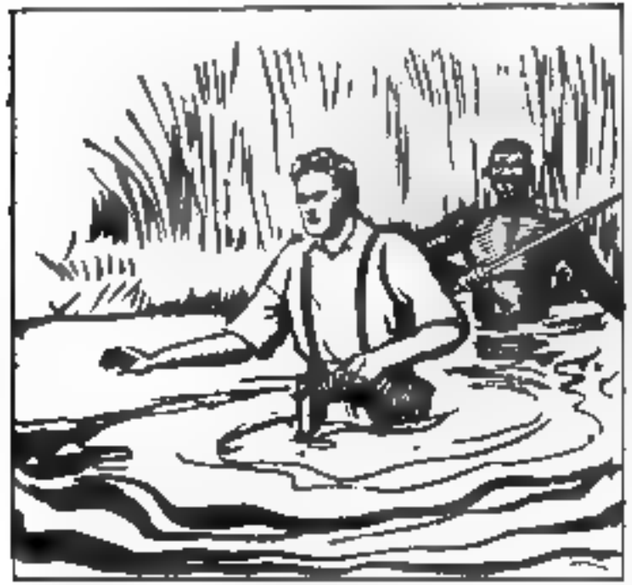
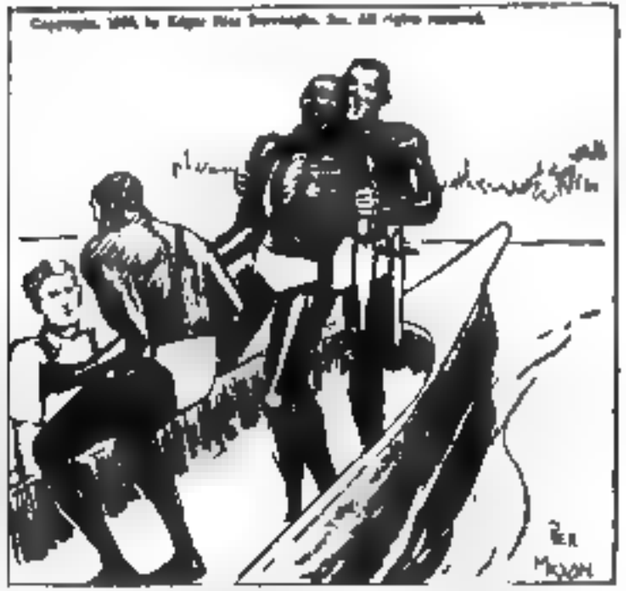


At the bottom of the gorge Von Harben found the meadowland was treacherous and impassable but he and Gabu a finally discovered firm footing in the bed of the river. As the water reached only to their waists they were able to walk for a great distance feeling their way cautiously.

Presently they came to a clump of papyrus and Von Harben started to clamber to the solid footing of the roots. But just then a canoe shot from behind a mass of floating plants and Von Harben and Gabulis found themselves covered by the weapons of a boatload of ebony warriors.

The spears the savages carried were unlike any Von Harben had seen in modern Africa and their swords were exactly like the swords of the Imperial Legionnaires of ancient Rome that the young student had seen in museums. "You are prisoners," the leader said.



Surprise and wonder at they were reflected on Von Harben's face for the black spoke in Latin. Further conversation revealed that it was Latin corrupted by a Bantu dialect. The prisoners were ordered into the dugout where they were seized by the savages and hurled to the bottom of the craft.

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A half hour of padding along winding waterlanes brought them to a collection of beehive huts where Von Harben and Gabula became the center of a curious and excited company of men, women and children. "The vain spies from Castra Sanga, caught in their caitiff's capitulated. Tomorrow we take them to Castrum Mare."

The prisoners were led to a hut where they were given a supper of fish and fruit. When morning dawned they were brought forth. The captives were now arrayed in the finery of necklaces, anklets, bracelets, arm bands and feathered hat each could command. A dozen canoes were waiting.

Von Harben and Gabula were ordered into the chief's canoe. After hours of padding they came to open water. The course of the bonga was directed toward two lofty towers. As the canoe came near shore Von Harben looked with amazement upon a group of soldiers at the landing. They were dressed like Caesar's legionaries.

These soldiers were not white men, nor were they negroes, but were of a high brown color with regular features. Presently an officer, unquestionably white, emerged from the gateway. He ordered Gabula confined to the guardhouse and led Von Harben to one of the towers that guarded the rampart.

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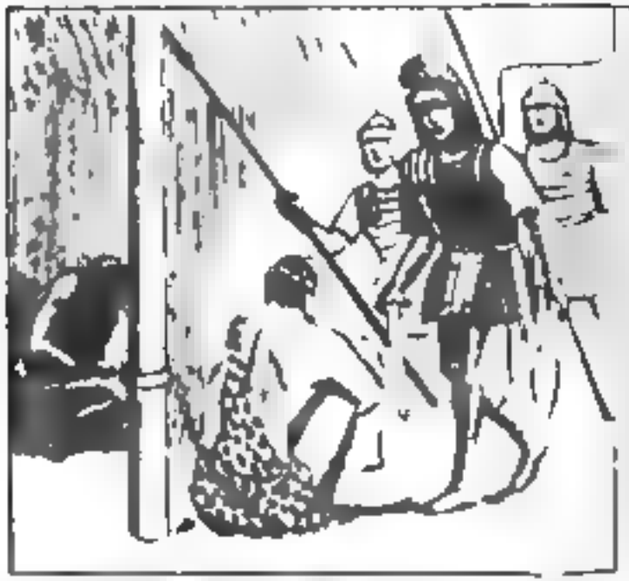

Meanwhile Tarzan of the Apes chained to the cross pole the Bagego who had returned again to the village to the [illegible] became aware of Tarzan the leading warrior raised an alarm.

He addressed Tarzan in a language the Tarzan did not understand. As he moved nearer [illegible] warrior [illegible] about [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] about [illegible] the [illegible] was [illegible] the rock and left the hut. He returned [illegible] rocks.

Tarzan was ordered to lie upon the ground. The warrior placed the padlock on one of the rocks and [illegible] the other [illegible] broke. Then Tarzan was dragged to the center of the [illegible] to the center of the hut. The ape-man and the Bagego were led from the hut.

In the center of the village were about a hundred light brown warriors wearing the garb of Roman soldiers surrounding some 50 Bagego prisoners. Then a white man approached. To Tarzan it appeared that the white man might have been a statue of Julius Caesar come miraculously to life.

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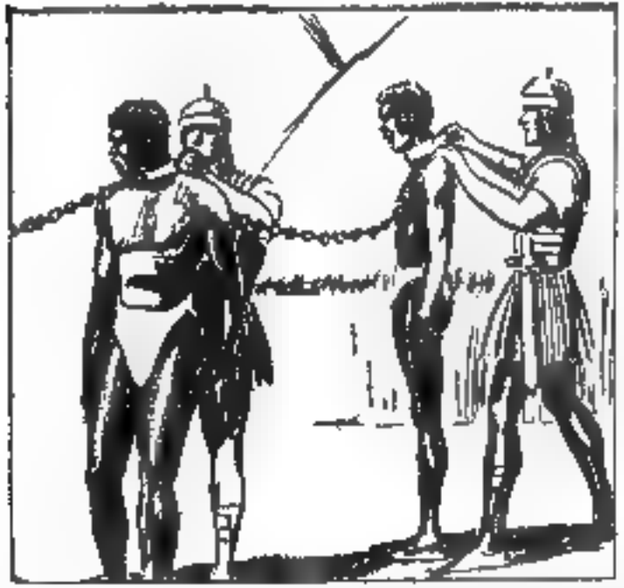

Each of the soldiers carried a short length of chain, at one end of which was a metal collar and a padlock. Rapidly they chained the Bazigo prisoners, neck to neck. While they were thus occupied the white man, evidently an officer, was joined by two other whites who were dressed as he was.

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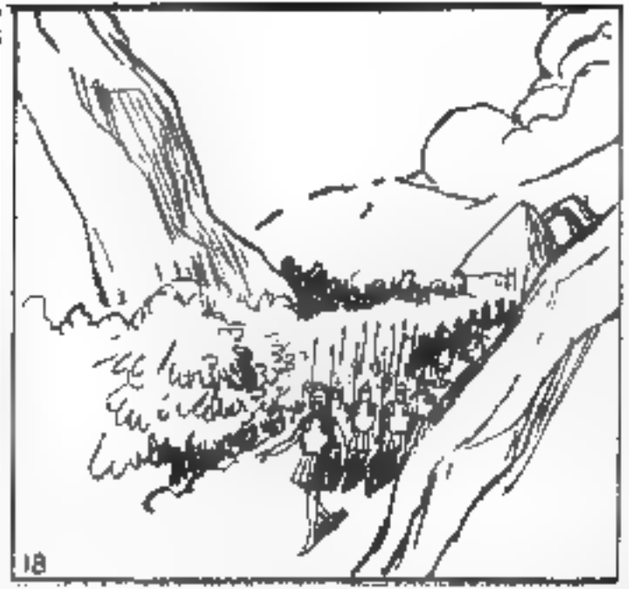
The three white men immediately approached Tarzan and questioned him, but they could not make their language understood. The commander issued some instruction and turned away. The result was that Tarzan was not chained to the file of black prisoners but, though he again wore the iron collar, his chain was held by a legionary.



As the raiders marched away from the village one of the officers and a dozen legionaries marched in advance. These were followed by a file of prisoners, accompanied by another officer and a small guard. Behind the prisoners came a contingent of soldiers herding the cows, goats and sheep of the villagers. The third officer led the rear guard.

The march led along the base of the mountains and presently upward across the rising slopes at the west of the Wiramwazi range. Tarzan's position was at the rear of the file of prisoners, at the end of which marched Lukedi. "Who are these people?" Tarzan asked. "The ghost people of the Wiramwazi," Lukedi replied.

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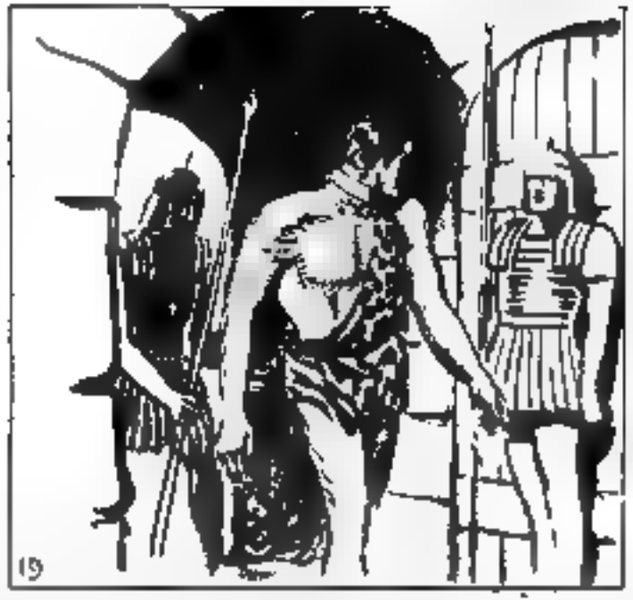
A[fter] [w]e [h]a[d] [s]o[m]e [w]atching the trail [e]ro[s]s[e]d a gorge [s]o [n]a[r]r[o]w [a] [m]onkey was [w]ere eas[i]ly spanned by Ta[r]zan's outstretched arms. The footing was poor and dangerous. The cliffs on either side rose higher and higher and in places the gloom of night surrounded the prisoners.

For a [l]ong [h]a[l]f [h]o[u]r [t]he [p]rocession wound its windings of this dismal gorge. [O]n[c]e [i]t [h]alted for a minute or [t]wo and [t]hen [r]esumed [a]gain. [T]he [m]arch was resumed. Tarzan saw [t]hose [i]n [f]ront [a]head of him filing through an arched gateway in a man made wall of solid masonry that entirely blocked the gorge to a height of 100 feet.



When it was the ape man's turn to pass the portal he saw that it was guarded by other soldiers similar to those into whose hands he had fallen and that there was a second gate of huge hand hewn timber that had been swung open to permit the party to pass. Ahead was a well worn road leading to a dense forest.

The command to halt was given at a small village of conical huts. There camp was pitched. The prisoners were given no shelter but were permitted to build a fire. As Tarzan sat by the fire an acorn from a tree above fell upon his head. He looked up to see a little monkey perched on a low branch. It was Nkima's

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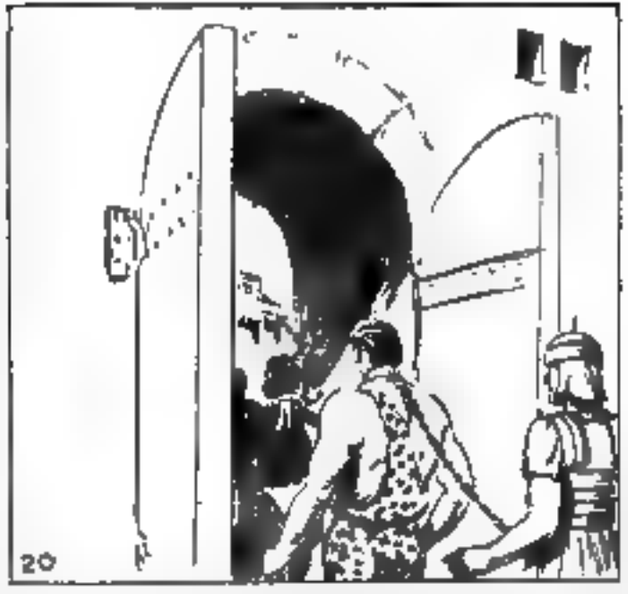
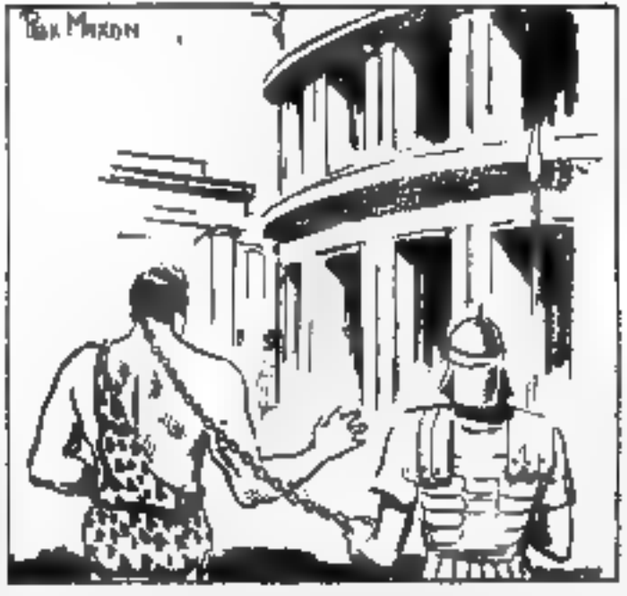
The fa hi e monkey had trailed Tarzan from the Bagego village and now he was prepared to go back o ca upon he ape mas s warriors o come to he rescue Bu Tarzan wanted first to find the young German scientist for whom he was searching. So he night Nkima came down from the trees and slept in his master s arms.

The next morn ng as he sold ers came Nkima scampered to the trees again Tarzan and he o he prisoners were fed and sup ed once more on he r march along the dust road They passed several more Vi ages of con cal huts and in he afternoon came to a city rampart surrounded by pa sades and bastements.



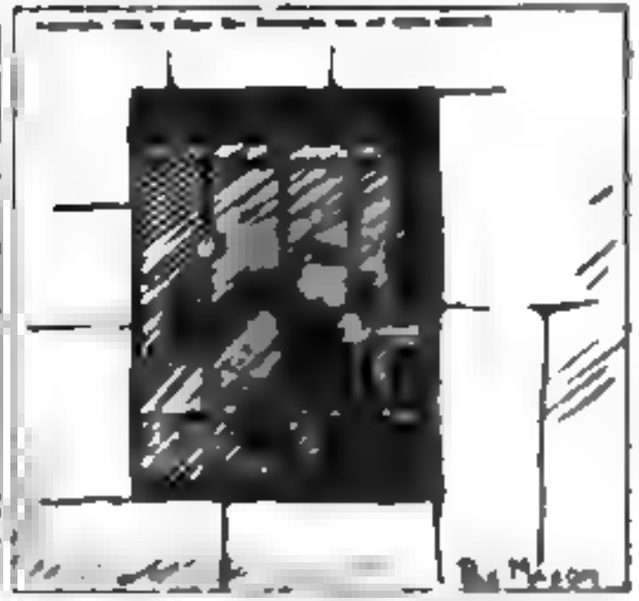
At he base of the ramp ar was a wide moat spanned by a bridge The gates were thrown open and the prisoners filed h ough Here was no village but a city of s bstan ial b ick ngs Many people were in the streets brown and black people clothed in tunics and cloaks A collection of small boys followed the procession



As hey came o a br ger ng ghborhood Tarzan saw many wh te people He concluded that he black inhabitants were ne servants he brown men the soldiers and shopkeepers w le the whites formed a patrician class At last he was startled to see a huge build ng tha bore a marked resemblance to the Colosseum at Rome

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



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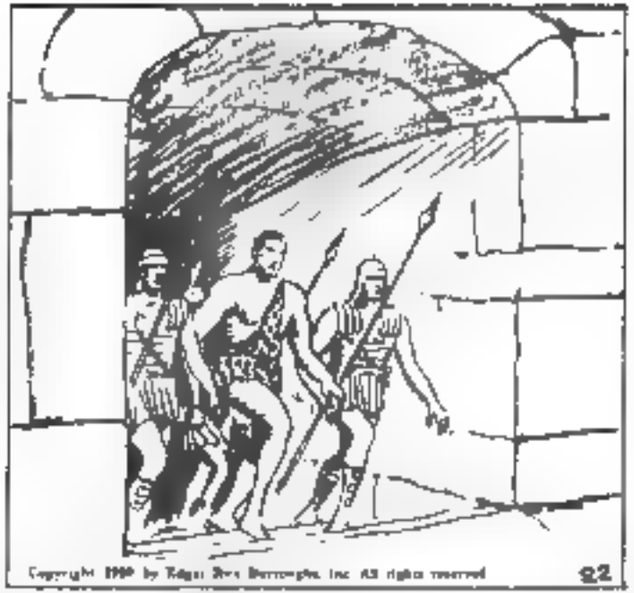
Tarzan slept with the [illegible] monkey curled in his arms but when he awoke Nu-ma was gone. Toward the middle of the morning soldiers came and the door of the dungeon was unlocked and opened to admit several of them including a young white officer who was accompanied by a black slave.



Through an interpreter Tarzan learned that he was in a city called Castra Sang, nervous and that he was suspected of being an enemy from a place called Castrum Mare. At a word from the officer the soldiers conducted the ape-man from the prison along the corridor through which he had come the day before and up into the city.

They came presently to an imposing building before the entrance of which was stationed a military guard. The guards' helmets appeared to be of gold, their swords were elaborately carved, and they wore scarlet cloaks. The officer who met the party at the gate admitted Tarzan and the black interpreter and the officer who brought them.

Tarzan was taken into the building and along a wide corridor from which opened many chambers to a large oblong room flanked by stately columns. At the far end of the room a large man sat in a huge carved chair upon a raised dais. The interpreter whispered. "This is the throne room of Subiatus, the emperor of the west."

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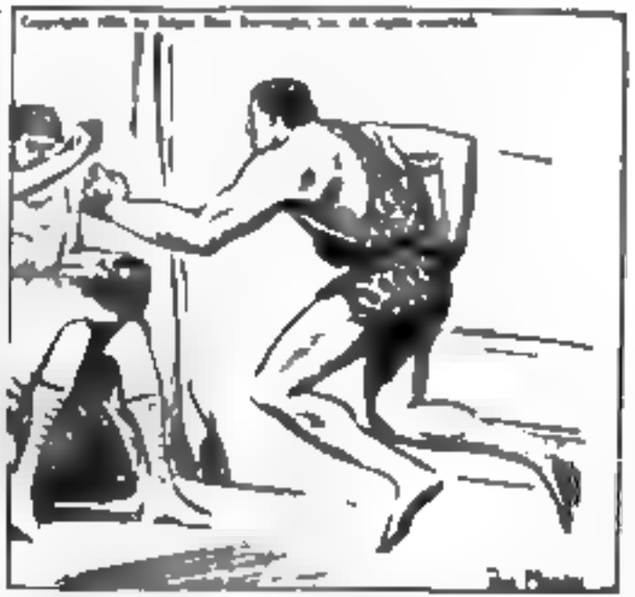
The emperor [illegible] a threatening figure. On a turn of [illegible] From the shadows [illegible] stepped a man. A tall [illegible] bore Tarzan. [illegible] The emperor addressed the officer who was with Tarzan. "Present yourself before our presence," he said.

As the party halted before the throne Tarzan turned to the Bagego and said: "Ask Rokha if why I have been made prisoner and in his name I demand that he free me at once." When Rokha had heard this demand he rose in anger. "Who dares make such demands?" he cried. To him, said the ape man, I am Tarzan of the Apes.

Take the [illegible] dog was [illegible] the emperor [illegible] abandoned by [illegible] when the soldiers laid hands on Tarzan he shook them off. Two others leaped toward him one [illegible] the girl [illegible] the other hurled [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] them [illegible] with such force [illegible] the [illegible] crashed and they sank unconscious to the floor.



[illegible] was then [illegible] the ape man leaped with the agility of a cat [illegible] the place where [illegible] the emperor [illegible] had [illegible] accomplished that there was none [illegible] to come between Tarzan and the emperor [illegible] time to prevent the terrible indignity that Tarzan proceeded to inflict upon him.

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Swinging [illegible] by [illegible] shoulders Tarzan [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Then grasping him by the [illegible] he [illegible] [illegible] room of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as several [illegible] [illegible] Bubutus Tarzan [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his grasp.

Using the butt of the [illegible] Nubutus as a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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At the quick gesture the members of the guard began to be permitted to execute Rubiatus and in exchange he should that had been put upon him by the emperor warned them to permit his captive to leave the place in safety provided Tarzan kept his word and escorted him when they reached the avenue beyond the gate.

The warrior looked quickly back at the hated captive he could not see the commander of the guard approaching the avenue beyond. The emperor hurried ahead scarcely knowing what he was doing but with pride through his new found publicity. The emperor writhed helplessly in Tarzan's grip.

Ancient trees overhung the avenue and in many places their foliage overspread the narrow thoroughfare. Midway of the avenue the apeman halted and ordered Rubiatus to the ground. He looked his eyes the direction of the gateway through which the soldiers were crowding. To them to go back. Tarzan ordered the interpreter or I won't release Rubiatus.

Tarzan had placed the head in the hands of the emperor's guardsmen and pressed that the monkmen had created. Terrified by the near presence of Rubiatus it would be the target and the goal of a score of weapons. At the last of the guardsmen pressed back into the courtyard Tarzan let go of the emperor. Then the guardsmen rushed forth.

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As the guard men [illegible] Tarzan threw [illegible] and take a few quick steps [illegible] amidst the foliage of an overhanging limb. A dozen javelins hurtled among the branches of the tree. The soldiers rushed forward, but their quarry had vanished.

Bubia as the emperor was [illegible] upon the heads of his soldiers. Quick, he cried. After him. A thousand denars to the man who brings down the barbarian. There he goes, cried one, pointing. No, cried another. I saw him there among the foliage. I saw the branches move.

In the meantime [illegible] through the [illegible] dropped [illegible] and [illegible] threw his [illegible] upon [illegible] taken for sight of [illegible]. After the manner of a wild beast [illegible] he [illegible] he moved as silently as a shadow.

[illegible] people in the courtyard below him, [illegible] were so quiet that they were unaware of his presence. Tarzan, however, was not unaware of [illegible] and as he listened to the noise of the grinding pumice, the one note of the gun and the man in the garden beneath him.

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It was apparent that the man was wooing the maid and Tarzan needed no knowledge of their spoken language to interpret the gestures, the glances and the facial expressions of eager pleading upon the part of the man or of the cold aloofness upon the part of the girl.

Sometimes a cast of her head presented a partial view of her profile to the ape man and he guessed that she was very beautiful, but the face of the young man with her reminded him of the face of Pamba the ape. It was evident that the courtship was not progressing very well.

As the fair faced man's voice rose in anger the girl rose haughtily and with a cold word turned away. Then the man leaped to his feet from the bench upon which they had been sitting, seized her roughly by the wrist and clapped a hand across her mouth, dragging her into an embrace.

The man bent the girl's frail body back upon the bench. His lips were close to hers, when there was a sudden jarring of the ground in front of him and he raised astonished eyes upon the figure of a half naked giant. Steel gray eyes looked into his beady black ones.

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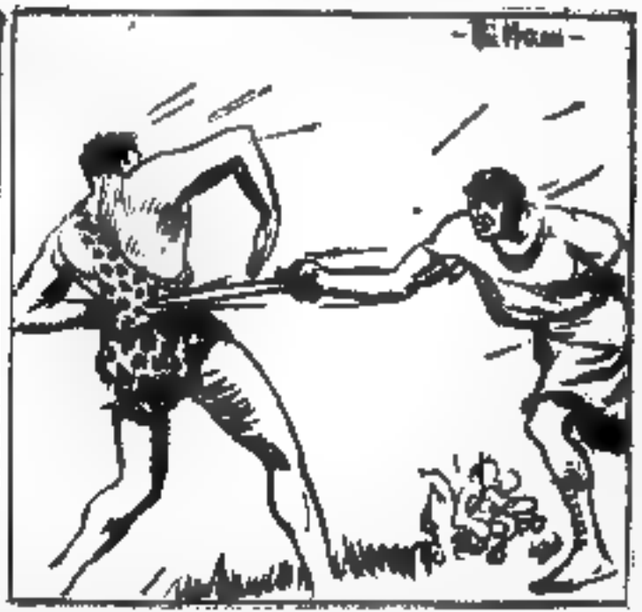
A heavy hand fell upon the collar of his tunic and the young man felt himself swung from the girl and hurled roughly aside. He saw his assailant lift his victim to her feet and his little eyes saw, too, one other thing: the stranger was unarmed. Here was his chance!

Then it was that the sword of Fastus leaped from its scabbard and Tarzan found himself facing naked steel. The girl saw what Fastus would do. She saw too, that the stranger was unarmed and she leaped between them, calling "Aruch! Barus Mpingu! Hither quickly!"

Tarzan seized the girl and swung her swiftly behind him. Simultaneously Fastus leaped to the attack. But the Roman had reckoned without his host and easy conquest over an unarmed man seemed far from easy, for when his sword swung to cleave his foe, the foe was not there.



Never in his life had Fastus witnessed such agility. It was as though the barbarian's body moved more rapidly than the sword, always a fraction of an inch ahead. Three times he swung viciously and three times his blade cut empty air. Tarzan moved like lightning.

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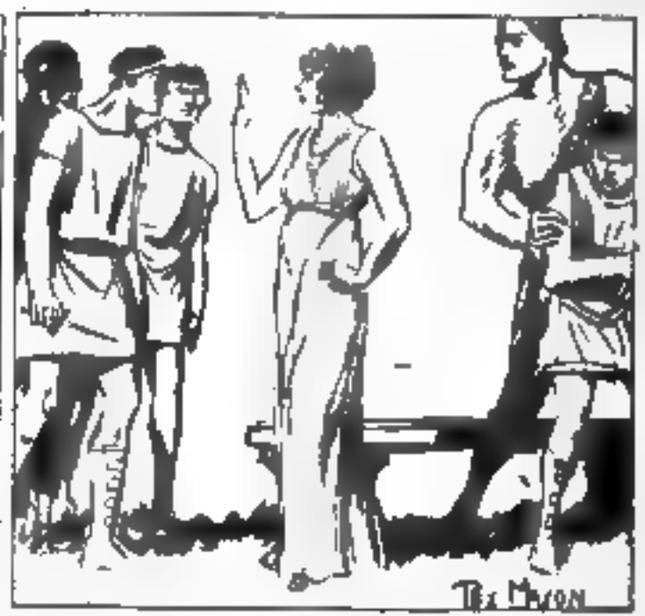
The girl's heart was filled with admiration for the strange giant who, though he was evidently a barbarian, looked more the patrician than Fastis himself. As Fastis attacked afresh there was a swift movement on the part of his antagonist. A brown hand shot between the Roman's guard

Fastis found his wrist gripped in steel fingers. An instant later his sword clattered to the tiled walk of the courtyard. At the same moment two white men and a negro hurried breathlessly into the garden and ran forward — two with daggers and one, the black, with a sword.

They saw Tarzan standing between Fastis and the girl. They saw the man in the grip of the stranger. They saw the sword on the ground and naturally they reached the one conclusion that Fastis was being worsted in an attempt to protect the girl against the giant ranger.



Tarzan saw them coming toward him and realized that, three to one, were heavy odds. He was upon the point of using Fastis as a shield against his new enemies when the girl stepped before the three and motioned them to stop. She addressed Tarzan in a strange language

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As Tarzan's eyes fell upon him a possible means of communication occurred to him. Are you a Bageot? Tarzan asked. Yes, he said. And so Tarzan found an interpreter. He was explaining to the veiling woman who he was when there was loud pounding and hallooing at the outer doorway.

One of the servants went to see what the trouble was and returned soon followed by a young Roman officer. Tarzan recognized him as Maximus Praetorius, the patrician who had conducted him from the Colosseum to the palace. Put up your sword said the girl, for this man is no enemy.

It was the duty of Valerius Praetorius to arrest Tarzan for the crime but when he had heard of the ape man's rescue of the girl he had escorted. The girl ordered Fastus from the garden. My father shall hear of this, Fastus cried. With a sneer he left.

Praetorius ordered the other servant to leave also, the Bageot. Maximus, who was kept as an interpreter. To the latter he spoke as if he was a prisoner. And Praetorius, I shall take him to the vomitorium of the Colosseum. Opposite my own home I shall give a signal.

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

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As Maximus Praecarius led Tarzan of the Apes from the home of Dion Splendidus on the hill of Cavia Sanguinarius the soldiers gathered by the doorway expressed their satisfaction in oaths and exclamations. They liked the young patrician and were proud of his single handed capture of the barbarian.

A command from Praecarius brought silence and a wedge formed around the prisoner and the march toward the coliseum was begun. They had proceeded but a short distance when Praecarius halted the detachment. His gesture indicated to Tarzan that this was the home in which the ape-man might take find sanctuary.

Several hundred yards further along Praecarius halted the detachment again. This time opposite a drinking fountain. Tarzan was permitted to cross the avenue to drink. Beside him was the base of a huge tree above him was leafy foliage that would conceal and protect him from missiles he managed to make his escape.

Turning from the fountain a quick step took him behind the tree. One of the soldiers shouted a warning to Praecarius and the whole detachment immediately suspicious rushed across the avenue led by the young patrician who commanded them but when they reached the fountain their prisoner had vanished.

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For three weeks Tarzan remained in the home of Maximus Praecarus Festivitas. Praecarus' mother conceived a liking for the bronzed barbarian and set about to teach him Latin. Always quick at languages, Tarzan soon had a working knowledge of the classic tongue and talked to Festivitas by the hour

Meanwhile the slave Mpingu, had been talking to intimate friends about the secret guest in his master's house. The talk spread and the result was that one day in the market place Mpingu felt a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder and, turning, he found himself looking into the face of a centurion of the palace guard.

"Come with me," said the centurion. Mpingu drew back afraid. "What do you want of me?" he asked. "I have done nothing." "Come," ordered the soldier. "I was not sent to confer with you but to get you." And he jerked Mpingu roughly toward him and pushed him back among the legionaires who stood in file behind him.

A crowd had gathered as crowds always do when a man is arrested, but the centurion ignored them, and the people fell aside as the soldiers marched away with the black slave. Mpingu thought he would be taken to the dungeons of the coliseum, but presently he realized he was being headed toward the palace, and terror filled him.

Mpingu was [illegible] before [illegible] of the palace where a high [illegible] of [illegible] upon him. A [illegible] was rendering [illegible] slave refused to reveal what he knew about Tarzan's hiding place. The Roman turned and struck a gong. An attendant appeared. Fetch tongs and a brazier with burning iron, the Roman commanded.

Mpingu was paralyzed with horror when he saw the attendant return with the tongs and a brazier of burning coals in which protruded the handle of a [illegible] burning iron. Your eyes will be burnt out now, the Roman said. And then if you do not tell us where the barbarian is, your tongue will be cut out. Think it over.

But even then Mpingu maintained his silence. So as he signaled, the soldiers seized him and threw him roughly to the floor, four of them holding him, one seated upon each limb. The tongs, the officer commanded. As the burning iron approached his eyes Mpingu shrieked. Wait, Wait. I will talk. I will tell you everything.

Mpingu [illegible] terrified [illegible] the fact that Tarzan was [illegible] home of Maximus Praetorius. A few minutes later the officer who had questioned Mpingu entered the apartment of Rubius, where the emperor was closeted with his son Fastus. When the officer seated [illegible] Fastus said craftily, Don't arrest them. I have a plan. Listen.

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In the novel Castra Nang ... the betrothal of Princess ... and Prince ... Nasmia. Prince ... had retired, the Princess ... for ... was known as ... Erta had rescued ... per... son and ... of being off ... for love of ... ing officer. The garden of ... is here ... home was the scene of the lovers' meetings.

But Paat ... had sworn revenge for ... insult to his ... honor when he was ... at ... the garden after ... encounter with Tarzan. Now came his opportunity. An hour after he had watched the Praetorians ... Tarzan he sent a messenger ... the officer's home commanding him to a conclave with Paat.

Paat ... was strange ... and ... when Prince ... arrived and the officer was ... He ... suspected something when the ... Prince smiled upon him. He ... ed ... as ... as possible from the banquet hall. As he got out of his ... in front of his home he ... at seeing no slave there attending ... to receive him.

The house seemed ... quiet and lifeless. The ... light which ... was ... kept burning ... the forecourt when a member ... of the household was ... was absent. The door was ajar. For an instant Prince ... hesitated ... the threshold and then throwing back his cloak ... free his arms, he pushed the door open and ... slipped within.

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After being forced by threats of torture to reveal the fact that Tarzan was being secured at the home of Maximus Praeclarus, the black slave Mpingu was commissioned under threat of death to go that night to Praeclarus' home with a message for the ape-man. As the slave of a friendly family he was readily admitted.

Engrossed in a Latin lesson the heir Tarzan nor Festa Titus, the mother of Maximus Praeclarus, noticed how Mpingu trembled when he delivered the message. The black reported that he had been sent by Praeclarus to fetch Tarzan to the home of Dion Splendidus. It was important, he said, that Tarzan come at once.

Neither Tarzan nor Festa was for a moment suspected any treachery in this tried and trusted slave so Tarzan readily accompanied him. It was a dark night and there was little chance of recognition. The pair had proceeded but a short distance when the black motioned the ape-man to a small gate that was set in a solid wall.

Mpingu opened the gate and motioned Tarzan in ahead of him. As the ape-man passed through the blackness a score of men fell upon him. The attack was so sudden and violent that it was not until he found shackles upon his wrists that Tarzan realized he had been betrayed. Shackles were the things he feared and hated most.

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While Tarzan was being carried off to prison the girl Diuna, whom he had rescued from the treacherous arms of Fastus, sat in her home surrounded by her female slaves. Her parents, Dion Splendidus and his wife, had gone forth in their litter to a banquet. The invitation had come that afternoon from a family close to the emperor's favor.

The banquet lasted late into the night. While the guests yawned behind their hands from boredom the Emperor Subilus showed no signs of leaving, and none dared make any motion to go while the emperor remained. Suddenly an officer arrived with a message for which Subilus apparently had been waiting. He smiled his satisfaction.

Requesting everybody but Dion Splendidus and his wife to withdraw, the emperor announced to Diuna's parents that Maximus Praetarius, her fiance, had been arrested for harboring Tarzan of the Apes. "If she wishes to save the life of Praetarius," Subilus said, "she may marry my son Fastus. Otherwise Praetarius will die as a traitor."

Dion Splendidus returned home, his heart heavy with grief. He knew that the predicament in which Praetarius found himself was due to love of his daughter. It was cruel to ask her to make such a choice. But it was for the girl to decide. When he presented the emperor's ultimatum to her she did not flinch. "I have a dagger," she said.

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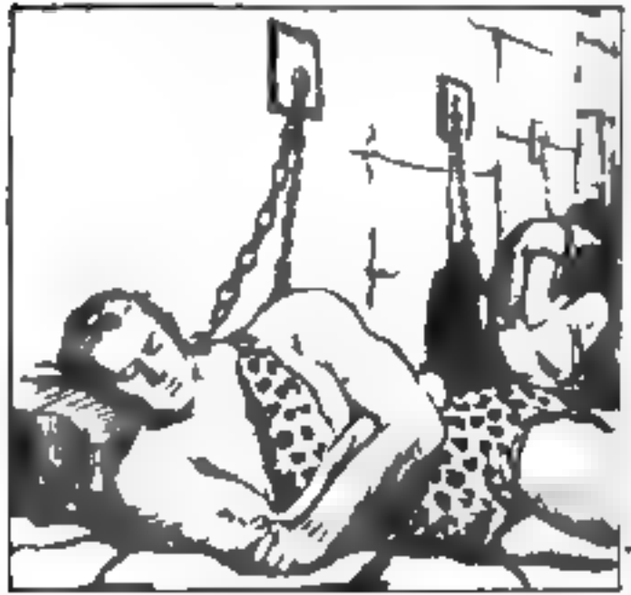

The [illegible] upon [illegible] of the dungeon floor. [illegible] hardship [illegible] but [illegible] the [illegible] of the jailer with food [illegible] hour after hour. Water and coarse bread were doled out to the prisoners by slaves in charge of a surly half-ape on the [illegible] level.

As [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] his fellow prisoner. The [illegible] is Hasta from the kingdom of Castrum Mare and [illegible] Paranus. These two and [illegible] are the only whites. There were [illegible] Bango and Mpingu, the black slave who had betrayed the ape-man under promise of freedom which [illegible].

[illegible] the [illegible] are [illegible] held [illegible] [illegible] perpetuate [illegible] and [illegible] of the games [illegible] should [illegible] take place in the arena for the [illegible] of Emperor Kobongus and the edification of the masses.

[illegible] Castrum Mare [illegible] was brought [illegible] from Castrum Mare [illegible] and [illegible] Tarzan was held [illegible] the young man whom he sought, Erich Von Harben, was [illegible] prisoner in Castrum Mare. [illegible] and Tarzan and [illegible] Lys [illegible].

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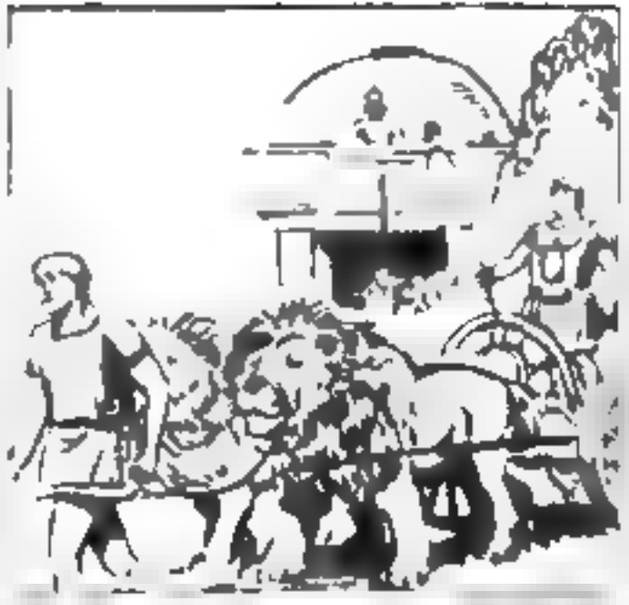

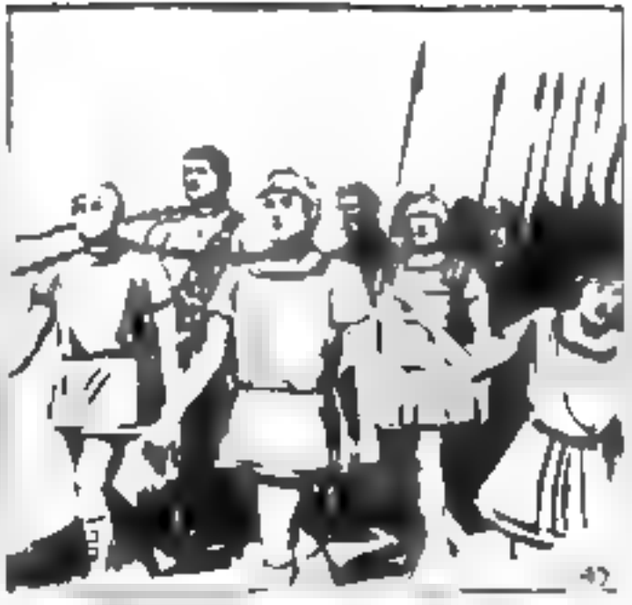

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

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Dilecta watching the procession from the roof of her father's house was filled with anxiety when she noticed that her fiance Maximus Praeclarus was not among the prisoners in the procession, for she knew that some of the men who entered the dungeons of Caesar were never heard of again.

Custom and heredity had made her indifferent to the brutalities of the arena, but today when she went to her father's loge which was close to that of Caesar, she was trembling for the life of one she loved. Outwardly however she appeared calm serene and beautiful as she awaited the opening of the games.

With the arrival of the emperor there emerged from one of the barred gates at the far end of the arena the head of the procession. There were wild lions and leopards some of which were drawn in wheeled cages while others were led by slaves. The beasts strained ferociously at their leashes.

There were also two huge buffaloes and several cages in which were confined man eating apes. Captives and beasts were formed in a semi circle in front of Subiatus who addressed the prisoners promising freedom and riches to the victors. Then soldiers and lowering the prisoners and beasts were herded back to their dungeons and cages.

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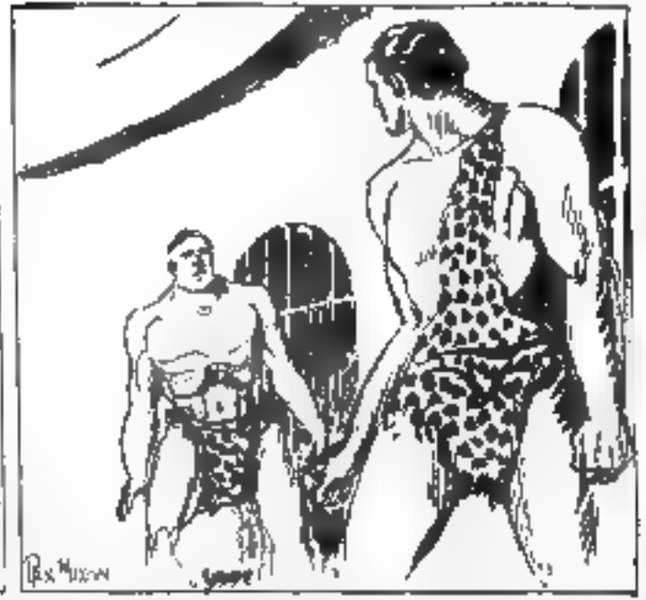
Dilecta's eyes scanned the faces of the prisoners for some sign of Praeclarus as she leaned forward from her seat in the loge. She did not notice a man who entered quietly and sat himself down beside her. "He is not there," said the man. The girl turned toward him quickly. "Fastus!" she exclaimed.

"The life of Marcus Praeclarus is in your hands," said Fastus. "Give him up and promise to become my wife and I will see that he is not forced to appear in the arena." "He would not have it so," said the girl. "Your answer," said Fastus, "concerns your father, mother and Pestia as well as Praeclarus."

With this enigmatic warning the rat faced prince turned and left the loge of Dion Splendidus. Then the games started. Beneath fluttering banners and waving scarfs the cruel terrible thousand-eyed thing that is a crowd looked on amid the din of trumpets as men and animals faced each other to fight to the death.



Sublatus was a showman as well as an emperor. He knew that the most interesting performer in the arena would be the giant ape-man, and he hoped to use him throughout the week. So on this first afternoon of the games Tarzan found himself thrust into the arena unarmed, with another unarmed man to do battle.

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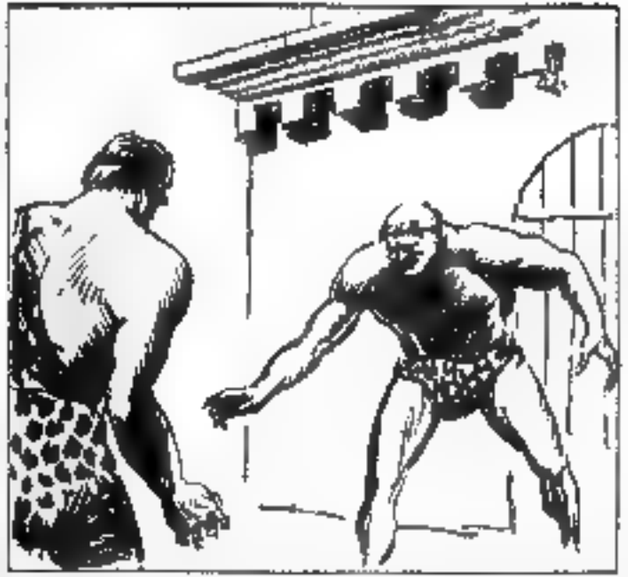
Tarzan's opponent had been dressed like himself in loin cloth and leopard skin. A guard escorted them across the arena and halted them in the sand below the emperor where the master of the games announced that the two would fight with bare hands in any way they saw fit. A dungeon gate was left open for either to flee if he would.



The crowd booed. It was to see blood that they had come to the arena. They shouted insults at the master of the games but they cheered Tarzan. His opponent was a low browed brute with great, bulging muscles, as heavy as the ape-man, but shorter. He scowled ferociously as he circled about, looking for an opening.

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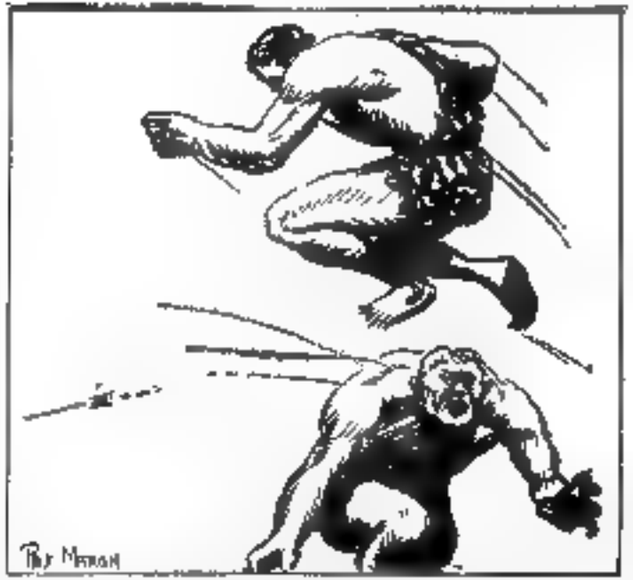
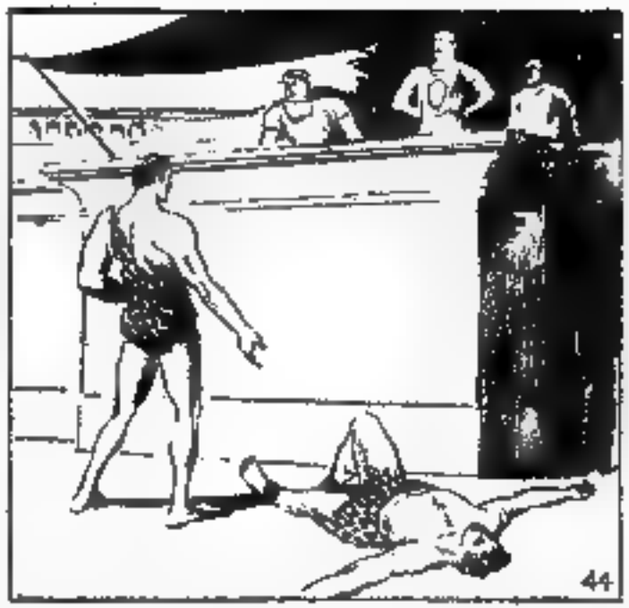
"There is the gate," Tarzan whispered, pointing to the far end of the arena. "Escape while you are yet alive." The crowd roared. "I shall tear you limb from limb!" shouted the murderer. "I am here," said Tarzan calmly. "Flee!" screamed the murderer and, lowering his head, he charged like an angry bull.



The ape-man sprang into the air and came down upon his antagonist, and what happened happened so quickly that no one there other than Tarzan knew. All they saw was the murderer lying stunned on the sand, while the ape-man stood with folded arms looking down upon him. The crowd rose from the benches shrieking with delight.

"Habet! Habet!" cried the crowd and thousands of closed fists were outstretched with the thumbs pointing downward. Tarzan ignored them and waited for his opponent to recover. The bewildered brute rose with a growl of rage and charged again only to have the terrible reverse headlock hold clamped once more upon his neck.



As the murderer lay unconscious upon the sand, the crowd cried for his death. The ape-man looked up into Caesar's loge. "Is this not enough?" he demanded. "While that man remains alive in the arena, you are not victor." "He is master of the games," announced "Good," said Tarzan. "The rules of the contest shall be fulfilled."

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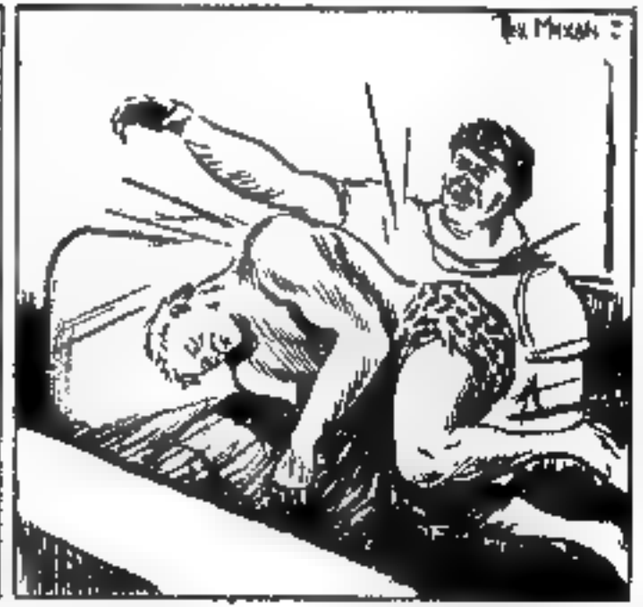
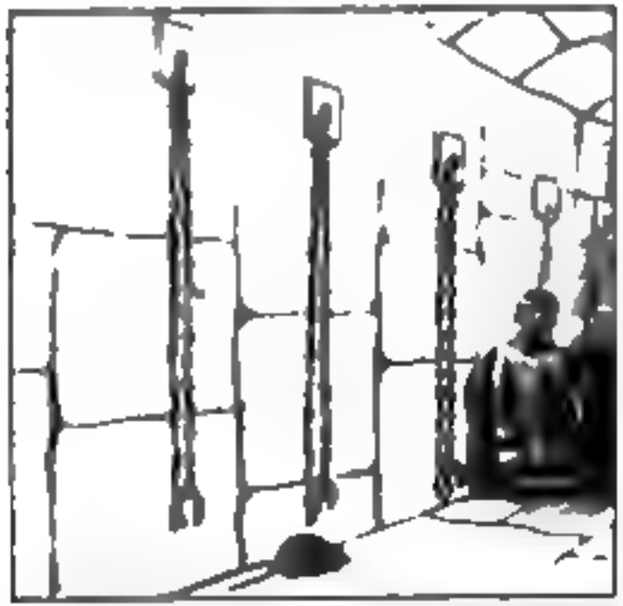
He stooped and seized the unconscious form of his antagonist and raised it above his head. "Thus I carried your emperor from his throneroom to the avenue," he shouted to the audience. Screams of delight came from the crowd while Caesar wept with rage. He had risen from his seat, but what he contemplated was never fulfilled.



Tarzan swung the body of the murderer up and down like a pendulum and then upward with a mighty surge, hurling it far into the loge of Nabatus, where it struck Caesar, knocking him to the floor. "I am alive and alone in the arena," shouted Tarzan, "and by the terms of the contest, as just announced, I am victor."

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



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As the sun rose on the week of combat were there, 100 of them. Each man was given a sword, dagger, pike, shield and a hempen net, and thus one by one they were led into the arena. They were divided into two equal parties and red ribbons were fastened to the shoulders of one party and white ribbons to the shoulders of the other.

Tarzan was among the reds as were Hasta Metellus, Lukedi, Mpingu and a Bagego named Ogonyo. The reds were to fight against the whites until all the reds were killed or all the whites. The two parties were lined up on each side of the arena. Trumpets sounded and the armed men started advancing cautiously toward each other.

Tarzan studied the net he was supposed to make use of and he concluded that the Spanish sword would be of more help to him. He had used spear and shield in fighting beside the Waziri warriors, and with the dagger he felt at home as the hunting knife of his father was the weapon he had used since he was a boy in the jungle.

As the two lines drew closer each man selected the opponent opposite him and Tarzan found a ferocious looking black from the outer villages. Already pikes were flying through the air. Tarzan and the black hurled their missiles at the same instant. Tarzan's weapon passed through the shield of his opponent and pierced his heart.

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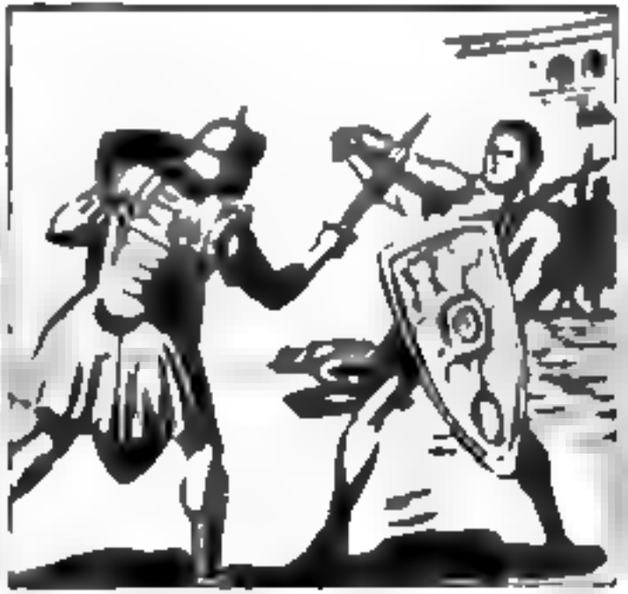
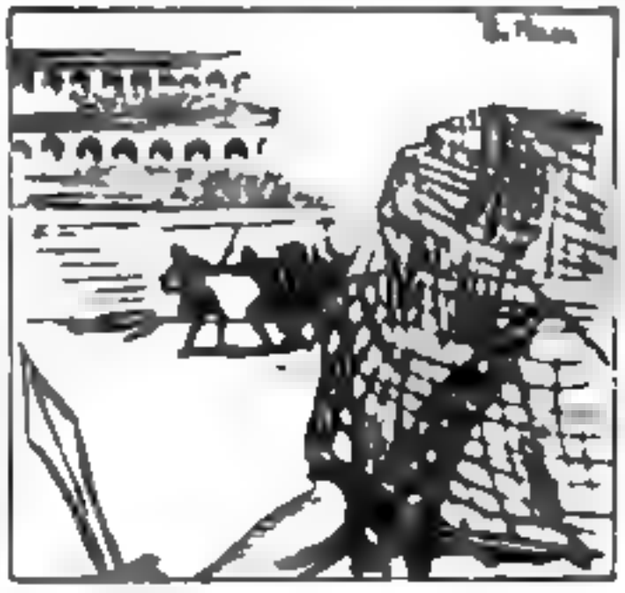
Tarzan sprang quickly to the aid of [illegible] but another of the savages who had been his opponent rose to interfere. This fresh adversary was a professional gladiator, a man trained in the use of all the weapons and Tarzan even realized that only by great agility would he hope to hold his own.



The [illegible] prize he would not [illegible] self the master

[illegible] style. But Tarzan had no style with the sword. It was a struggle to [illegible]



What he was [illegible] his opponent [illegible] his advantage [illegible] to be [illegible] and [illegible] over his shoulders from behind.

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An instant later Tarzan cast the lifeless form aside, picked up the sword and shield that he had been forced to abandon, and sought for new foes. Thus the battle raged around the arena, each side seeking to gain the advantage in numbers so they might set upon the remnant of their opponents and destroy them.

Cassius Hasta had disposed of the glad ator whom he had drawn away from Tarzan. But now two swordsmen were upon him, and he was fighting for his life against overwhelming odds. He saw an opening and his sword found the throat of one of his opponents but his guard was down for an instant and a glancing blow struck his helmet.

Hasta stumbled and fell to the sand half stunned. "Habet! Habet!" roared the crowd. Standing over him his antagonist raised his forefinger to the audience and every thumb went down. With a smile the victor raised his sword to drive it through Hasta's throat but he paused an instant in a little play to the galleries.

In the instant Tarzan leaped across the soft sand, casting aside his sword and shield, reverting to the primitive — the beast — to save his friend. It was like the charge of a lion. The crowd saw and was frozen to silence. They watched him spring in his stride several yards before he reached the gladiator and fall upon him like a panther.

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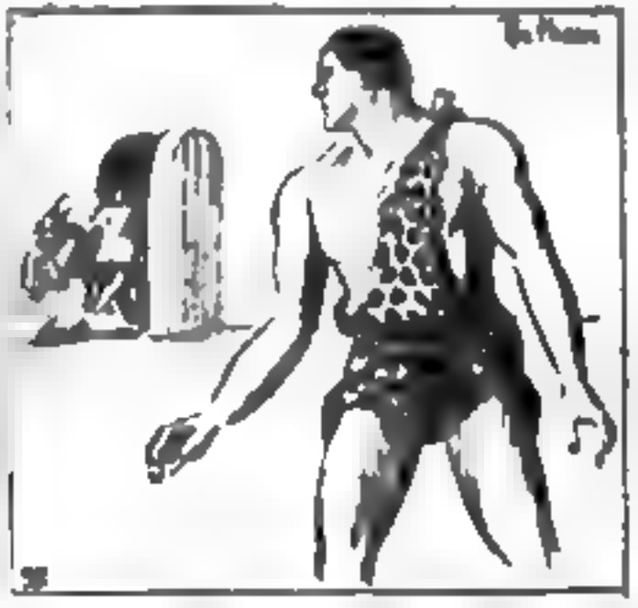

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Slaves came and dragged away the bodies of the slain cleared off the discarded weapons and scattered new sand and raked it while Tarzan stood with folded arms, grimly waiting for he knew not what. The rumor ran quickly through the crowd that the emperor was going to confer upon him some special honor.

Then there were groans and cries of horror and anger. They grew in volume and Tarzan caught words that sounded like "Tyrant!" "Coward!" "Traitor!" and "Down with Sublatus!" Tarzan looked around and saw the crowd pointing to the opposite end of the arena and there was the thing that had aroused their wrath.

Instead of a laurel wreath and freedom, Tarzan was facing a great lion ferocious with hunger. Sublatus was about to have his revenge, but, lest he get caught in the rising anger of the crowd, he sent hundreds of legionnaires among the audience to overawe such agitators as would have led the mob against him.

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Now the lion was advancing and the cruel and selfish audience forgot its anger against the injustice in the expected thrill of another desperate encounter. Tarzan was armed now only with a dagger, his other weapons having been taken away. The crowd gave him their admiration, while they placed their demerit upon the lion.

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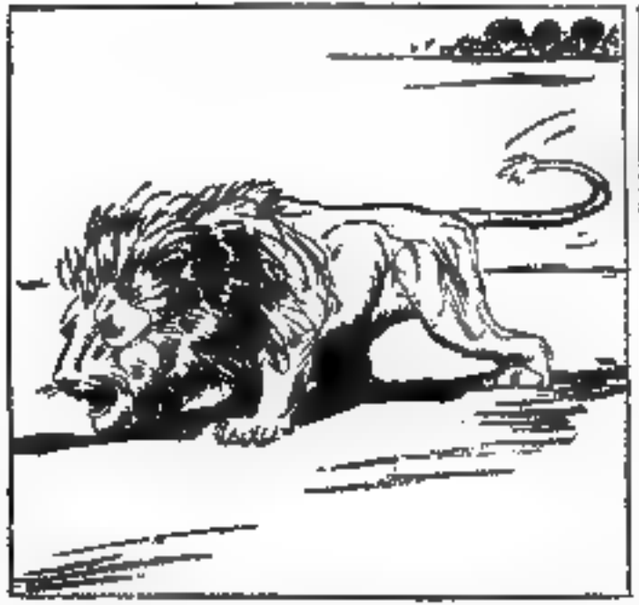

With head flattened, half crouching, the lion moved slowly toward its prey, the tip of its tail twitching in nervous anticipation. Its gaunt sides greedy to be filled. Tarzan waited. Had he been a lion himself, he scarcely could have known better what was passing in that savage brain.

Numa the lion knows that his quarry usually does one of two things. He either stands paralyzed with fright or he turns and flees. So seldom does he charge to meet Numa that the lion never takes that possibility into consideration, and it was, therefore, this very thing that Tarzan did.

As the lion charged, the ape-man leaped to meet him and the crowd sat breathless and silent. Numa tried to check himself but he slipped in the sand and the great paw that struck out missed Tarzan. In that fraction of a second the giant barbarian turned swiftly and leaped upon him.

Full upon the back of the lion sprang Tarzan of the Apes. A giant forearm encircled the maned throat, steel thewed legs crossed beneath the gaunt, slim belly and locked themselves there. Numa turned to bite, but the vise-like arm about his throat pressed tighter, so that the fangs missed their goal.

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Holding his position with his legs and one arm Tarzan, with his free hand sought his dagger. Numa became frantic. He reared upon his hind legs and threw himself on the ground, rolling upon his antagonist. Then Tarzan found his dagger and drove the blade into Numa's side.

Again and again [illegible] blow only seemed [illegible] the lunging beast [illegible] tear him to pieces. But [illegible] he began to sway dizzily. The knife struck deep again. The lion lurched forward and lay dead on the crimson sand.

Tarmangani of the Ape raised a hue and cry. The savage [illegible] from [illegible] the advantage of my station. I was an English lord who stood there with one foot upon the head of his victim. I was a man beast who raised his head and voiced the savage cry of the bull ape, a cry that stilled the crowd in fear.

In an instant he [illegible] and drew his dagger and the shadow of a [illegible] While the people cheered, [illegible] hoarse Caesar whispered to the prefect of the games. Trumpets blared for silence. The prefect announced. There was to be one more event to show Tarzan's skill.

... Harbon had rescued a ... Roman ... Marius Castrum Mare ... other ... The officer Marius began ... had ... Harbon ... and introduced him to his uncle Septimus Fabius.

... he said ... Fabius' beautiful daughter Fabia ... they were ... getting ... when a ... dark man ... above ... Harbon ... Erich as a ... Tarzan suggested ... a rhenigus and he found ... fingers ... the pistol he carried in a ... holster ...

... Marius ... and ... Erich ... Harbon ... where ... Castrum Mare ... There was ... a ... with ... young ... made a ... among ... and ... the water at Fabius' side. Diving was an unknown art in Castrum Mare.

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... When Fabius Popilius ... greeted by applause he ... and ... was equally master of ... Roman ... as he had been ... Harbon ... the applause ... and came down ... with a smack that sent the wind out of him and the water splashing in all directions. The crowd jeered.

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Furiously jealous of Von Harber's easy success in the eyes of the lovely Favonia Furius Fupus clambered from the pool and donned his garments. Forthwith he sought an audience with the emperor Vespasius Augustus. "There is a stranger in Castrum Mare" he said "who is a spy from Castra Sanguinarius."

Impressed by the patrician's story the emperor ordered Erich Von Harber brought before him. Favonius and Lepus accompanied him. Introducing Erich as a chieftain from Germania The tales that Erich told of modern Rome so interested the emperor that he commanded the young German to write a history for him.

There is no evidence of this man being a spy the emperor said to Furius Fupus. "Get out. I shall attend to you later." Overcome by mortification Fupus departed vowing revenge while Erich was escorted in honor to the emperor's library where he was to come every day to consult the parchments.

From these parchments Von Harber learned that in the year 90 A. D. Marcus Crispus Sanguinarius, Roman prefect in Africa had struck down with a dagger a messenger sent by the Emperor Nerva and caused word to be spread that the man had been an assassin sent from Rome and that Sanguinarius had killed in self-defense.

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Reporting to his lieutenants and centurions that Nero was sending a large force to destroy them Sanguinarius led his army in retreat up the Nubus. A caravan was approaching with women slaves from the east and the Romans set upon and captured it. Sanguinarius taking the fairest of the slaves as his wife and riding off with her.

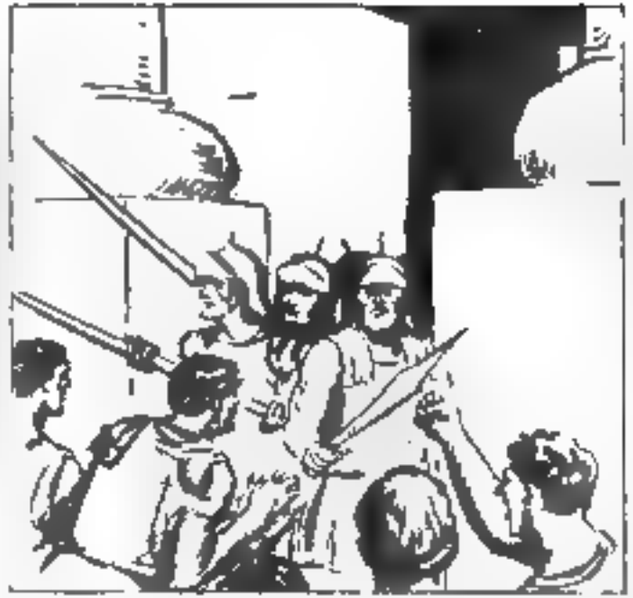
For five years Sanguinarius led his troops and their wives further into Africa until he discovered the hidden canyon, where Castra Sanguinarius now stands. There an assassin's knife put an end to him at the culmination of a revolution among his followers. The rebels founded the city of Castrum Mare.

So for 18 years, Von Harben learned the two city states with separate emperors had been in almost constant warfare. But the fascination of history became irksome when he realized he was a virtual prisoner in the emperor's library. He was thinking of escape when he looked up into the face of the lovely Favonia.

In the company of Favonia Von Harben had no thought of anything except to be a wary suitor. So while Tarzan of the Apes was being dragged into the dungeons of Castra Sanguinarius the young German was blissfully wooing the lovely Roman maiden under a summer moon. And Fulvus saw them and planned his vengeance.

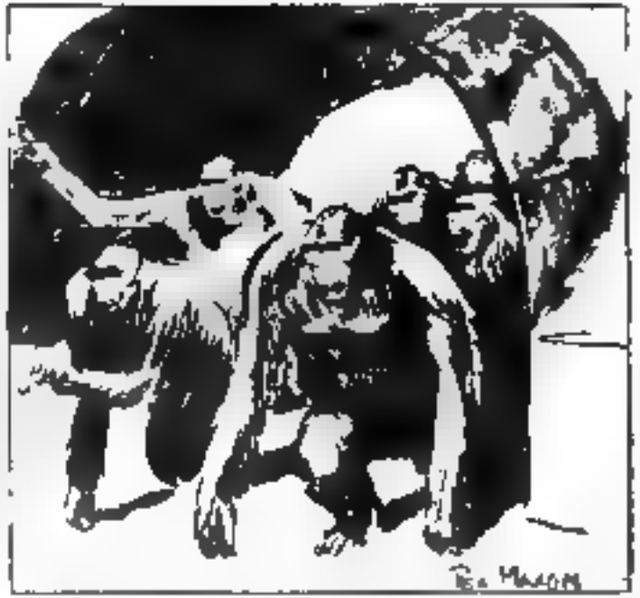
By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan in the arena at Castra Sanguinarius had been cheated of his liberty and the freedom that were to be his reward as victor in the games. His miraculous conquest of the lion made him more idolized than ever. And now when the emperor proposed a new feat, the crowd broke out in wrath. A man shouted, "Murderer!"



Hatred of the emperor had long been seething in the city's core. The mob was in a mood for revolt. Menacing cries and threats were shouted from the galleries, and to the gleaming pikes and sharp Spanish swords of the legionaries and the lack of a leader kept Rubianus safe from direct attack.

In the arena the slaves worked rapidly. Nalen Numa had been dragged away, the sands swept and the last trace had disappeared, leaving Tarzan once more alone with his enemies. Then those massive gates at the far end of the arena swung open once more. The crowd waited breathless for the new terror.



As Tarzan looked at the open gateway he saw six huge apes being herded through. They had heard the victory cry of their apes roll thunderously from the arena a few minutes before and they came now from their cages filled with excitement and ferocity. In front of them they saw that hated man thing—a Tarmangani.

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"I am Gaya growled one of the apes. I kill!" "I am Zutho" bellowed another. I am K.l the Tarmangan barked Govad as he six numbered forward sometimes creeping upon their hind feet sometimes swinging with gnarled knuckles to the ground.

The crowd hooted and groaned "Down with Caesar Death to Subla as rose above the tumult. To a man they were on their feet but the glittering pikes of the soldiers held them in awe except for two who rushed to the attack and ended upon the pikes of the guards.

Subla as turned and whispered to a guest in the imperial loge. This would be a lesson to all who dare affront Caesar he said. 'Quite right said the courtier. 'Caesar is a powerful." But the fellow's lips were blue from terror as he saw the size of the menacing crowd.

As the apes approached he lead. "I am Zutho he said. I k Lord we Zutho. before you kill your friend replied the ape man. I am Tarzan of the Apes. Zutho stopped bewildered at being addressed in the ape language. The other apes crowded around him.

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"I know h r said Gr ad He was king of the tribe when I wa a ng ape Ar said Tarzan "I am Whi eskin We are a prisoners They wish us to fight gai n ner but we shall not No said Zi ho we shall not fight against Tarzan "Good said the ape man and they gathered about him sniffing

"What has happened?" cried Subiatus who had looked w h groaning eyes o see he death of the barbarian who had h mi ated h m The white giant has cast a spel upon the beasts" he emperor's guest replied The people looked on wondering It seemed to them as if Tarzan were possessed of miraculous power

Tarzan ar ored and walked toward Caesar's age his bronze sk n brushing against the black coats of he sa age beas s hurrying a his side The ape man and the apes halted below he emperor "If here are any others Subiatus that you would turn against me let them come now At a word from me my apes would tea you to shreds."

If Tarzan had now succeeded in effec he escape of his friends h m a group o which his own and had not planned o have them join m in the rescue of Erich von Harben he would have unleashed he apes then and there As it was he walked back to his dungeon taking he apes with him to their cages, as the mob roared in turmoil.

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As he [illegible] door Tarzan saw that its only occupant was Maximus Praeclarus. "I see our friends have won their freedom," said Tarzan. "So did you," said the jailer with a grin, "but are you free? Your friends are chained in other cells. Caesar accuses them of sedition."

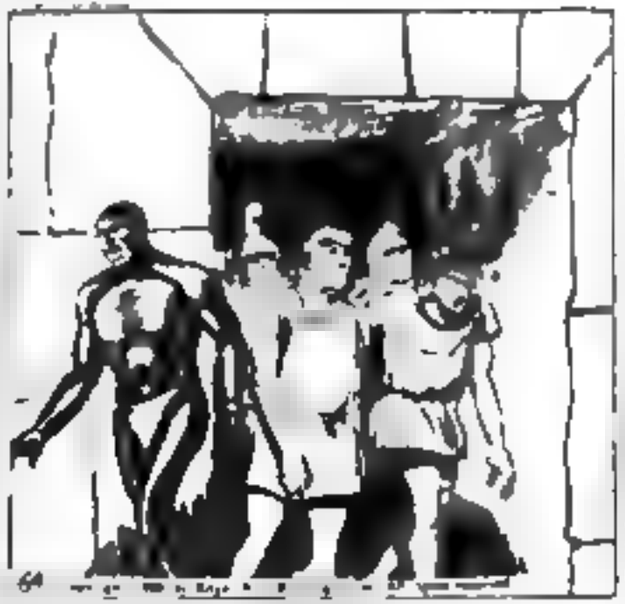
The jailer closed the door and locked it, leaving Tarzan and Praeclarus alone. "The gods are kind," said the Roman. "Even my best friend, Appius Appiosus, has failed me. If he had fetched the keys we could now escape." "Perhaps we will in any event," said Tarzan. "Caesar does not yet know Tarzan of the Apes."

Darkness [illegible] even the dim light [illegible] corridor. The [illegible] increased and they knew that someone was approaching, lighting his way with a flaring torch. At night the silent approach of a single torch might more surely augur ill than well.

As the visitor [illegible] the key in the lock Praeclarus recognized him by the flare of the torch through the bars. It was Appius Appiosus. Trembling he reported that Caesar's suspicions had been aroused. He had [illegible] and [illegible] outpost duty. But he had escaped and had now come to his friend with the prison keys.

[illegible] Tarzan and Paan [illegible] seeing he was [illegible] and [illegible] were among those [illegible] The had almost given up hope when the [illegible] upon Mora us and Kaala in [illegible] the arena.

The gladiators who were being kept [illegible] whom of Caesar [illegible] he did not understand were [illegible] inflamed [illegible] anger against the emperor. Head [illegible] has pledged themselves to follow Tarzan wherever he might lead. "Few of us will come out alive," said the ape man.



He [illegible] be led prisoners in the [illegible] he [illegible] contestants before they were [illegible] [illegible] There were [illegible] [illegible] professional gladiators [illegible] [illegible] and blanks from the other muskets.

We are here [illegible] Caesar the wrongs he has done [illegible] said Tarzan. "We do not care whether the [illegible] right or wrong, demand a [illegible] Lead [illegible] For [illegible] hear the [illegible] and Tarzan. His great apes were waiting for him.

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As the light of the approaching torches was seen by the crowd in front of Caesar's palace, word passed that the emperor was sending reinforcements. A self-appointed leader moved forward menacingly. "Who comes?" shouted one. It is I, Tarzan of the Apes," replied the ape-man.

The people had found a leader. The thunderous shout that went up reverberated in the palace and brought a scowl to the face of Caesar. Presently a pale faced messenger hastened to the emperor's throne. "The people have risen," he whispered hoarsely. "They are throwing themselves against the gates.

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Caesar summoned his chief officers. "Dispatch messengers to every gate and barrack," he ordered. "Summon the troops to the last man. Order them to fall upon the rabble and kill. Let them kill until no citizen or slave remains alive upon the streets of Castra Sanguinarius. Take no prisoners."

The people, encouraged by the presence of Tarzan and Praeclarus, recklessly renewed their mob attack upon the gates. When those in the front rank were piked through the bars, others took their places and the gates sagged. But Tarzan had another plan for the attack. When he explained it Praeclarus shouted approval.

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The wedding of Fastus and Directa was to take place beneath the statue of Caesar Antoninus. The high priest of the temple stood at the altar and just below at one side Fastus waited while slowly up the long chamber came the bride followed by the vestal virgins.

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Directa was pale but she did not falter as she moved on toward the altar. There were many who whispered that she looked an empress already so noble was her mien so stately her carriage. They could not see the slim dagger clutched in her right hand beneath her bridal robes.

Up the aisle she moved by the altar before the priest as Fastus stood there and as she should have done according to custom but passed them and stood directly in front of Sabinus. "I come to demand my rights as a citizen of Rome" the girl announced.

"What favor do you seek?" the emperor asked. "No favor" said Directa. "Before I pledge my troth to Fastus I demand to see Maximus Praecipus here alive and free." "That cannot be" said Caesar. "It can" said a voice from the balcony. "Maximus Praecipus is here behind me."

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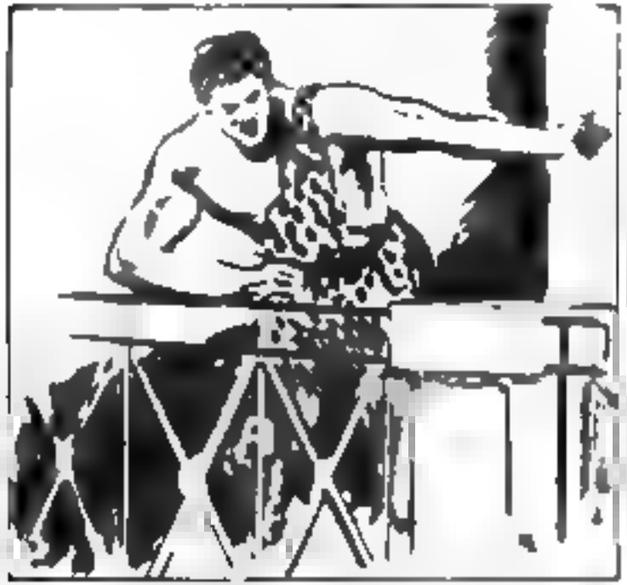
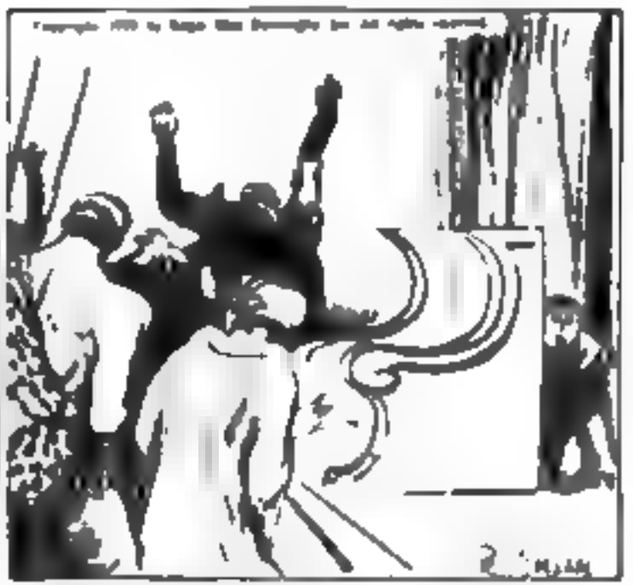


[illegible] from [illegible] the voice of the speaker. A gasp arose from the room. The herbivorous creature [illegible] screaming in terror. The guard. The guard, he cried weakly.

Tarzan leaped from the back of one of the [illegible] the [illegible] and, drawing [illegible] to the floor, which he hurled at the [illegible] a deep growl. Pushed from behind by Tarzan and the six beasts roared toward the three. Women screamed and fainted.

[illegible] back.



Then the screaming turned and fled in terror and Tarzan stayed on [illegible] side. The [illegible] and [illegible] had [illegible] and he [illegible] and [illegible] one to be. He [illegible] with [illegible] in fear [illegible] from his [illegible] to hide behind the throne.

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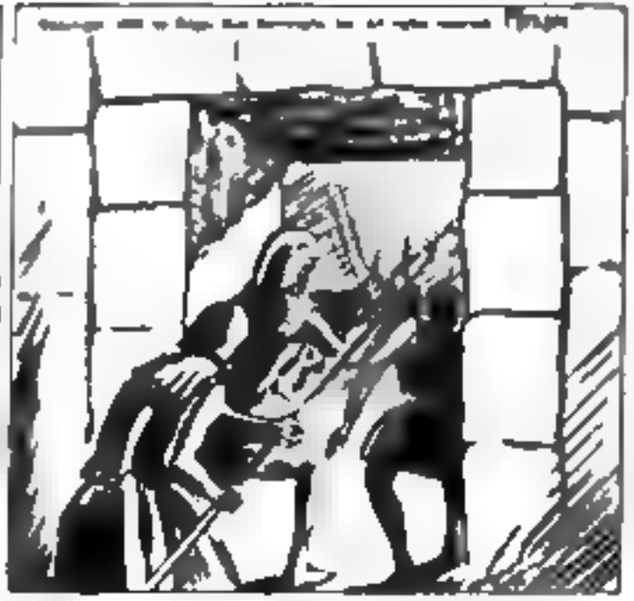
As the mob in the V a P people surged forward the weight of sheer numbers forced the great gates to give way and shouting warriors poured in the palace grounds. The Veneran legionaries formed back made a new stand at the entrance to the palace.

Once more they checked the undisciplined rabble. Guardsmen dragged an engine to the palace steps and began discharging stones into the midst of the crowd which continued to rush forward in the face of the pikes of the palace defenders. In the distance trumpets sounded.

The [illegible] ed [illegible] ng of Caesar's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ned [illegible] the [illegible] in [illegible] ng flight. In [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] pursued by the legionaries with flaming torches and bloody swords.



Back into the [illegible] room from which they had [illegible] Tarzan and his followers. The doorway was [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] for a few men to hold it. [illegible] now [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] off in the palace grounds. Tarzan's band was trapped with Caesar's soldiers on all sides.

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—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

[illegible] which they had taken refuge had been [illegible] the small doorway leading to the throne room and a smaller window left high up on the palace ground. "Oh, Domitia," cried Praecarus, in the first moment of [illegible] had gone to her side, "I have [illegible] only to [illegible] This small [illegible]

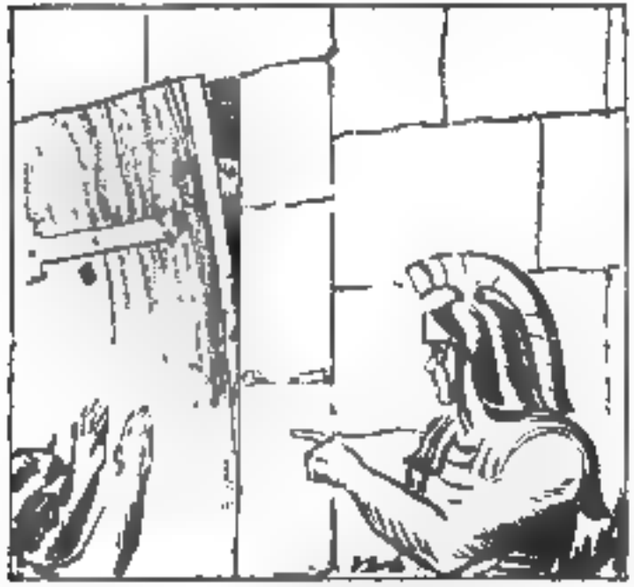
Your coming saved me from death," replied the girl, drawing the dagger from her gown and exhibiting it to Praecarus. "I chose this husband rather than Fasinius, but I believe now I shall have lived longer than I should have had you not come, and at least I die [illegible] you and [illegible] together."

Tarzan, overhearing, said: "This is no time to speak of dying. To a few [illegible]rs— A gladiator interrupted him. "Any of us who get out of this room alive will be burned at the stake or fed to the lions. But [illegible] has been a good fight, and there are blows to be struck yet. It is best to die fighting."

The full seriousness of the situation became obvious when the legionaries outside in the garden started setting up a battering to break ones in upon the prisoner. "Every missile that comes in through the window must take its toll," said Maximus Praecarus, "as we are so crowded here we cannot get out of range."

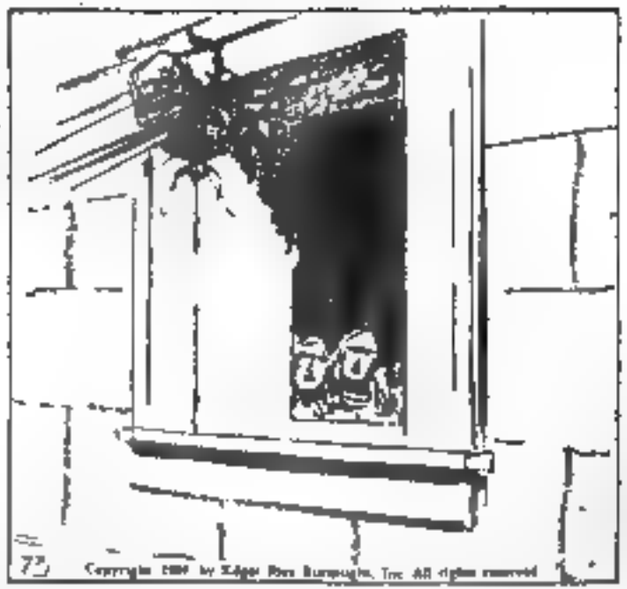
TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



A dull thud upon the door at the opposite end of the room brought the startled attention of the defenders to that quarter. The oak door sagged and the stone walls trembled to the impact. Cassius Hasua shouted orders. They had brought a ram. Soldiers were bringing it forward with terrific force.

And now a heavy projectile shook the outer wall, a piece of plaster crumbling to the floor upon the inside. The battle had come to a pause. The troops in the garden went about their work with quiet military efficiency. Their ancient war engine delivered its missiles with clocklike regularity.



At last they got the range of the window and the flying stones started to crumple the edges. This meant a quick breach. All eyes were upon it when Tarzan cried: "Look to the door!" The weakened timbers sagged to the impact of the ram. A dozen swordsmen stood ready to receive the rush of the revolutionaries.

At one side of the room the six apes crouched, growling and struggling to break away by the repeated assurances of Tarzan that the many things in the room were his friends. As the door crashed there was a momentary silence, each side waiting to see what the other would do. Tarzan turned toward the apes.

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

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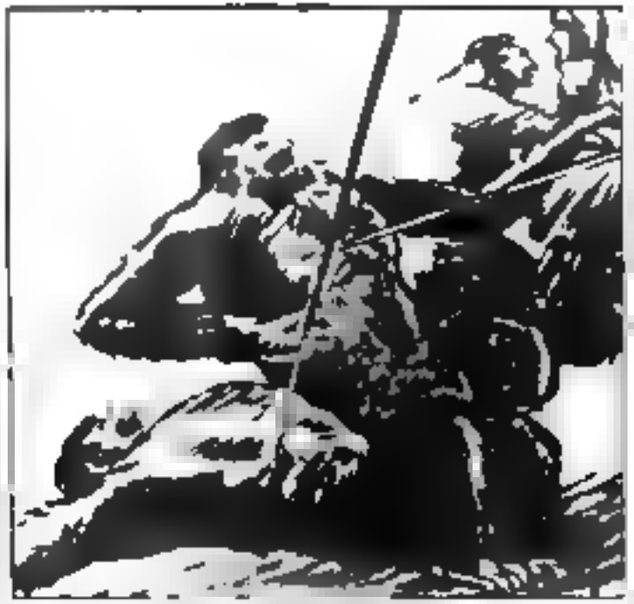

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

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TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

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From [illegible] garden above the den of the breaking [illegible] a savage cry, a new note the grave [illegible] the [illegible] on both sides. Tarzan's head snapped up [illegible] His nostrils quivered the air. Strength [illegible] hope surprise [illegible] purged through his consciousness.

In [illegible] the garden of Castra. The [illegible] the vanguard of an [illegible] warriors glistening [illegible] whose heads floated on [illegible] and from whose throats issued [illegible] cries. Tarzan's Waziri [illegible]

At their head Tarzan saw Mu[illegible] was Lukanda but what [illegible] the garden of Castra [illegible] later was the horde of warriors from the outer [illegible] age of Castra Bang [illegible] These men following the Waziri were already overrunning the palace seeking vengeance.

At the [illegible] the [illegible] the garden three [illegible] a [illegible] and begged Tarzan's protection [illegible] on [illegible] the ape man and knelt [illegible] at his feet [illegible] hand and [illegible] the same instant a little monkey dropped from a tree on Tarzan's shoulder. It was little Nkima who had [illegible] to find you, said Muviro.

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[illegible] They were roughly seized and chained in a dungeon.

The gladiatorial games in both cities were held at the same time every year so while Tarzan was being exhibited in the arena at Cabora Sang Marius Erich von Harben was brought forth into the coliseum at Castrigh. Mare. Watching him from her father's loge was the lovely Favonia, her eyes full of horror.

The Emperor A[illegible] in gorgeous robes sat upon his carved throne. Naked black [illegible] swaying one handed and on [illegible] his head. Here was the embodiment of wealth and power and power. Then Von Harben saw something that chilled him. It was his black servant Gabula who had long been missing now moving toward the imperial loge.

[illegible] The centurions [illegible] The centurion Caesar's box Gabula had the emperor by the throat and was drawing his dagger to kill.

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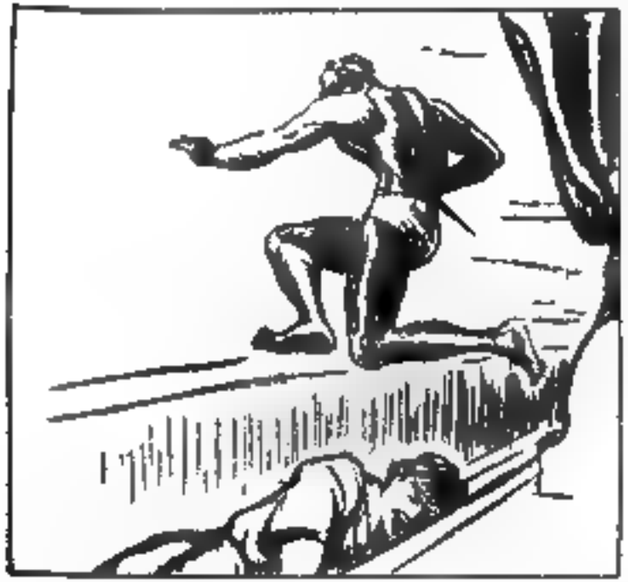
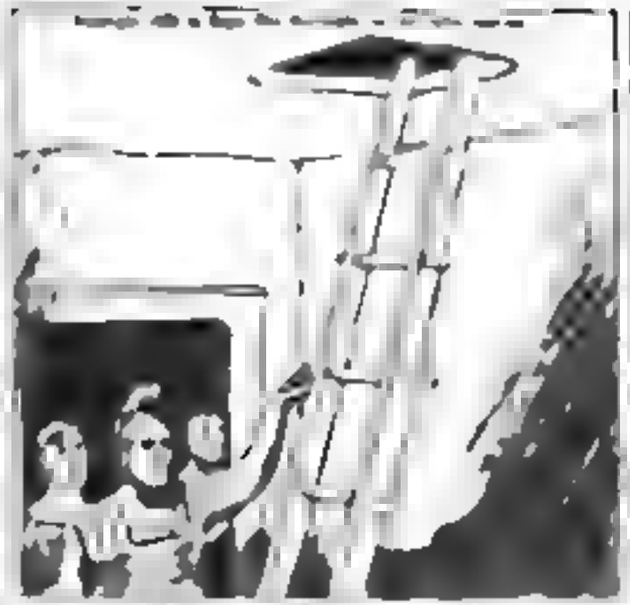


It all happened so quickly and was over so quickly that scarcely had Caesar's shriek rung through the colosseum when he lay dead at the foot of the carved throne and Gabula, the assassin, in a single leap had cleared the wall and was running across the sand to Von Harben.

"I have avenged you, Bwana," cried the black man. "No matter what they do, you are avenged." A great groan arose from the audience and then a cheer as someone shouted, "Caesar is dead!" A flash of hope came to the breast of Von Harben. "Now is our chance," he whispered.

"Follow me!" cried Malius Lepus to the prisoners. The guards had been stunned by the murder of the emperor. Everything was in confusion. Malius Lepus started on a run toward the gateway and the shouting prisoners fell in behind him. No effort was made to stop them.

The sudden rush of the escaping prisoners so upset the guards beneath the coloseum that they were easily overpowered and a moment later the prisoners found themselves in the streets of Castrum Mare. Von Harben, Malius Lepus and Gabula dashed off together to find a hiding place.



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When Favonia heard that a secret message was waiting for her she hurried with the slave to find out what it was. She knew of the escape of Erich Von Harben and her cousin Mallius Lepus, and guessed that the message was from one of them. Her excitement was evident as she hastened toward the youth

"No one must know that I am here" he whispered. No ears but yours may hear my message. Send your slave away." You may go said Favonia and I will let the young man out when he departs. The slave moved silently away into the shadows of the corridor leaving his mistress unguarded.

"Tell me" said the girl, "where is he?" "He is here" whispered the youth pointing to the anteroom. "Come," and he led her to the door. As she approached it he seized her suddenly and clapping a hand over her mouth dragged her into the dark room beyond. Rough hands seized her and she was gagged and bound.

Carrying Favonia whom they had wrapped in a soiled and ragged cloak they left the house of Septimus Favonius unobserved. As two men carried the heavy bundle through the streets, the youthful leader set off for the palace where he reported that Favonia had been abducted and would be found in the deserted house near the colosseum.

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

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Von Harbe[illegible] and Cabo[illegible] had gone in the deserted house for a chance to escape heard the breaking of the gate. They are coming said Von Harbern. The three men seized their swords sealed the ladder and crept out onto the roof leaving the trap door slightly open.

Von Harbern heard voices coming from below. Is she alive? I cannot hear her breathe said one. [illegible] we take the gag from her mouth I can not scream said another. I shall not scream said a woman's voice in a familiar tone that set Von Harbern's heart pounding.

"We will not hurt you said another. [illegible] quiet and Caesar sends the ransom. Come said Von Harbern to his companions on the roof. Casting caution to the winds he tore open the trap door and dropped into the room below followed by Malus Lepus and Cabula. Paronia he cried.

[illegible] rescuing Von Harbern struggling with a burly fellow who had seized his arms and was now trying to draw his dagger from its sheath.

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

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In ten Lepi and Gabu a rushed to Von Harben s rescue A flash of a sword in the moonlight and the pretorian was dead Von Harben cu Favon s bonds and she was in his arms when Gabu a reported to Caesar s soldiers were approaching To hide Favonia Von Harben covered her with rags that had been a beggar bed

Caesar s soldiers completely surrounded the building but they were alone in entering and Favonia was safely hidden when the legionaries entered from the garden the avenue and the roof torchbearers Caesar was there Where is the girl? the officer demanded Caesar has ordered us to bring Favonia to the palace and you her abductors

Here is our answer to Caesar cried Von Harben and with his sword he fell upon the officer in the doorway while Gabu a and Malu Lepus spurred by a similar determination to save their lives dealt rushed those who were descending the ladder and entering by the kitchen door Taken by surprise the soldiers fell back

The officer was engaged outside Von Harben s th rew himself from the building and summoned a number of legionaries who were armed with pikes There are three men and one woman he said and a woman K he men but be sure the woman is unharmed Then everyone became running and shouting He heard the hubbub approaching

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

BEGINNING TUESDAY

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

TARZAN back in the jungle again, facing some of his most tense and adventurous

W[illegible] Ta[illegible] [illegible] of Caesar he set no[illegible] me but assemblies 5,000 w[illegible] and started his march on Castra Mare. The white plumes of the Waziri nodded at his back as he led his army out of Castra Nangu[illegible] along the hot and dusty Via [illegible]. The Waziri were chanting their battle songs.

But there was no battle. The effort of Flavius Purpus to seize the throne proved futile when the people knew that the emperor's nephew Caecius Hasta was at the gates with an army. Shouts of joy resounded through the city. The officer who was about to attack Lepus and Von Harben ordered his men back.

Together Favon, Von Harben, Lepus and Gabu stepped from the deserted building. Appearing before them they saw the head of a column of marching men. "Look," said Favonia, their chief is garbed like a barbarian and white plumed warriors follow him." "The white giant is Tarzan of the Apes," cried Von Harben.

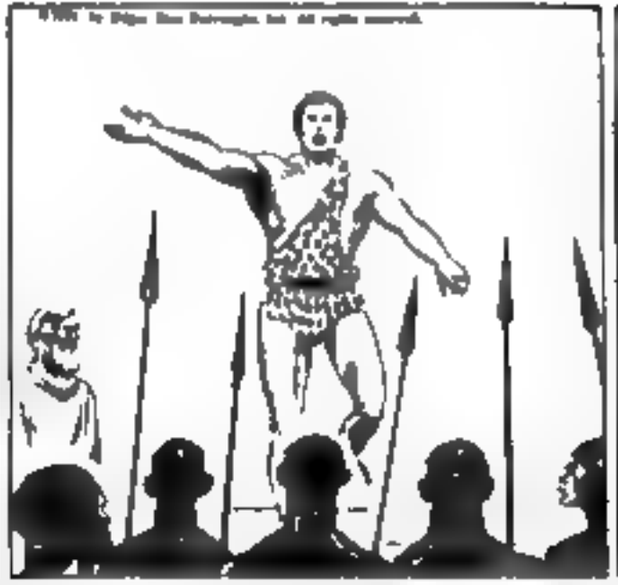
Tarzan greeted the lost explorer affectionately. "I am glad when I bring you back," he said. "You came here in search of ME Tarzan of the Apes?" demanded Von Harben. "I seem to have arrived just in time," said the ape man. "How can I thank you?" exclaimed Von Harben. "Don't thank me," said the ape man. "Thank little Nkima."

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Bwana the eagle had caused the wonderful Gomangani creatures to believe that Tarzan of the Apes Haven he shouted "the Bolgani are upon us Come and avenge your wrongs" Calling the other by name the ape man leaped forward to meet the oncoming gorilla men Behind him was a wave of Gomangani rolled through the east gate of the palace of diamonds carrying everything before them

The shouting and the fighting waked Jad-bal-ja to such a frenzy that Tarzan with difficulty restrained him from springing upon friend and foe alike And so frantic were the Gomangani with the bloodlust of revenge and so enthused with the first taste of victory that they went full as mad as the golden lion himself The war cry of Bolgani was hurled back No quarter was given and the fighting ended only when the last gorilla man lay dead



The balance of the Tarzan [illegible] powers returned to the [illegible] from [illegible] the smoke bombs had now disappeared He summoned the head men of each village to appear before him Gomangani of the valley of the palace of diamonds" he addressed them "this night have you won your freedom from the beast masters that have oppressed you for so long You have no leader capable of ruling you wisely and well Choose one now

You cried voice after voice as the head men [illegible] Tarzan their king That may not be replied the ape man but there is one who has lived among you knows your customs and hopes He will make you a good king and Tarzan pointed to the old man But he of the gray beard spoke a Tarzan in bewilderment Surely you will not desert me he cried Back would I go into the world of civilization from which all these years I have been buried

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

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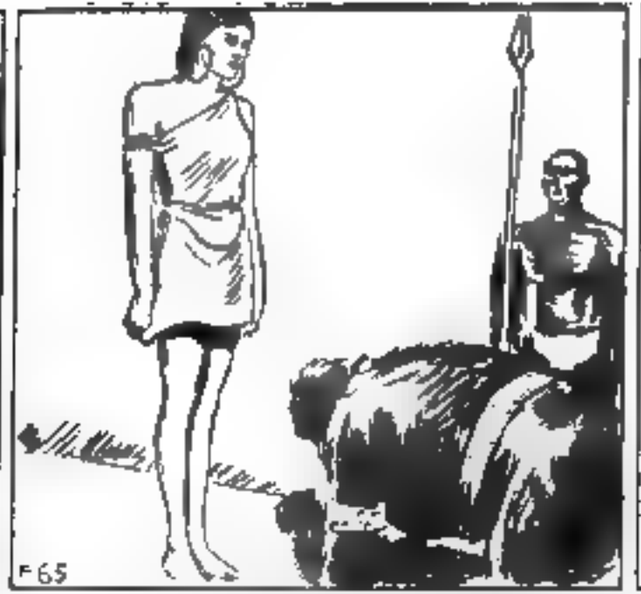
Tarzan looked a[t] the old man and said, "You will find back [in] the [v]illage of the said deceit[ful] priest greed and hypocrisy. Long have you been [g]one. None now will be interested in you; you will be interested in none there. I, Tarzan of the Apes, have left my jungles and gone to the cities built by men. But always I have been glad to return to my jungle, to the noble beasts that are honest in their love and in their hates, to the freedom and the genuineness of nature.

So at last the old man was prevailed upon to return and be chief of the Gomangani. Two hundred Bolgani, hiding in various parts of the palace were dragged out and brought to the throneroom. Tarzan spoke to them in the ape language. "You, Bolgani, are fearsome fighters. Beside me sits La, the high priestess of Opar. A wicked priest, usurping her power, has driven her from her throne. You are the last of your race. On one condition I spare your lives and offer you a home.



Tarzan then requested the gorilla remain to accompany him to Opar. There they were to establish Cadj, place La again upon the throne of Opar and remain as her bodyguard to protect her from enemies within and without the ruined city. The Bolgani discussed the choice offered them for several minutes. Then one advanced toward Tarzan. "We accept," he said. "From now on we swear loyalty to La, our queen." "Are you content?" the ape-man asked La. "I accept them in my service," replied she.

Early next morning Tarzan and La set out with 3,000 Gomangani and a hundred Bolgani to punish the traitorous Cadj. There was little or no attempt at strategy or deception. They simply marched down through the Valley of the Palace of Diamonds, descended the rocky ravine of Opar and made straight for the rear of the palace of La. A big gray monkey sitting upon the top of the temple wall, was the first to spy their coming.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

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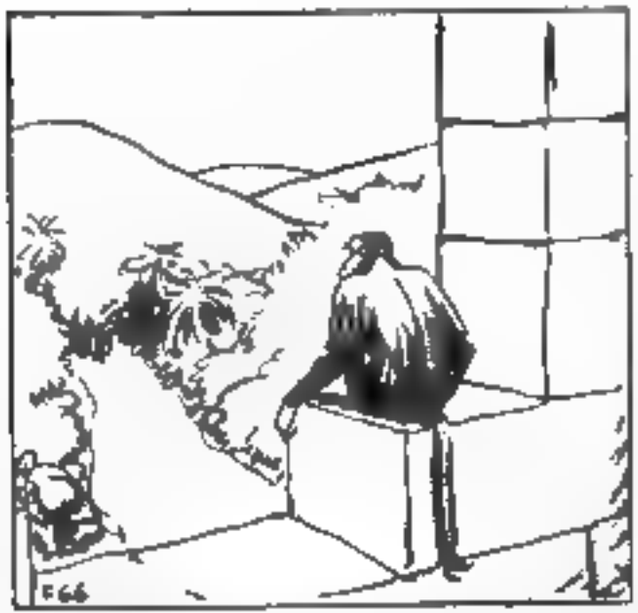

Manu, the monkey, hidden among the vines and creepers, watched for some time with growing excitement the strange column approach. When he realized vaguely the great numbers of the Gumangani he was so terribly humbled he almost ceased his scratching he was busily engaged upon. But the last straw that sent him scampering to the palace of Opar was the sight of the Bolgani, for these gorilla-men were the frightful ogres of his little world.

Cadj, the high priest, was in the courtyard of the inner temple where an hour before he had performed a sacrifice to the flaming god. With him were several members of the lesser priesthood. Oah, now high priestess in place of La, and her votaries. All were standing breathless as Cadj, in maniacal fury, was threatening with the sacrificial knife an unfortunate priestess who had stumbled in her part during the late ceremonies.

Just as the knife was about to fall a little gray monkey came chattering and screaming through a chink in the wall overlooking the court of the temple.

"The Bolgani! The Bolgani!" he shrieked. "They come! They come!" Cadj wheeled toward Manu, the hand that held the knife dropping to his side. "Do you speak the truth, Manu?" he asked. "How many of them?" "They are as many as the leaves upon the trees," replied Manu.

Cadj turned and raised his face toward the sun and throwing back his head gave voice to a long drawn scream that ended in a piercing shriek. Three times he voiced the dreadful cry and now there issued from every corridor and doorway groups of the gnarled and hairy men of Opar. They were armed with heavy bludgeons and knives. Jabbering in the trees above them, Manu pointed to the south.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

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Like an undisciplined mob the horde of priests and warriors followed Cadj to the summit of the lofty wall which guards the palace. They scrambled up just as Tarzan's forces came to a halt outside. "Rocks! Rocks!" commanded Cadj and to answer the women below in the courtyard gathered fragments of stone from the crumbling palace walls and began to hand them up to the warriors.

Now Cadj shouted: "Defile not this Temple of the Fearing God or you shall know his wrath." For answer Tarzan stepped forth from the ranks and cried: "La, your high priestess is here!" Cadj in a tremor: "Open your gates and receive your queen. Refuse her entry and we will take by force what rightfully is hers." As he ceased speaking La stepped to the apeman's side standing where all could see her.

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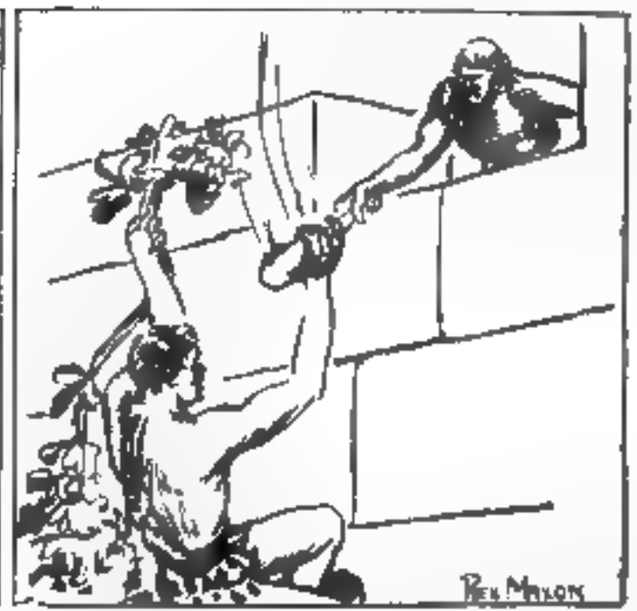
As the Opar'ans recognized La murmurs arose among them for Cadj had told them La was dead. The high priest knew it would not take much to turn the scale against him. So shrieking to his men to attack Cadj hurled a stone straight for Tarzan. Only his wondrous agility saved the ape man. The missile passed him striking a Gomangani. Now Tarzan called to his followers to attack.



Fiercely they ascended the rough wall in the face of the menacing bludgeons above. Tarzan who had chosen Cadj as his objective was among the first to reach the top. A hairy crooked warrior struck at him with a bludgeon. Hanging to the summit with one hand, Tarzan caught the weapon in the other and wrested it from his assailant. At the same time he saw Cadj turn and disappear into the courtyard beyond.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

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As Tarzan drew himself to the summit he was immediately engaged in combat with the warriors of Opar. With his bludgeon he knocked them to right and left as he advanced toward the great height and still they gave him room. Leaping in the pursuit he saw the high priest disappear through an archway at the opposite end of the corridor. Several priests and warriors sought to impede the ape man's progress.

Seizing one by the ankles Tarzan swung the body about him clearing a pathway as he ran. Cadj, managed to keep just ahead of his pursuer for he knew the intricate mazes better than Tarzan. Believing that soon Cadj would find a hiding place where it would be difficult to dislodge him Tarzan put forth every effort to prevent him from reaching the comparative safety of the underground passage.

With another bound Tarzan would be upon Cadj. But as he leaped through the doorway into the court a noose cunningly laid closed upon the ape man's ankle and he was hurled heavily to the ground. Almost on any a number of the crooked little men of Opar leaped upon him where he lay half stunned by the fall. Before he had regained his faculties they had trussed Tarzan of the Apes securely.

Only half conscious he felt them raise him from the ground and carry him. Presently he was deposited upon a cold stone surface. Slowly he regained his senses and realized that once more he lay outstretched upon the sacrificial altar of the Temple of the Flaming God. And above him stood Cadj, the high priest, his evil face contorted in a grimace of hate and the anticipation of revenge long deferred.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

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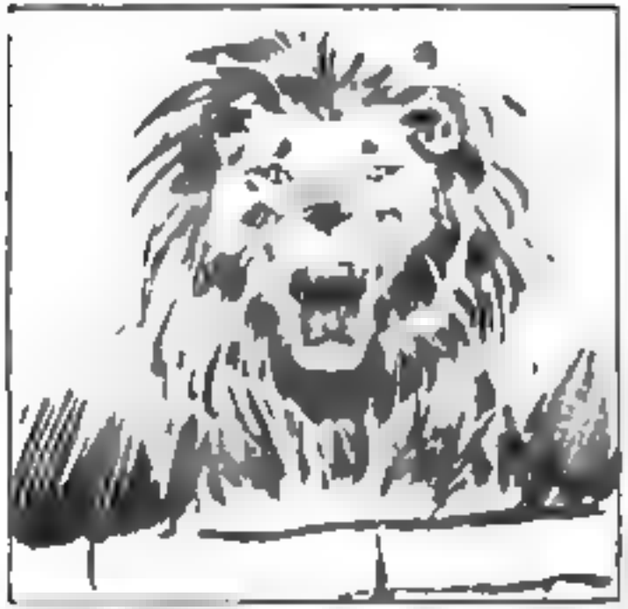

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

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At the sound of La's despairing words the ape man raised his head and spoke to her. "No! I am a man. Come and release me. I am bound tight with vines. Jad-ba-ja has saved me." With a joyful cry the high priestess ran to do as Tarzan requested, but paused before the menacing attitude of the golden lion.

"Down, Jad-ba-ja," commanded Tarzan. Leaping approach

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A[illegible] the golden lion lay down beside his master [illegible] and [illegible] while the high priestess Tarzan's [illegible] La [illegible] and looking up [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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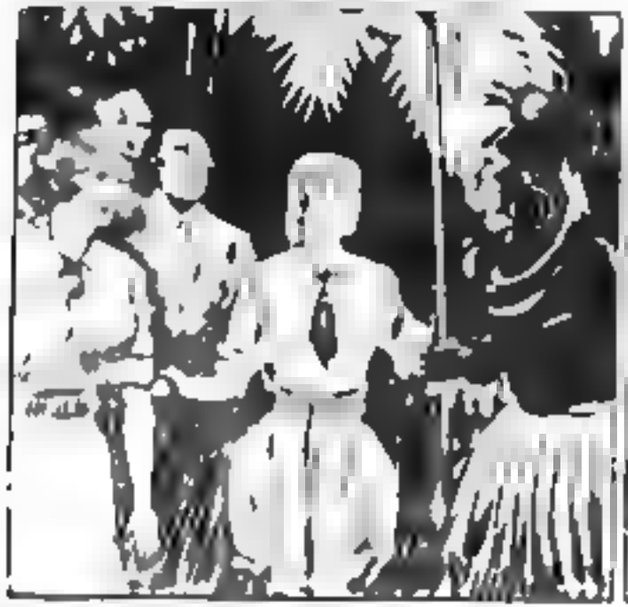

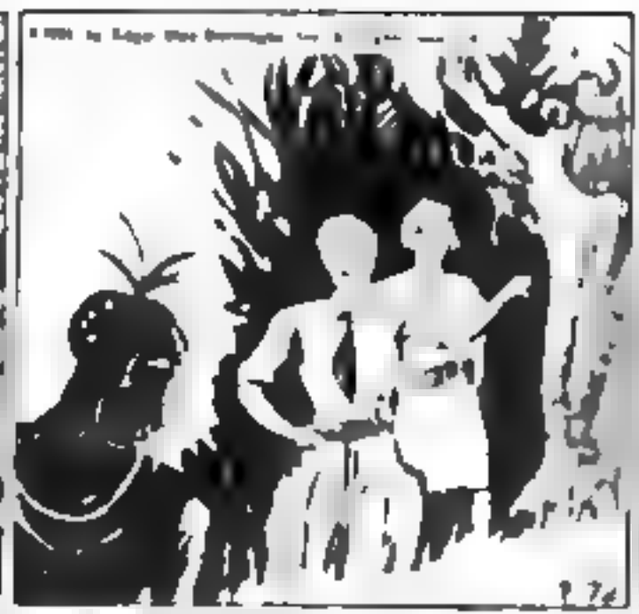

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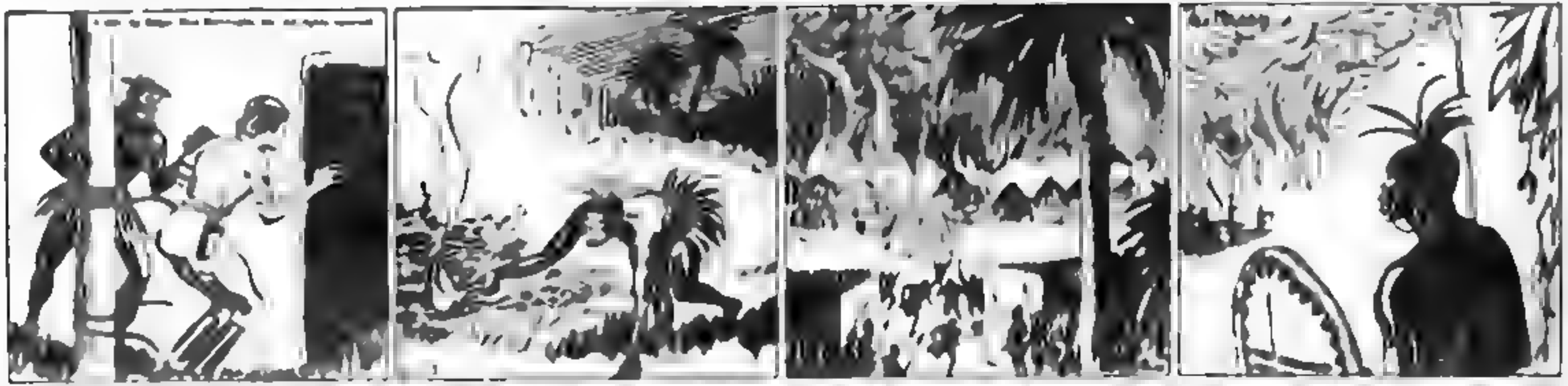

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Where was he hut in which the white woman was prisoner? demanded Lutanda as he entered the charred village. There, said one of the blacks, walking quickly a few paces beyond what had been the main gate of the Arab slave stronghold. Hidden by the helmet and pointed at something which lay upon the ground. There, he said, is the white woman you seek.

Lutanda and the other Waziri pressed forward. Rage and grief [illegible] as they beheld lying before them the charred remains of a human body. It was she, said Lutanda, recognizing by her golden hair. The Waziri had loved the mate of her big Bwana. Perhaps it was she who suggested one of the warriors. Have a look and search for the rings Lady Greystoke always wore.

Lutanda shook his head despairingly. It was she. There was the stake on which she was tied. The rings meant nothing. Luvuni would surely have taken them. There was time for everyone else to leave. Be sure except she who was bound and could not escape. The Waziri [illegible] the ashes and marked with a pile of stones the last resting place of she whom they believed had been the wife of Tarzan of the Apes.

Hunting together, feeding together and sleeping together, Tarzan of the Apes and the golden lion slowly trod the savage jungle trail toward home. Unsuspecting, in raiding the treasure vaults of Opar the ape man had the sack of diamonds which more than compensated him for the miscarriage of his plans. Now his object was to find and punish the whites who had drugged him.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

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W hin a day s march of the bunga ow Tarzan dis covered the spoor of a considerable body of war riors Several days old it was, yet plainly legible Suddenly the ape man displayed the sharpest interest for among the mens footprints he saw the smaller ones of a white woman a shod footprint that he knew as well as his own The Waziri returned and told her I was missing" he soliloquized, "and now she has set out to search for me."

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He turned to the golden lion. Well Jad bal ja, once Again we turn away from home but no where she is s home " But the trail mystified Tarzan of the Apes for it did not lead toward Opar The sixth day his keen ears caught the sound of approaching men Sending Jad bal ja into a thicket to hide Tarzan took to the trees and moved rapidly toward the oncoming men, who proved to be his own Waziri

At the head was Usuta sad and dejected Throwing down his spear and shield and stretching his arms wide he bared his great breast o Tarzan Strike Bwana he cried Lady Jane is no more We failed in our duty to protect her Tarzan could not believe his ears He made Usuta tell each detail of the events leading up to her death When this was done Tarzan of the Apes spoke but three words "Where is Lavina?"

Ah tha we do not know" lamented Usuta "But tha she know said Tarzan Be off home to your wives and children You are needed among the herds and in the fields And when next you see me you will know Lavina is dead Bidding them goodby he turned about in search of Lavina and revenge He whistled once a single low long drawn note and a moment la er Jad bal ja the golden lion bounded into view along the jungle trail

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Wedged in the crotch of a large tree three white men greeted the coming dawn with weary eyes. "I'll bet the lions have me," said one of them, "before I spend such another night." Footsore and hungry in a vain search for game they blundered on. Unschooled in jungle craft with the dull perceptive faculties of civilized man, there might have been fierce beasts or savage warriors on every hand for all they knew.

And so it was that shortly after noon, as they crossed a small clearing the zip of an arrow barely missing Peebles' head brought them to a sudden halt. Kraski threw his rifle to his shoulder and fired. "There," he cried, "behind those bushes," and then an arrow from another direction pierced his forearm. "Down," he yelled, "and let them have it." Scarcely had they dropped when a score of pigmy hunters came into the open.

Now a volley of arrows whizzed above the prone men, while from a nearby tree two steel gray eyes looked down upon the ambush. Fighting for their lives but unafraid, the three whites pumped lead into the band of yelling pigmies. Suddenly the foe withdrew into the concealing safety of the surrounding jungle. Utter silence reigned, and then a voice came from a nearby tree. "Do not fire until I tell you to," it said in English, "and I will save you!"

From the tree whence the voice had come there now sounded a single low whistled note—and again silence. The pigmies, surprised, ceased their activities, but presently, hearing nothing more to arouse their fears, they emerged from cover and launched arrows toward the three whites. A white-gray leaped from the branches of the jungle monarch as a great black-maned lion sprang from the thicket below.

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For an instant the pigmies stood terrified and then their leader cried, "It is Tarzan," and turning fled into the jungle. "Yes, it IS Tarzan—Tarzan of the Apes," answered Lord Greystoke in the pigmies' dialect, which the whites did not understand. Then he turned to them. "The Gomangani have gone," he said, "get up." The three men scrambled to their feet. "You are the fellows who drugged me and left me helpless in your camp, a prey to the first prowling lion or savage native."

The trio of whites turned pale, not knowing what to expect next. "I search for your black Luvini, who has killed my wife," said Tarzan. "Where is he?" Kraski spoke up. "We know nothing of that. Luvini betrayed and deserted us. Two white women were in our camp at the time." Then rapidly he told the story of the fight the Waziri had with Luvini's ivory thieves. "When it was over the two women had disappeared. Where, we know not."

To the ape-man's further questions they again protested that they had come to Africa on scientific research. "But now," said the Russian, "we are absolutely alone and helpless." He added that they hoped to reach the coast and from there London. "Come with me," said Tarzan after a pause. "perhaps I can help you. Certainly you do not deserve it but I cannot see white men perish here in the jungle." They followed him westward, making camp that night beside a small jungle stream.

The three Londoners had little liking for the company of the golden lion. Squatting about the fire after the evening meal which the ape-man provided, Kraski suggested that they build a shelter. "Not necessary," said Tarzan, "my friend Jad-bal-ja will protect us." An hour later the Russian saw the ape-man rise from his squatting position before the fire. The two other men snored. As Tarzan arose something fell unnoticed by him from beneath his loin cloth—a little sack made of hide.

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Thoroly awake now Kraski watched the sack as Tarzan moved away a short distance and, with the golden lion, lay down to sleep. Assured at last that they both slept soundly, little by little the Russian crawled toward the package, pausing often to regard the two. Neither of them stirred, and finally Kraski grasped the sack, quickly stuffed it in his shirt, took his place again beyond the fire and pretended to sleep.

He felt carefully of the sack. "Pebbles," he muttered. "ornaments for this savage barbarian who is a peer of England. Fancy this wild beast once sitting in the House of Lords." Untying the sack he let a portion of its contents trickle forth. "DIAMONDS!" He stifled his cry of amazement. Great, scintillating stones they were, five pounds of pure white diamonds. So fabulous a fortune was before him that it fairly staggered the Russian.

Quickly he replaced the gems inside his shirt. Fearfully he watched Tarzan and Jad-bal-ja still; neither of them moved. "Tomorrow!" muttered Kraski. "Would I had the courage to make a break tonight!" At dawn Tarzan, with the three Englishmen, came to a good-sized native village. The ape-man was received graciously, almost with the deference due an emperor. The whites were awed at the attitude of the black chief.

Tarzan pointed to the three Europeans. "These are my friends," he said to the black chief. "See that they reach the coast in safety. I, Tarzan of the Apes, request the favor." "The great chief Tarzan has but to command," replied the black. Tarzan thanked him, saying he had other business and might not return. Without a word of farewell, Tarzan of the Apes passed from the sight of the white men and behind him paced the golden lion.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Krask spent a sleepless night. He reasoned that sooner or later Tarzan would discover the loss of his pouch of diamonds and that he would return and demand an accounting of the three Londoners he had befriended. So at the first streak of dawn the Russian left his bed of dried grasses and crept stealthily from the village. "There is but one chance in a thousand," he muttered to himself, "that I can reach the coast alive, but these and he caressed the sack of diamonds suspended on his chest.

But this chance is worth every effort. I have the fortune of a thousand kings in my possession. What can't I do with it in Paris or London?" Presently the verdure of the jungle closed about Carl Krask, the Russian, as he disappeared forever from the lives of his companions. The mystery of his going did not bother the Londoners much. His footprints were discovered leading into the jungle and their conclusion was that Krask had simply walked into the night and that some beast of prey had pounced upon him.

But [illegible] along the trail [illegible] shoulder and a heavy automatic pistol grasped in his right hand. His ears strained for the first sounds of pursuit or other danger. Alone in the mysterious jungle he was experiencing a nightmare of terror. With every mile he traversed the value of the diamonds became less and less to him. Once Numa, the lion, swinging from a low hung branch, barred his way, yet he did not dare to fire.

[illegible] the leopard [illegible] the snake, which [illegible] bleeding from innumerable thorns. His [illegible] torn and tattered and dressed with [illegible] wounds whose attacks rendered him half mad with pain. He tore at his [illegible] in the grip of the [illegible] the [illegible] grim death to his weapons and [illegible] and the precious sack from the claws of [illegible].

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Kraki found Carl Kreski [illegible] panting from exhaustion. He crept to the edge of a great tree while the [illegible] roared and growled there the barbarians of the jungle about him. Shivering with terror he would start to make [illegible] as the long hours of a fearful night dragged and until it seemed that dawn would never come. But come it did, and once again he took up his stumbling way toward the west.

[illegible] the suggestion of human voices and far distant [illegible] he shook himself in an attempt to dislodge the waning terrors. He listened intently and, with a renewal of strength, rose to his feet. Cautiously he crawled forward. Now he heard the words of white people. At a turn in the trail he saw a clearing beside a muddy stream. In it was a rude hut thatched with grasses.

[illegible] he dragged by [illegible]. He heard a woman's voice raised in anger and the deep tones of a man replying. The man's voice was that of the supposed dead Esteban and the woman's voice belonged to Flora Hawtes. Kraki called Esteban by name and the false Tarzan, followed by the girl, came from the hut. Had Kraki not heard his voice he would have thought Esteban was Tarzan of the Apes, so remarkable was the resemblance.

For a moment the two stood looking at the strange apparition before them. "Don't you know me?" cried the Russian. "I am Carl—Carl Kraki!" The girl started forward, but Esteban held her back. "Help me," pleaded Kraki. "I am nearly done." "The way to the coast is there," said the Spaniard, "and water is behind you. The jungle is filled with food if you have the nerve to get it. Keep moving; it's not healthy for you here!"

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—NO. 83

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"You cannot send him away," cried the girl, "not even YOU could be so cruel!" Then, turning to the Russian: "Oh, Carl! Save me from this beast!" For answer Carl Kraski leveled his automatic and fired at the Spaniard. The bullet missed its target. Before he could bring his rifle into action, Esteban threw his heavy spear whose barbed shaft tore thru Kraski's heart. Without a sound the Russian fell dead.

Esteban wrenched his spear from the prone body. As he did so he saw the little sack fastened to Kraski's waist. This he took into the hut. The girl crouched in a corner, sobbing. "You beast!" "Yes," he cried with a laugh, "I AM a beast! I am Tarzan—Tarzan of the Apes. Who dares call me—otherwise, dies!" His voice trailed off in a crazy mumble.

The girl looked at him and shuddered. "Mad!" she thought. "I am alone in the jungle with a madman." In one respect Esteban was mad—with the madness of the artist who lives his part. So proficient had the Spaniard become in the interpretation of his role that he might have deceived Tarzan's best friends in outward appearance. But within that perfect form was the heart of a cur and the soul of a craven.

"He would have stolen my mate," muttered Esteban, "me, Tarzan of the Apes—Lord of the Jungle. Easily I slew him with a single stroke. You would love a weakling when you could have that of the great Tarzan!" "How I loathe you!" cried the desperate girl. "A beast—yes, you are lower than a beast." "You are mine, tho," gloated the Spaniard, "and you shall never be another's! I would kill you first."

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—NO. 84

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Esteban now remembered the little sack which he had taken from Krask. "It feels like ammunition enough to kill a regiment," he said, untying the thongs that held it closed. He let some of the contents spill upon the hut's floor. As the sparkling stones rolled scintillating before their eyes the girl gasped. "Diamonds!" exclaimed the Spaniard. "Where could he have gotten them?"

Flora Hawkes eyes narrowed. Awakened was the always present greed that dominated her. Now equally powerful, was her hatred for the Spaniard. Could he but have known it, those gleaming gems had crystallized at last in the woman's mind a determination to slay Esteban while he slept. Before this, she had been afraid of being left alone in the jungle. Now the desire to possess this great wealth overcame her terror.

Tarzan, ranging the jungle, picked up the trail of the fleeing slaves of the Arabs and the various bands of west coast natives. All told him the same story—none had seen Luvini since the night of the battle and the fire. So occupied was the ape-man with his search and his sorrow he had not noticed that the sack of diamonds was missing. Suddenly he recalled the night by the campfire with the three white men and missed the sack.

"THEY must have taken them," he muttered to Jad-bal-ja, and then at the thought of their perfidy the scarlet scar flamed brilliantly upon his forehead. "Come," he said to the golden lion, "as we search for Luvini we shall look for these others also." He found the spoor of Krask's trail, and at sundown came suddenly upon the same rude hut that the ill-fated Russian had approached a few days before.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—NO. 85

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

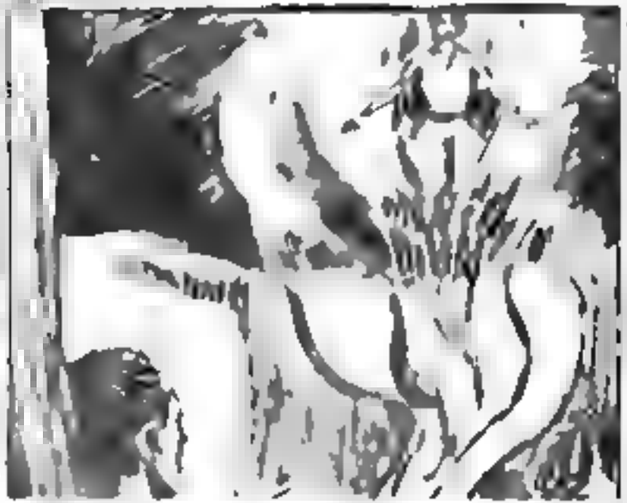
The ape-man paused and listened, sniffing the air with his sensitive nostrils. Then, on noiseless feet he crossed the clearing toward the hut. In the grass outside the palisade lay the dead body of a white man. A single glance told Tarzan it was the fugitive he sought, and even before he searched he suspected that the sack of diamonds was in possession of whoever had slain the Russian.

Inside the hut and all about were indications of the recent presence of a man and woman. The spoor of the man tallied with that of the creature who had killed Gobu, the great ape, and hunted Bara, the deer, upon the preserves of the ape man. But the woman: who was she? Swiftly Tarzan traced the footprints into the jungle. Now he saw the woman had been limping painfully and lagging behind her companion.

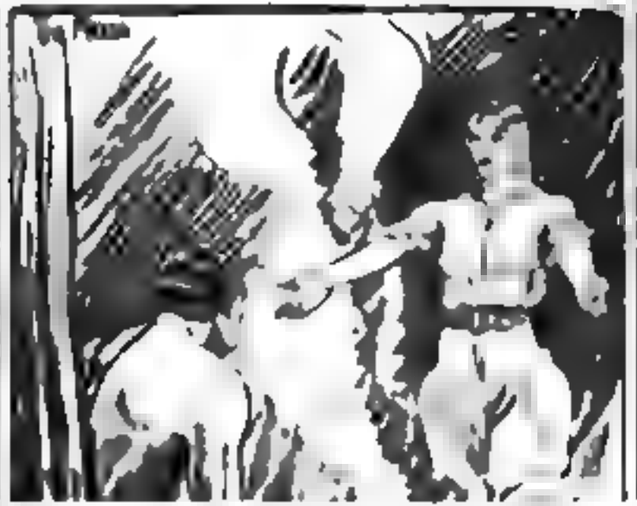
Esteban forged far ahead of Flora Hawkes now too weary to keep up with his increasing haste. "Wait for me," she pleaded. "Then hurry up," growled the Spaniard. "With this fortune in my possession, I wait for nobody." "Save me," the girl cried despairingly. "I can go no farther." Esteban laughed mockingly and as a turn in the trail shut him from her sight she dropped exhausted to the ground.

Tarzan was in no haste for he knew he would soon overtake the fleeing pair. So he was not surprised when he came suddenly upon the huddled figure of a woman lying in the middle of the trail. Kneeling beside here he laid a hand upon her shoulder. It brought forth a startled scream. "You are in no danger," said the ape man. Then she looked up at him and exclaimed, "Oh, Esteban, have you really come back to save me?"

A few months Pierre Dubois gorged himself on a [illegible] meal. The afternoon that he was joined Tarzan of the Apes gave him a fresh energy. He foraged for food, built a fire and ate and drank his fill. Then he drew [illegible] the powers of darkness opened it and spilled a handful of the gems on the ground. The flickering firelight playing on them and the billowing grease vanishing into the jungle night.



In the gentle glow of the fire Dubois saw visions of [illegible] power and [illegible] wealth and great wealth may [illegible] perhaps for a man. With half closed eyes he thought of the dream woman for whom he had always longed. Presently he gazed as we before him a vague understanding of the figure of his dreams. It appeared to hover just above him as the firelight's color rose upon the segment of the darkest river bank



Strange how the vision persisted! With staring eyes he drew it near to him to confront the apparition when in soft gentle tones, it spoke "Beloved, it said, it is really you. Dubois wondered if he had lost his wits. But as the figure came toward him smiling with outstretched arms. Who was this vision of beauty alone in the savage African wilderness? Do not tell me that you do not know me. It cried

Dubois [illegible] the [illegible] to their [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a step further. The eyes of the woman's beauty and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—NO. 87

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

As Flora Hawkes cried out the ape man looked in astonishment. "Esteban?" he exclaimed. "That is not my name." Then the girl recognized him. "Lord Greystoke," she cried, "is it really you?" "Yes," he replied. "And who are you?" "I am Flora Hawkes, once your wife's maid." "Now I remember you," said Tarzan. "But what are YOU doing here alone in the heart of Africa?" "I dare not tell you," moaned the girl. "Speak," said the ape-man, "Tarzan would not harm a woman."

Haltingly Flora told him how she and her confederates had come to get gold from the treasure vaults of Opar. How after they had it he came with his Waziri and took it from them. "Do you mean you were with those Europeans," asked Tarzan, "who drugged me and left me in their camp?" "Yes," replied the girl, hanging her head. But Tarzan seemed to forget that affair. "I came with no Waziri and took nothing from you," he said, "I do not understand."

Flora hated her unbelief yet she knew that Tarzan of the Apes never lied. So she told how Esteban had stolen her from the others. "And then," she said, "I came with the diamonds and Esteban killed him, taking the jewels himself." It was now Tarzan's turn to betray surprise. "Come," he said, "we shall find him." "But I cannot walk," Flora replied. "That is a small matter," laughed Tarzan and, stooping, lifted the girl to his shoulder and bore her like the wind.

[illegible] water which revealed [illegible] sword [illegible]?" she asked. "You are a woman," answered Tarzan. "I could not [illegible] you, no person, no matter what you have done." And Flora Hawkes could only sob out a plea for forgiveness for the wrong she had done him. It grew quite dark when as they moved along the silent trail the ape man caught the reflection of firelight. "I think we shall soon find our man," he whispered, "make no noise!"

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—NO. 88

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan lowered Flora to the ground, whispering that he must not escape. But she followed slowly after him. Tarzan heard a low whine to his right. "Jad-bal-ja!" he murmured. "Here!" And the great black-maned lion crept close to him. An instant later the three came to the river's bank and thru the tall grasses growing there looked down upon the little camp beneath.

Tarzan to her consternation saw a counterpart of himself standing before a little fire, while slowly approaching the man with outstretched arms, was a woman. The ape-man ever heard her endearing words, addressed to her huge companion and at the sound a strange complex of emotion suddenly overwhelmed him. He saw the man at the fireside stepping forward with open arms to embrace the other woman. Rage dominated his mood.

Then Tarzan separated the grasses and stepped to the very edge of the embankment, his voice shattering the jungle with a single word. "JANE," he cried. Instantly the man and the woman turned and looked up at him where his figure was dimly revealed in the flickering light of the campfire. At sight of him the man wheeled and raced for the jungle. Tarzan leaped the rivulet below and ran toward the woman. "Jane," he cried, "it is you!"

The bewildered woman looked first at the retreating figure of the man she had been about to embrace and then turned her eyes toward Tarzan. She drew her fingers across her brow, then took a faltering step toward her husband. "Heaven help me!" she cried. "What does this mean? Who are you? And if you are Tarzan, who was he?" Tarzan's laugh reassured her. "I am Tarzan, believe me," he said, "the true Tarzan of the Apes."

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—NO. 89

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Flora Hawkes stepped forward suddenly. "NOW I can believe you are Tarzan," said Jane "for I saw you run into the jungle with this woman. I could not believe YOU would do such a thing." With unfeigned surprise the ape-man denied it, turning to Flora for an explanation. "It was Esteban who took me away," she said. "Esteban who was about to deceive you again. This man is truly Lord Greystoke, who has saved us both. The other was an imposter."

Lady Greystoke took a faltering step toward her husband. "I knew it could not have been you," she cried. "My heart told me but my eyes deceived me. Quick, John, before he escapes." "Let him go," replied the ape man, "much as I want him and all he has stolen from me, I will never leave you alone again in the jungle." Suddenly he spied Jad-bal-ja. Pointing in the direction of the fleeing Spaniard, he shouted, "Fetch him, Jad bal ja," and the tawny beast bounded off upon the spoor of his quarry.

As if the fate of the fugitive were already sealed Tarzan turned to his mate. "Usuna said they had buried your body in the Arab village! To avenge your death I have searched long for Luvini." "You will never find him," said Jane solemnly. "That night when he would have kidnaped me I saw the knife in his belt. I drew that knife and killed him with it. His was the charred body that the Waziri found."

I took an Arab burnoose hanging in the hut, wrapped it about me and somehow I escaped from the flames. Days I wandered, and then one night I saw the light of that man's fire. I imagined I had found you." "It must have been Esteban who came with the Waziri and took the gold," said Flora. The ape-man ran his fingers thru his hair in a characteristic gesture. "He was a clever devil," he remarked, "to fool the Waziri in broad daylight."

A[illegible] Jane [illegible] sickly from the [illegible] leopard skin. This he brought and laid at the feet of his master. The ape-man picked it up, examined it and scowled. I believe he killed the wretch after all," he remarked. We will search for him in the morning. I would like to have the diamonds again." Then he told Jane the strange story connected with his acquisition of the great wealth represented by the little bag of stones from the palace of the golden men.

Next day Tarzan searched in vain. Esteban's body disappeared in the river and finally Tarzan concluded the Negroes had been devoured by crocodiles. "That is the end of the man who would be Tarzan," he exclaimed. Flora Hawkes shuddered and burst into tears. "Because of my wickedness many men have died," she wailed. "You have paid a terrible price for your folly," said Jane Clayton. "We will see that you reach England again for I believe you have learned your lesson."

For three and half days of the march toward home when Tarzan paused, raised his head and sniffed the jungle air. "I think we should home," he said with a smile, but evidently they did not obey me. They are still searching for us." Soon they encountered them and great was the rejoicing of the faithful blacks when they found both their master and mistress alive and unmolested. "Greetings ever," Tarzan said. "Tell me what you did with the gold you took from the camp of the Europeans?"

"We did it by Basuta, where you told us," replied Lasula. "I was not with you," said Tarzan, "yet another who deceived you. A man who so greatly impressed me that it is no wonder you were all impressed." Great was the joy of the simple blacks to find it was not their Bwana who had died [illegible] to the rhinoceros and otherwise [illegible] himself. Constructing [illegible] for the water, the happy company marched in buoyant spirits toward the spot where the Waziri had cached the [illegible] Esteban's.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—NO. 91

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

When at last the party came to the place beside the river where they had buried the gold the Waziri singing and laughing commenced to dig for the treasure. But soon their singing ceased and their laughter was replaced by expressions of puzzled concern. For a while Tarzan watched them in silence. Then a slow smile overspread his countenance. "You must have buried the treasure deep, Ubuia," he said.

The Waziri chief scratched his head. "No, not as deep as the Bwana," he replied. "We should have found it long ago." "Are you SURE this is the exact spot?" questioned the ape-man. "This is the place, Bwana. Someone has removed the gold since we buried it." "The Spaniard, again!" commented Tarzan. "He was more than clever." Tho they searched carefully all trace of the golden ingots had been obliterated.

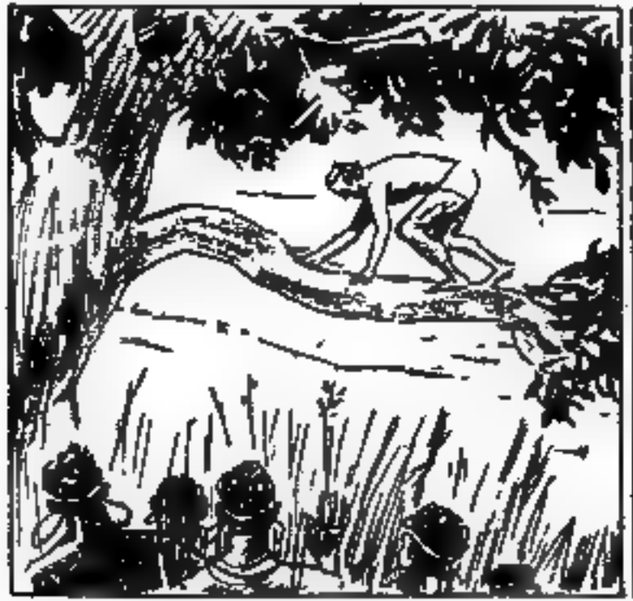
"It is gone," said the ape-man, "but NOT from Africa." He sent runners to the friendly tribes surrounding his domain asking them to be on the watch for every safari and to let none pass that carried gold. That night before the campfire Tarzan lay beside Jad-bal-ja, examining the leopard skin the golden lion had retrieved in his pursuit of the Spaniard. "What was the meaning of that map traced in blood?

Tarzan turned to his wife. "You were right, Jane," he said, "the treasure vaults of Opar are not for me." "Never mind the gold and the gems," replied Lady Greystoke. "We have each other and Korak. That's all that counts." "And a blood-stained leopard skin," laughed the ape-man ruefully, "with a map on it that I can make nothing of." Jad-bal-ja sniffed the hide and licked his chops, and only he knew why!

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



A hundred young bucks followed Estepan until the Spaniard caught an overhanging tree on the river's edge. Chilled and hungry, he drew himself up and crawled over to the ground. He felt for the diamonds. Yes, he still had them. "I'm lucky after all," he chuckled aloud and simultaneously the cannibal braves leaped upon him.

He was down and securely bound before he could realize what had happened. "Ah, Tarzan of the Apes, I have you at last," gloated Obebe, the cannibal chief. Of course Esteban understood not a word. Soon there would be a great feast! Only the witch doctor made dire prophecies. "You have seized the river god," he lamented.

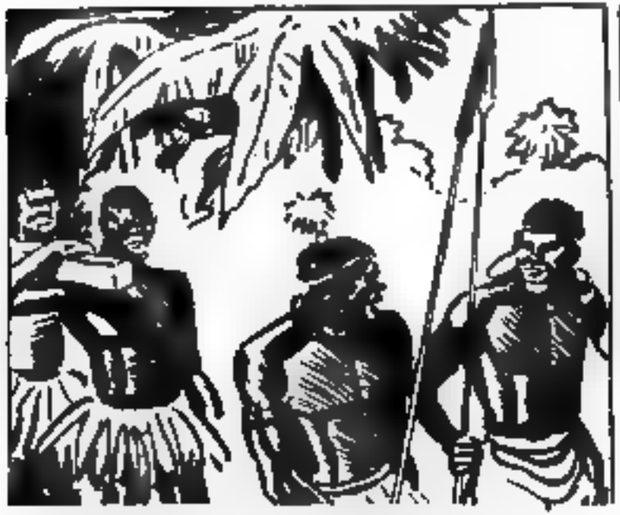
A cold sweat broke over Esteban for he guessed only too well what the grewsome cooking fires and pots meant for him. Then a shout arose from the water where a crocodile had dragged under a native boy. "See, Obebe, what did I tell you?" exclaimed the witch doctor, exultantly. "Already does the river god take his revenge."

Obebe scowled. "He is Tarzan of the Apes," he insisted. "He is the river god who has taken the shape of Tarzan of the Apes," insisted the witch doctor. Obebe got a bright idea. "We shall see," he exclaimed, "if he is the river god he can make his escape for he is not human. But if he is Tarzan of the Apes he will not be able to leave us."

The Moon

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—NO. 95

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Owasa was happy as they set forth and so was the old chief, who went with the party—tho why the chief was happy about it was a matter Awasa didn't trouble to guess. They had marched two days into the interior when the chief sent one of his own men forward with a message. "It is to my friend," he explained, "asking him to come and meet us and lead us to his village."

A few hours later, as the little caravan emerged from the jungle on a broad plain, they saw a large band of warriors approaching. "Here comes my friend!" cried the chief. "See!" and he pointed toward a figure at the head of the blacks, whose spears and white plumes gleamed in the sunlight. Owasa halted. "They come for war and not for peace!" he exclaimed fearfully.

As the warriors came closer Owasa saw a giant warrior at their head—a white man whom he mistook for Esteban, whom he had so treacherously betrayed. He turned to the chief. "You have betrayed me!" he cried. "Wait," replied the old chief "nothing that belongs to you shall be taken from you." Now the real Tarzan at the head of his Waziri warriors arrived, and greeted the old chief.

"Your runner came," said the ape-man, "bringing your message. Tarzan and his warriors are here to see what they can do for their old friend." The chief grinned. "Your own runner came to me, O Tarzan, four days since. Two days later came this fellow with his carriers bearing gold to the coast. I told him you would buy it if the gold was rightfully his.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

BEGINNING MONDAY

TARZAN LORD OF THE JUNGLE

The New Adventures of the Most Popular Romantic Hero of Modern Times

The ape-man laughed. "You have done well, my friend," he said, "the gold does not belong to Owasa." "Nor to you either!" cried Owasa. "You are not Tarzan of the Apes. I know you. You came with three white men and the woman to steal the gold from Tarzan's country. Then you stole it from your own friends." The chief and the Waziri laughed loud at this tale, and Tarzan's handsome face lit with an amused smile.

"The other chap was an imposter, Owasa," he said, "but I am Tarzan of the Apes, and I thank you for bringing the gold to me." He compelled Owasa's carriers to bear the golden ingots of Opar to the Greystoke bungalow. Here he fed the carriers, paid them well and sent them home. Even to Owasa he gave a gift of value, telling him never to return to Tarzan's country.

When they had all departed and Tarzan, Jane and Korak were standing on the veranda, Jad-bal-ja lying at the ape-man's feet, Tarzan put his arm affectionately about his mate's shoulder. "I'll have to take back what I said about the gold of Opar not being for me. You see before you a new fortune that has come all the way from the treasure vaults of Opar without any effort on my part."

"Now if someone would only bring your diamonds back," laughed Lady Greystoke. "No chance of that," said Tarzan of the Apes. "They are undoubtedly at the bottom of the Ugogo River." . . . And far away upon the banks of that river, in the village of Obebe, the cannibal, Esteban, the false Tarzan, lay in his crude hut, gloating over the fortune in diamonds that would never be of value to him.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Sabor the lioness lay stretched in the African sunshine. Proud and happy she watched the playful antics of her only son. Her yellow eyes were half closed. Yet Sabor was never glad-hearted. Numa the lion was away. No harm must come to this little spotted fuzzy ball. Kills had not been plentiful. Cold rains had come. Only this one of her three cubs had been strong enough to survive. Sabor's fierce savage heart was concerned for his safety.

Numa had been gone for days. Sabor thought as she half dozed of Wappi the plump antelope. Perhaps even now her splendid mate might be dragging home Wappi or Pacco whose flesh was the finest in all the tangled jungle. Sabor's mouth watered. Ah [illegible] what was that? The slightest of a sound came to her keen ears. Her nose sniffed the air. Whatever it was, the faint movement was approaching her.

As it drew [illegible] Sabor [illegible]. Alarmed now, he [illegible] looked in the direction his mother was looking, cocking his head first on one side and then on the other. There was a disturbing quality in the sound Sabor heard. She glanced at her cub. A more present was he than any. Some danger menaced him. The lioness now brought to her nostrils the scent spoor of the thing that moved toward her through the jungle.

[illegible] angered into a [illegible] raged [illegible] savage rage [illegible] that had come upon her was the hatred [illegible] Sabor [illegible] the cub to lie down and remain [illegible] she [illegible]. Then she moved rapidly and silently to meet the intruder. Through the dense jungle the lioness had worn a curious path to their lair. As Sabor reached the clearing at its end she saw the object of her fear and hatred. From the gentle mother she became a terrifying menagerie of destruction, her [illegible] obsessed by a single thought: to kill.

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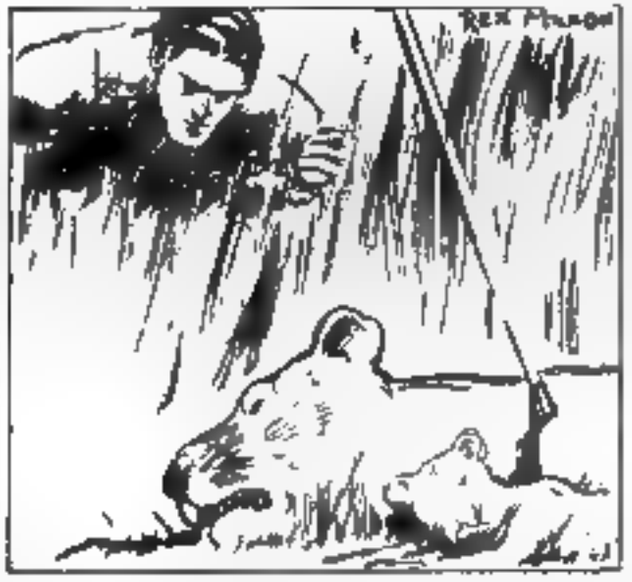
The cub had heard what his mother had heard. He too caught the smell of man. It was unfamiliar to him, yet he knew at once it was that of an enemy. Ignoring Sabor's commands and baring his tiny fangs, the little fellow followed after the lioness. So intent was she upon her prey that Sabor did not know her previous son had disobeyed. Stealthily she moved through the underbrush. Wobbling awkwardly, the cub tried his best to catch up with her.

At the clearing's edge Sabor did not hesitate an instant. Nor did she give the slightest warning. The first the lone black watch knew there was a lion within 20 meters of him was her terrifying sight of the lioness charging upon him with the speed of an arrow. Escape was cut off. There was but one chance for the beast was almost upon him. Behind her he saw her tawny rush. The man bore a heavy spear. He carried it far back with his right hand and hurled it at the very instant Sabor rose to seize him.

The spear passed through the savage heart. Almost at the same time Sabor's massive jaws closed upon the warrior's skull. The momentum of the lioness carried man and beast heavily to the ground. A few spasmodic twitchings of the muscles and both lay dead. The little cub stopped 20 feet away and surveyed his first great catastrophy of his life with questioning eyes. Presently he commenced to cry in a way that before had always brought his mother to him. But this time she did not come. He could not understand it.



The cub continued to cry, feeling all the while more sad and more lonely. Gradually he crept close to his mother. He saw that the strange creature she had killed did not move, and it dawned upon him at last that there was something wrong that his great beautiful mother was not as she had been. A change had come over her. Still he clung to her crying until at last he fell asleep, cuddled close to her stiff body. It was thus that Tarzan found him.

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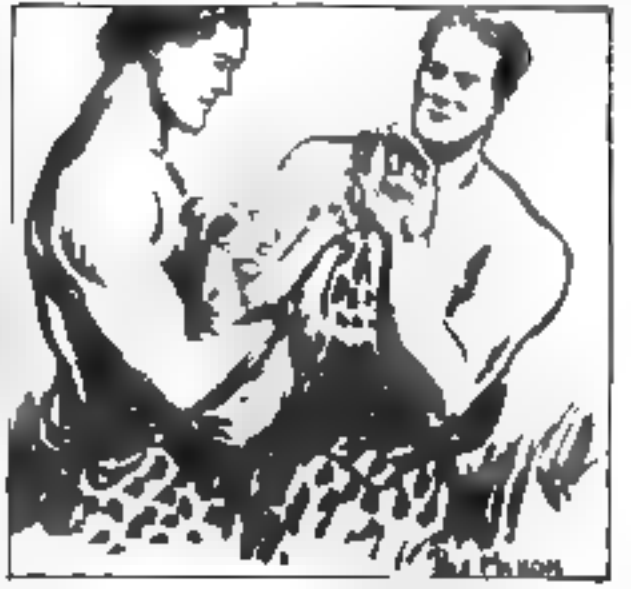

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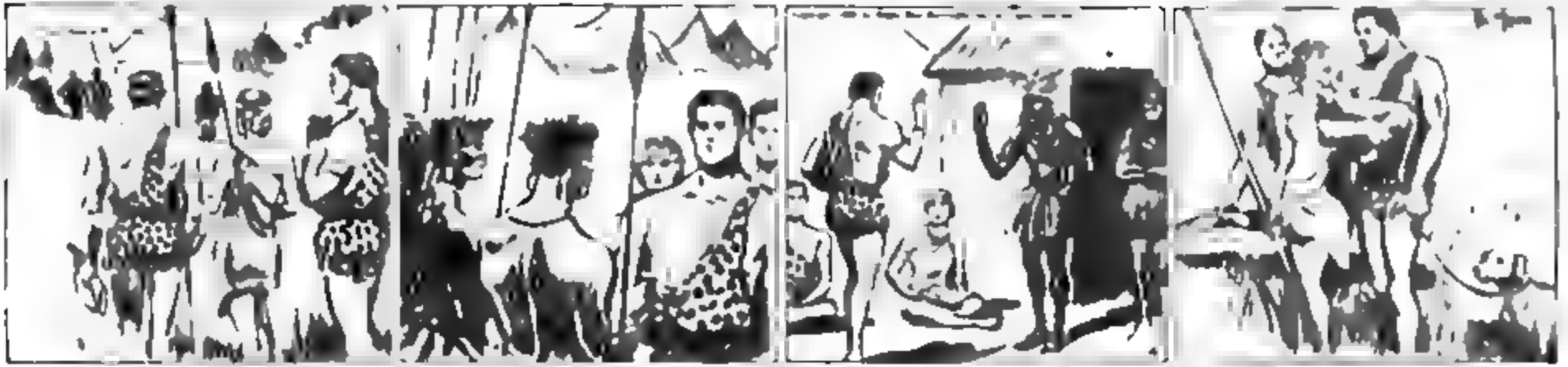

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Tarzan was Tarzan had heard [illegible] Jane K[illegible] Tarzan were filled with suppressed excite[illegible]

Above [illegible] jungle [illegible] Wa[illegible] hope [illegible] savage blacks had [illegible] Above [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] one of the bungalows stood [illegible] surroundings. The [illegible] fields. It seemed to [illegible]

[illegible] Among [illegible] Mar[illegible] Mar[illegible] Mar[

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Many were the hours each day that Tarzan spent in the open and alone in the [illegible] practicing with a great savage bow and arrow. When [illegible] was added the golden lion's dinner the ape man rested in a way that brought grim smiles to his face. For Tarzan had fashioned a dummy in the semblance of a man. The lion's meat was always fastened at the throat of this dummy. At a word from the ape man the lion would crouch. Tarzan would then point at the dummy and whisper the single word "Kill."

However hungry the lion would be he learned never to touch the meat until the single word was uttered by the master. Then with a rush and a savage growl he would fall upon the dead. When he had eaten his fill Jad bal ja the lion would [illegible] remembering [illegible] A few words of praise and a pat on the head would turn him upon his back with his paws in the air. Now Meriem took a hand. She found she could command obedience and bring up harmless [illegible] Tarzan. The single word [illegible] Lady Greystoke was [illegible] the [illegible] educational [illegible] of the golden lion. The bad man struggle was the wisdom of the ape man's program.

"What can you do with such a brute after he is full grown?" she asked one day. "He bids fair to become a mighty Numa. Now he will be utterly fearless of men. Will he not then be doubly dangerous?" Tarzan smiled confidently. "He will never feed upon man or woman either," he added reassuringly. "That I know. Then came the time when Jad bal ja was taken into the jungle to test the ape man's theories.

One of [illegible] horses [illegible] off across the plain. Jad bal ja [illegible] the heels of Ta zan's horse. There were [illegible] Korak Tarzan and the golden lion. Four jungle hunters. And of the four Jad bal ja the lion was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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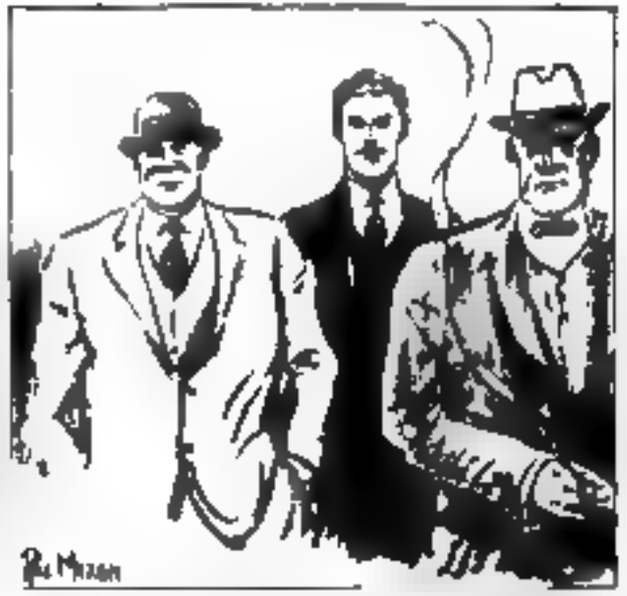
There was an expression in the Spaniard's eyes as he gazed fixedly at Flora Hawkes that gave the woman any but pleasant things she had to see in that face. But Flora knew nothing of fear. And the man was so vital to the success of her brilliant scheme. "You can make me do anything you want, Flora," he said, "for when I am with you I forget the gold and think only of that other reward which you deny me, but which one day I shall win." "Love and business do not mix well," she replied.

"When [illegible] succeeded in this work, Esteban, she continued, "and with the gold we may talk of love. [illegible] know I have seen the look of the [illegible] That is why I hate them. To you I do not like it, Flora, and one of these days I shall forget about the gold and think only of you. When that time comes something will happen," he added with a sinister sneer, "then there will not be so many to divide the golden ingots with that I shall bring back from Africa."

The fire of passion [illegible] Esteban's eyes. With a [illegible] What business [illegible] Esteban would choose for his friends. The Spaniard [illegible] fingers through his long, black hair and stood up, and like the mane of an angry lion he appeared [illegible] temporarily bereft of his reason. The girl realized that she must placate him. "Don't excite yourself, Esteban," she [illegible] with you. I have not said that I loved one of the others, nor have I said that I do not love you."



But I envied Esteban, she went on, her mischief [illegible] you. I could love no one else. I would never love another. But I shall not permit you to do so until after you have [illegible] from the vaults of Opar. With this she indicated that there now approached three men for whom they had evidently been waiting. Two of them were Englishmen, but merely fellows. Former hugs. The youngest of the three was the cause of Esteban's jealousy. He had the figure of a Greek god and the grace of a Russian dancer: handsome and masculine.

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When Jad-bal-ja was 2 years old he was as fine a specimen of his kind as Tarzan had ever seen. To intelligence he far surpassed his savage brothers of the forest. He was a source of never-ending pride and delight to the ape-man who had trained him at cave-fire. Often the man and beast roamed the African jungle together. Toward Tarzan of the Apes Jad-bal-ja showed the great affection.

For the first year he [illegible] in the Greystoke home and grounds. Now [illegible] no longer kept a close watch of his movements. He enjoyed a measure of freedom [illegible] man and beast seemed to [illegible] perfect. The man [illegible] the beast and [illegible] Jad-bal-ja [illegible] Yet [illegible] Tarzan. As a cub [illegible] he may have been [illegible] a cage.

About [illegible] a pride [illegible] preying near [illegible] had [illegible] Numa [illegible] had [illegible] years [illegible] Sheeta. Bolgani [illegible] same other [illegible] the [illegible] Apes to [illegible] buffaloes and [illegible] them a month's feasting which Tarzan heard the rumble from. He was no more

At [illegible] Opar [illegible] he [illegible] the [illegible] Waziri [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] were [illegible]

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[illegible] A [illegible] Bara [illegible] deer [illegible] had [illegible] the day before. The sun was already low [illegible] he ape-man came upon the first [illegible] spoor. These were footprints that filled him with quite as much surprise as had the arrow

The ape-man [illegible] he suffered [illegible] though it seemed [illegible] a Tarzan [illegible] Kala [illegible] swinging his finger [illegible] Kerchak [illegible] deep [illegible] the [illegible] Tarzan's [illegible] revealed the vague rumors he had heard weeks before.

[illegible] he [illegible] he was [illegible] running [illegible] The [illegible] spoor of a lion [illegible] approached him [illegible] from [illegible] not be [illegible] the first [illegible] the ape-man had pitted his cunning, his strength and his agility against the other hunters of his savage world – both man and beast.

And [illegible] was [illegible] Tarzan made his kill [illegible] [illegible] in order he [illegible] disappointed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] but the [illegible] had marked as his own. Throwing his kill [illegible] his shoulder [illegible] in the face of the charging Numa, [illegible] he ape-man swung [illegible] into the lower terraces of the trees. With a taunting laugh for the infuriated and baffled beast [illegible] the ape-man vanished [illegible] into the high [illegible] and soon was back at the campfires of his welcoming warriors.

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[illegible] Tarzan [illegible] Waziri [illegible] hope [illegible] apeman [illegible] He had not [illegible] deserted [illegible] a giant ape, one of the very few of great anthropoids [illegible]

[illegible] body was [illegible] The [illegible] darkness [illegible] Waziri [illegible] sacred [illegible] Tarzan's people. A [illegible] Waziri [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] among [illegible] looked [illegible] of [illegible] by [illegible] viewing the bloody work of [illegible]

In Tarzan's breast [illegible] the fire of suspicion and hatred for the man thing that is the natural heritage of the jungle [illegible] He hastened on [illegible] up wind. An hour after he had discovered the ape's body [illegible] keen nose [illegible] a sight he scent spoor of others of [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] great [illegible] ape [illegible] of his approach they would take flight [illegible] were aware of his [illegible] He did not see [illegible] apes often [illegible] but he knew there were [illegible] were [illegible] among [illegible] who received him as a [illegible] which he lived as one of them

Swinging freely and gracefully through the dense foliage [illegible] upon the giant anthropoids. Two [illegible] were busily feeding. Tarzan perched upon a [illegible] branch and watched them. Every action and movement of the great apes recalled [illegible] to Tarzan's mind his childhood. Then, protected by the fierce mother love of Kala the she ape, he had [illegible] with the tribe of Kerchak. In these romping young he again saw Nkima and his other childhood playmates and in the adults the ape man [illegible] the great, savage brutes he had feared in youth.

again.

Jakk. It was not I who killed Gobu, he insisted.

He could not say which.

a cubby ahead of him.

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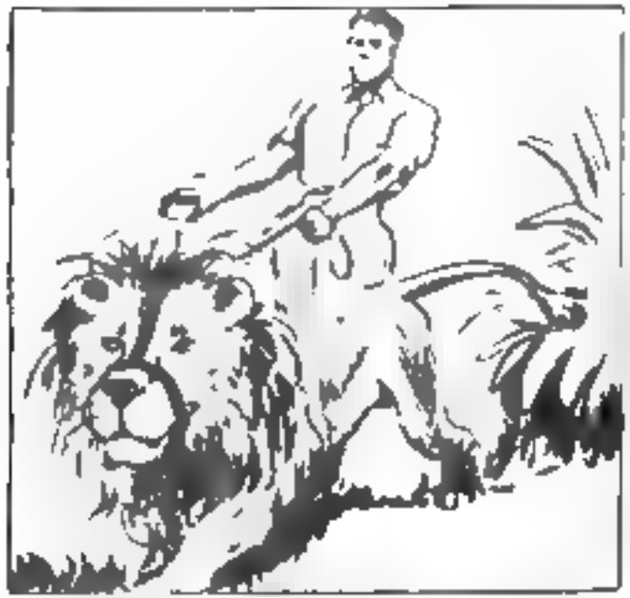
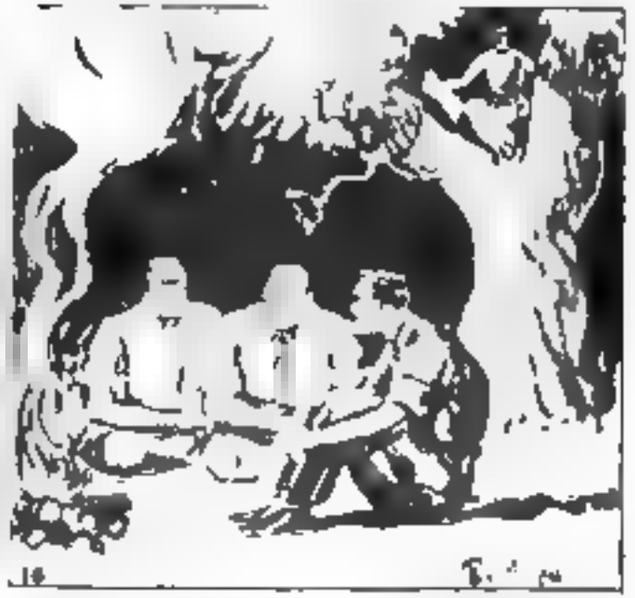


Thus arose the [illegible] keeper's fears during Tarzan's absence. [illegible] had followed his usual routine. Korak managed [illegible] farmhouse and [illegible] his usual routine [illegible] golden lion [illegible] a leash. A sight [illegible] was very [illegible] for [illegible] feared [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] What would happen [illegible] the absence of Tarzan, master [illegible] golden lion [illegible] fear was among men should [illegible] to the jungle and revert to its nature as [illegible]

Then [illegible] the first of a series of events that were to bring Tarzan of the Apes to the brink of disaster. Came a native runner from the [illegible] bearing a cable message to Lady Greystoke announcing the serious illness of her father, Lord Greystoke. Jane discussed the situation with her son. It would be weeks before a runner could reach Tarzan. It was decided best for her that she should [illegible] immediately. Korak was to accompany her as far as Nairobi. Then he was to return to the ranch and resume its responsibility until [illegible] return.

Now it is a long trek from [illegible] to Fort Alfred in [illegible] Nairobi. Korak had not returned after [illegible] three weeks [illegible] and [illegible] Lord Greystoke's [illegible] back with [illegible] was to feed the golden lion [illegible] [illegible] the cage door [illegible] opened. The shrewd beast [illegible] [illegible] edge a great padded paw and [illegible] the gate swung open. [illegible] and [illegible] stepped softly [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. He was [illegible] and [illegible] enjoying [illegible] and [illegible] off [illegible] [illegible] direction of the jungle. Thorough search by [illegible] affrighted blacks failed to find him. Woe to any [illegible] who cross the path of this king of beasts!



The same night Tarzan approached the camp fire of his [illegible] people. He had been following Usuli by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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The two [illegible] beside the campfire leaped [illegible] hear [illegible] as a [illegible] roar broke the [illegible] of the jungle. A [illegible] terror-[illegible] dropped [illegible] the [illegible] of them. As the [illegible] on their [illegible] faces gave way to relief and anger. "Why do you come back like that, Esteban?" cried the [illegible] "Have we got no nerves? What's the big idea coming back so soon?"

Tarzan was angry. Angry at these [illegible] who dared enter [illegible] his permission the wide domain which he kept peace and order. When Tarzan was angry [illegible]

Tarzan [illegible] demanded one. "Why [illegible] back are alone? Where is your band? and where is the [illegible] girl?" [illegible] her voice [illegible] a high [illegible] by the [illegible] at a great pitch of excitement.

(The [illegible] Tarzan. "Are you [illegible] and I do not know [illegible] that I am [illegible] Tarzan knows that I am [illegible] Jane Porter, the fear which [illegible] Oh, [illegible] the great Esteban exploded [illegible] "If [illegible] to be lucky we don't see [illegible] Inside [illegible] Tarzan had seen the [illegible] man enter a woman crouched in sudden terror. She grasped the wrist of her companion [illegible])

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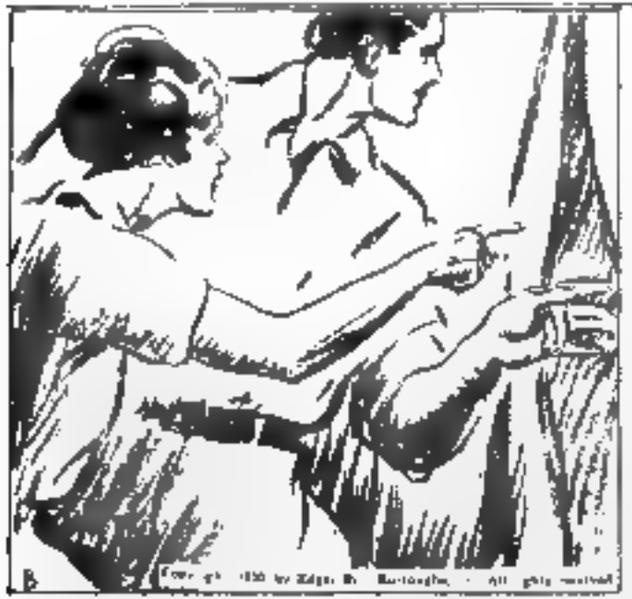

The girl pointed toward the tall almost naked figure of the ape-man as he stood revealed in the flickering light of the blazing beast fires. "It is he," she whispered in trembling tones. "Look." "What's wrong Flora?" he said. "I only see Esteban." "It is not Esteban," hissed the girl hysterically. "It is Lord Greystoke himself. It is Tarzan of the Apes." "You are mad, Flora," replied the man. "It cannot be he." "It is, it is," the girl cried over and over. "Look at that red scar flaming on his forehead! And haven't I reason to know him?"

"Well, suppose it is," inquired the handsome young Russian. "What can he do to us?" "You may well ask. You do not know him," she went on in low tones. "Here he has power of life and death over man and beast. If he knows why we are here not one of us will ever reach the coast alive I tell you." She paused a moment in thought. "The fact he is here makes me believe he may have discovered our purpose. And if he has heaven help us—unless—unless—" "Unless what?" demanded the man who began also to show signs of agitation.

The girl pondered as if she were deciding some very weighty question. "We dare not kill him even if we could," she said finally. "There is a way, though if we act quickly." Turning she searched in one of her bags and then handed the man a small bottle containing a colorless liquid. "Go and talk to him," she said. "Make friends with him, promise anything. Get him to remain and have coffee with you fellows. Then you will know what to do with this!" she concluded craftily, indicating the small vial the man now held.

Carl Krask nodded. "I understand," he whispered, and left the tent. The girl called him back. "On your life, Carl, promise not to let him see me or even know I am here." Approaching the tense figures before the fire the ingratiating Russian greeted Tarzan with a disarmingly pleasant smile. "Welcome," he said. "We are glad to see a stranger in our camp." The ape-man eyed Krask as he had eyed the others. No answering friendly light in Tarzan's eyes responded to the young Russian's greeting.

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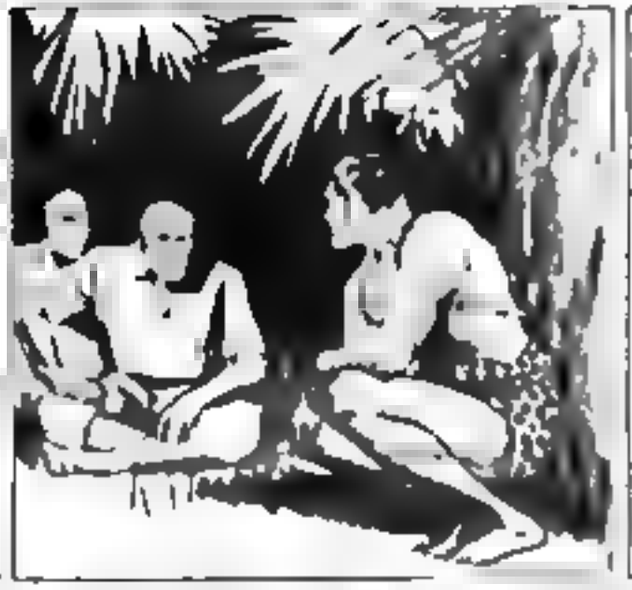

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Flora Newton possessed a keen brain in addition to her beauty. She realized that Tarzan had been attracted by her charms and that he had misunderstood her motive in coming to Africa. She knew that her fear of him prevented her from telling him the truth which she was now troubled. And which was the cause of the sadness that now seemed upon the verge of tears.

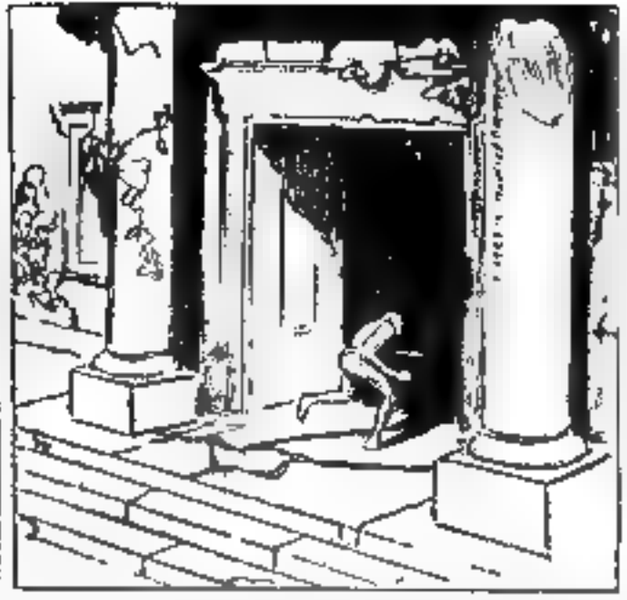
She had learned much of the truth concerning the relationship between Tarzan of the Apes and Queen Lange through the confidences of the latter's maid who had been a servant of Queen Lange and knew the truth about her beauty. Flora had managed through maneuvering to obtain other valuable information concerning the [illegible] and [illegible] from Tarzan's messages or [illegible] dreaming of [illegible] had aroused in her the desire [illegible] possession of enough golden ingots from Opar to make her rich for life.

The [illegible] Flora Newton [illegible] Kala her [illegible] He [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Upon the crumbling parapet of the ruined city of Opar stood Tarzan, Jane Clayton and their black Waziri warriors—a people strangers than the denizens of Opar had ever seen within their valley. Only in half forgotten legends of a bygone past was there any suggestion that strangers other than Tarzan had ever viewed Opar. Yet from time immemorial a guard had always remained upon the summit of the outer wall.

Down through the ages the race had deteriorated and finally through occasional matings with the great apes the men had become the beast-like thing they were. Yet through some strange freak of nature the women of Opar were straight, well formed often of comely even beautiful features. Typical of the men was this one watcher, short, stocky and with matted hair. His low receding forehead, small close set eyes and fang like teeth bore evidence of his monkey ancestry as did his short crooked legs and long muscular apelike arms.



As his wicked eyes watched the progress of the party across the valley, low growls issuing from his throat gave evidence of his growing excitement. Descending the wall, he passed at a rapid trot across the broad avenue beyond and disappeared within a crumbling building of magnificent temple. Cadj, the high priest of Opar, squatted beneath the shade of the giant trees which now overgrew what had once been one of the gardens of the ancient temple. With Cadj were a dozen members of the lesser priesthood, his intimate cronies.

All showed much concern as the breathless guard came among them and cried. "Strange men descend upon Opar. Six of them at least, but a great distance away." A waved for Cadj to speak. "It has been many moons since the great warmonger, who called himself Tarzan of the Apes was among us," spoke Cadj solemnly. "He promised to return to see that no harm befell. La. But perhaps he has not, and the high priestess believes him dead. Come, we will go and see who it is dares enter forbidden Opar."

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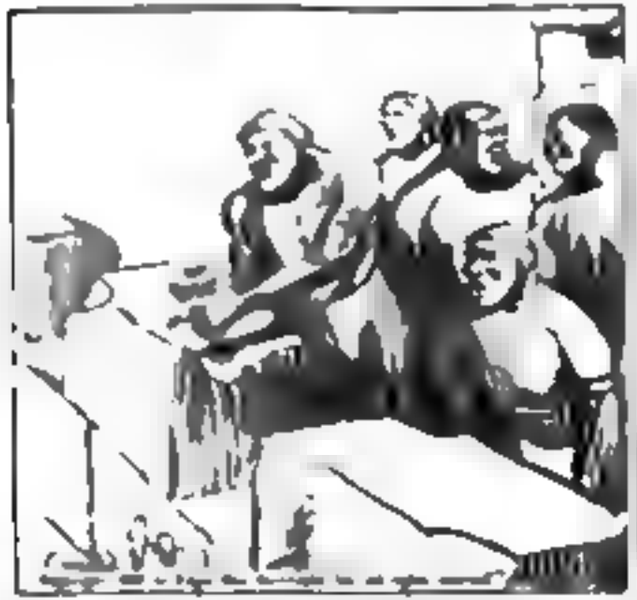

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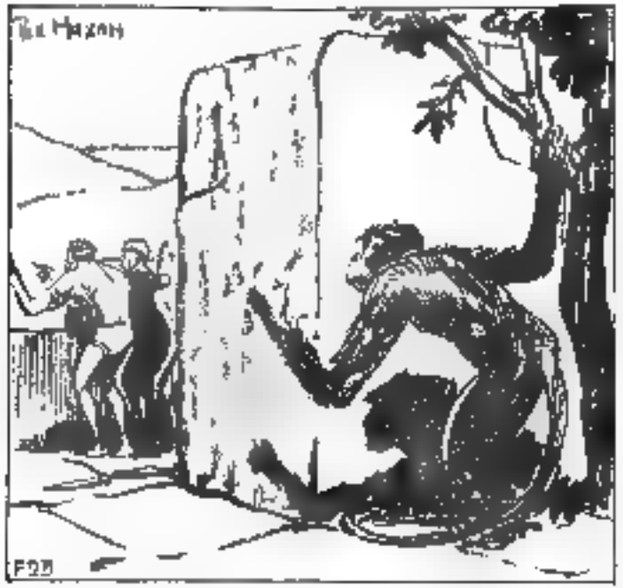

In the dim recesses of the monkey's little brain a plan formed to foil the priests and save Tarzan of the Apes. This was quite the important thing that had occurred in the life of Manu. He wanted to dance up and down, screech and jabber to scold and threaten the hated Oparians. But something told him nothing would be gained by this. So he sprang into a tree and tried very hard to concentrate upon the thing at hand.

Just before darkness fell Cad the high priest saw a little gray monkey disappear over the summit of the outer wall some 50 paces from where he and his fellows crouched, waiting for the coming of the fighting men. But monkeys were numerous about the ruins of Opar and Cad, paid this one little attention. So he did not see the little gray figure scamper off across the valley toward the intruders who were camped now upon a large kopje, about a mile from the city.

Little Manu was very much afraid out there in the growing dusk. But he scampered on very fast, with his tail up and one behind him. He reached the kopje safely, pausing on its summit to take breath. Yes, there below him was the great Tarmangani, Tarzan. With him were some 50 Gormangani. They seemed to be building crude ladders out of small branches lashed against long poles. The purpose of all this, Manu of course did not understand.

If he had he would have known it was part of the plan born in the fertile brain of Flora Hawkes. By this means her men were to scale the steep kopje at the top of which lay the hidden entrance to the treasure vaults of Opar. He would have known, too, that the giant white man was Esteban the "false" Tarzan, and not the ape-man himself. But Manu did not know and so, regaining his breath, he climbed down to deliver his warning to the supposed friend of his people.

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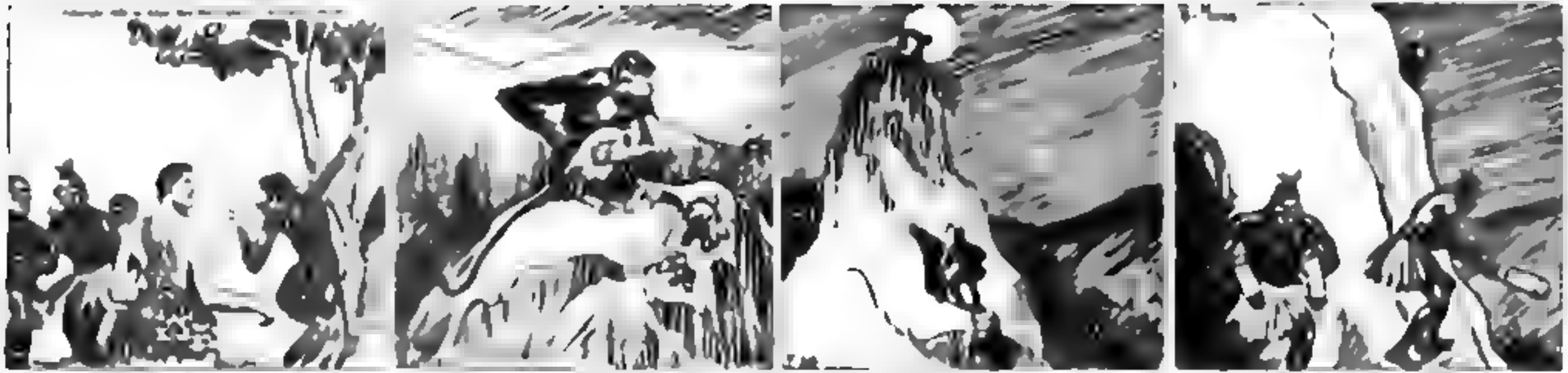

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

When Manu the monkey awoke the rosy light of dawn overspread the desolate valley. Just disappearing over the northeastern cliffs he saw the false Tarzan's party. Manu decided to follow Opar. But this was a dangerous proceeding in the light of day, when the shadows to shield him from possible observation. First he would look about. Sheeta, the panther might be prowling around. He went to the kopje's edge where he could see the whole valley floor. Amazed he saw coming from Opar's outer wall a great company of the cliff's frightful fighting men.

An inkling of the truth flashed into the monkey's mind. Cad, and his people were pursuing Tarzan of the Apes to slay him. He forgave Tarzan's friendship before. All the energy of his small brain was harnessed on the necessity to rescue his friend, strange as the friend's actions had been. Save him, he must! With the agility of his kind he scampered down the kopje and was off at great speed toward the golden city. La, high priestess and princess of Opar, in company with several of her priestesses, was bathing in the opal pool of one of the temple gardens.

Suddenly came the screaming of a monkey swinging frantically by his tail from a branch hanging over the pool. "La," it screamed. "La! They have gone to kill Tarzan!" At the sound of his name La was instantly alert and attentive to the chattering voice. Waist deep in the pool she looked up at the little monkey. "What do you mean, Manu?" she asked. "Moons have come and gone since last Tarzan was at Opar. You must be wrong. I saw him," jabbered Manu, "last night, with many companions. He has gone to the west," and Manu pointed with a trembling [illegible]

Deep in La's heart burned the fires of her great love for Tarzan. What if Tarzan was alive? What if Manu was right and the great forest man had returned. Oparians had promised? The thought was like the reappearing of a world. Would the ape-man had never crossed Opar's love had become but a memory. But now the high priestess of the flaming god sprang quickly from the pool. "Who has gone to kill Tarzan of the Apes?" she demanded. "Cad," shrieked Manu. "With many men he follows Tarzan." La quickly adjusting her girdle and draperies, sped through the gardens and into the temple.

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Cad, and his frightful warriors warily trailed the white man and his blacks. Armed with great clubs and knives they made no haste, preferring to attack at night. About noon they halted suddenly, having discovered a thorn boma recently constructed in a clearing ahead of them. A spy returned saying the camp was empty. Entering beside a dying fire they came upon the figure of a man, lying huddled upon the ground. With utmost caution they crawled close and Cad, the high priest, saw before him the apparently lifeless figure of Tarzan of the Apes.

The flaming god has at length decided to avenge his desecrated altar, cried Cad, exultantly, his eyes flaming with fanaticism. Another priest knelt beside the figure of the ape-man and placed his ear against the latter's heart. "He is not dead," he whispered, "perhaps he only sleeps. Seize him then, quickly," cried Cad. An instant later Tarzan's body was covered with as many hairy forms as could pile themselves upon him. He offered no resistance—did not even open his eyes. In a trice he was bound hand and foot.

"Drag him forth where the eye of the flaming god may rest upon him," cried Cad. Into the full light of the sun they brought Tarzan. The high priest drew his knife and stood over the prostrate form of his intended victim. His followers appeared uneasy casting furtive glances at the sun riding high in a cloud mottled sky. Then one priest, braver than the others, spoke. "Cad," he said, "who are you to offer a sacrifice to the flaming god? It is the privilege alone of La, the high priestess and our queen. Great will be her wrath when she learns what you have done.

"Silence, Dooth," commanded Cad, "I, Cad, am high priest. My word is law in Opar." Kneeling beside the ape-man he poised his sharp blade high above Tarzan's breast. As the downward stroke was about to fall a shadow fell on the altar. A murmur arose straightway from the surrounding priests. That instant a cloud had passed before the face of the sun and the shadow rested upon them, growing darker and darker. Then men shivered and drew back from the unconscious ape man and his would-be slayer. "Look," cried Dooth, "the flaming god is angry. He has hidden his face from Opar."

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The high priest paused. He cast a half defiant, half frightened look at the cloud obscuring the face of the sun. Slowly he arose. Extending his arms upward toward the hidden god of day he remained silent in an attitude of rapt attention for a full five minutes. Suddenly he addressed his followers. Be gone, he cried. The flaming god has spoken. He is not angered. He but wishes to speak to me alone. Obediently the lesser priests turned and melted into the jungle, leaving Cadj alone with his helpless enemy.

A crafty smile lighted Cadj's cruel face as his companions disappeared. Again he turned to the ape man. Yet an inherent fear of his diety restrained his hand until the light of the sun god should shine forth upon him once more. Six times he raised his knife for the fatal blow. Each time his superstition prevented the keen blade from descending. Now at last he could see the cloud was nearing the edge of the sun. He stood ready for the moment when the sunlight should flood again for the last time the dying Tarzan.

As the cloud slowly swept away a look of demoniacal hatred shone in Cadj's close set wicked eyes. Another instant and the flaming god would set the seal of his approval upon the sacrifice. Cadj trembled in malevolent anticipation. He raised the knife higher, his muscles tensed for the downward plunge. And then the jungle silence was broken by a woman's voice, raised almost to a scream. "Cadj!" came the single word, but with all the suddenness and shock of lightning from a summer sky.

The high priest turned quickly at the interruption to see at the clearing's edge the figure of La, the high priestess. Behind her stood a score of the lesser priests. "What means this, Cadj?" demanded La. Suddenly the high priest spoke. "The flaming god demanded the life of this unbeliever." "Speaker of lies," retorted La, "the flaming god talks with men through the lips of his high priestess only." She came quite close to Cadj, now. Wrath lay like a thundercloud on her lovely face and a note of imperious scorn rang in her voice.

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"Too often ahead have you envied the love of your queen La charged fiercely. Know then that she also holds power of life and death over you Cad ... ugh priest though you be as well as the meanest slave of Oparl Our legends tell us that more than one high priest has been offered upon the flaming god's altar Beware lest you be added to that list Cad sullenly sheathed his knife But those who knew him best knew that he but awaited for a propitious moment to have Tarzan's life blood.

Cad, had a strong following among the priests and people of Opar La had favored the caravan upon her mad chase up the river for the ape man years before Furthermore by the rules she had been compelled to remain with Cad But she made no effort to conceal her hatred and loathing for him Cad knew this so it was not strange that he entertained treasonable thoughts toward his queen Besides there was another woman in the case Oah a lesser priestess, who aspired to the power and offices of La.

If La could be done away with then Cad, had little more enough to have Oah made high priestess But as yet both were bound by the superstitious fear of their flaming de Because of this fact the life of La was not in danger for the present It would require however but the slightest pretext to arouse the fire of treason dormant in the breast of her enemies So far she was within her rights in forbidding the sacrifice of Tarzan by the high priest But her reign her very life she knew depended upon her future treatment of the prisoner

At this time Tarzan had shown no sign of life Ignoring Cad La crossed to the ape man's side and knelt for several minutes looked down upon him Who can say what were her thoughts If he should die she said it was necessary to construct a litter and bear him back to Opar This the priests did with enigmatic faces as the great ape man's body was bound on a litter which they made Thus it was that once again came Tarzan of the Apes into the ancient city of the Alligators Came again a living sacrifice to be offered upon the golden altar of the flaming sun god of Opar

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Dooth spoke a[illegible] was said "You are in great dan[illegible]ger. O high priest Ma[illegible] of you know of your [illegible] the strange p[illegible] a[illegible] are those who plo[illegible]ags[illegible] Even a[illegible] s brethren Cad and Oa[illegible] and others plan your [illegible]nding Spies are at in wa[illegible] know ng you would liberate the ape man. In but o[illegible] way ma[illegible] you save yourself La of Opar." And wha[illegible] is that way?" she asked. "You must with your own hands upon the altar of our temple sacrifice the ape man to the flaming god."

Next morning a[illegible] secretly sent Dooth with food for Tarzan. After hearing the details of the plot against the high priest, [illegible]ade her decision and her plans accordingly. Dooth's warning, however, soon came the upper most of the queen's young priestess who was the sister of Oah. Eve before she had spoken La knew she was a emissary of Cad. And that the treachery of which Dooth had warned her was already under wa[illegible]. The girl was abashed in the presence of the high priestess and it was some time before she could speak her instructions.

Then as she had been instructed to say by Cad and Oah the girl swore she had overheard these two declare they would be glad if the ape man escaped. Thought she concluded that La the queen would be glad to know this since it is plain to all of us that La does not wish to sacrifice the ape man upon the altar. My duty is clear replied La in a haughty voice. I need not Cad or any priestess to describe it to me. No other hand than mine shall offer this man's blood to the flaming god. Upon the third day he shall die. La has spoken. Go."

The effect of these words upon the girl were just what La had anticipated. Disappointment and chagrin were written on the face of Cad's messenger. When she had left the presence of the high priestess La could scarcely restrain a smile. She had no intention of sacrificing Tarzan by this, of course the sister of Oah did not know. So she returned to Cad and repeated what La had said. The high priest in his turn was filled with angry disappointment. And Oah who was present raged up and down, furious at the failure of this plot to trap La.

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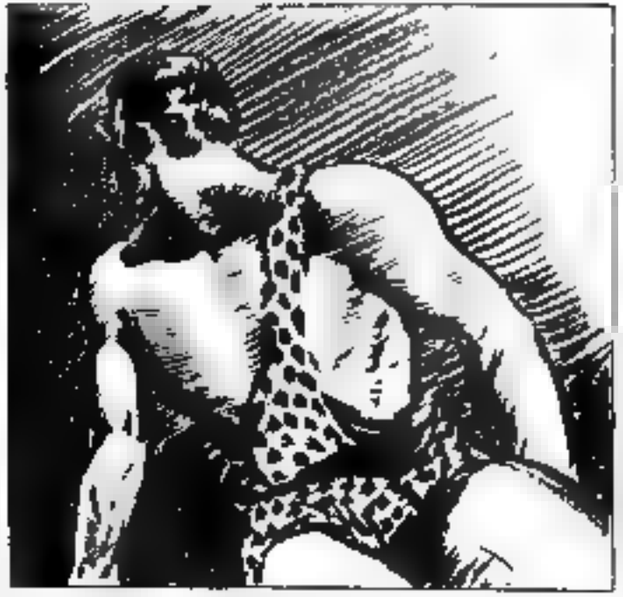

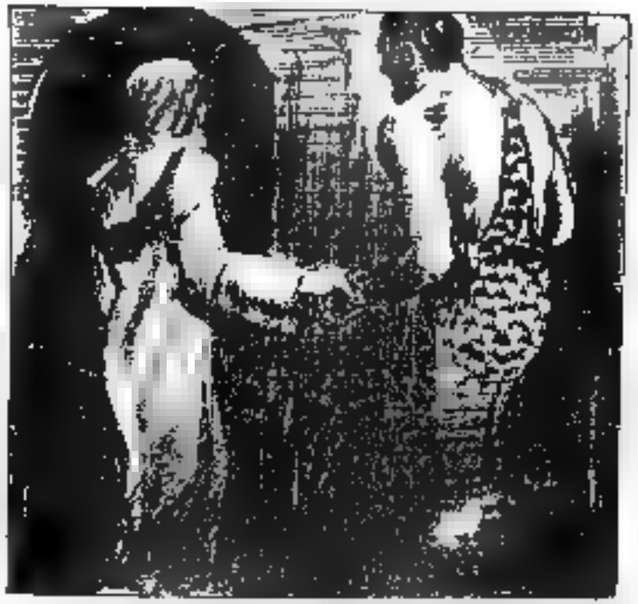

Cadj's cunning plan had been contrived not so much to destroy Tarzan but to overthrow La. If she acted as he hoped would bring upon her the wrath of the priests and people of Opar who properly instigated would demand her life. But La had warily avoided the trap. More furious than Cadj even was Oah. Never before had she been so close to achieving her ambition of becoming high priestess of Opar.

Long did Oah pace furiously to and fro. Suddenly she halted before Cadj. "La loves this ape-man," she said. "The ape-man knows it and trusts her and because of his there is a way. Send to the ape man one who shall say she comes from La. Thus La has instructed her to lead him out of Opar and set him free. This one will lead him into ambush. When he is killed we will accuse La of the deed. Thus we will be rid of both of them."

Good, exclaimed Cadj, well pleased. "We shall do this thing before dawn tomorrow. And before the flaming god goes to his rest at night he shall look upon a new high priestess in Opar whose name is Oah." That night Tarzan, aroused from sleep, heard a bolt slip back and the door of his prison swing open. He heard the stealthy movement of sandaled feet. Then out of the darkness a woman's voice whispered his name.

Ta[illegible] to his feet and [illegible] were [illegible] for [illegible] asked the ape-man. "La sent me," answered the voice. "To lead you to freedom outside Opar's walls." Then she took his hand, turned and led him from the dungeon. Tarzan had been told by Dooth that La had saved him as he lay drugged, and as he believed La had sent this messenger the ape man followed her willingly.

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Through a long winding corridor Tarzan followed his mysterious guide. Down flights of age old steps through dim passages they groped their way, opening doors that creaked and groaned on rusty hinges. How far they traveled thus the ape man could not guess. He recalled Jane's prophecy of the evils he might expect to befall him if he persisted in this third trip to Opar. Was she right? Did some guardian demon hang over this accursed city to protect its forgotten treasure vaults?

Now from the underground passage they ascended a flight of stairs and emerged into the center of a clump of bushes. Carefully Tarzan breathed fresh air and saw more clearly by the light of a pale moon. Still on without pausing the woman led the way silently through a heavy forest along a trail leading always upward. Guided by the stars, Tarzan knew he was in the mountains that lay beyond Opar, a region so rough and hazardous that even the courageous ape-man had never visited it.

Himself given to a few words but grades continued silence made no particular impression upon Tarzan. Those who travel far and fast have no breath to waste in conversation unless there is good reason for speaking. The eastern stars were fading at the first hint of coming dawn as the two scrambled up a steep cliff high above a valley. Day broke and far below was visible a building that glistened and sparkled and scintillated in the light of the new day.

Then Tarzan looked at his companion who, without warning, lifted her veil. Standing before him was La, the high priestess of Opar! "You," he exclaimed in consternation. "Now indeed will Cadj have the excuse he sought to put you out of the way." "That he will never have," replied La, "for I shall never return to Opar." "Never return?" Tarzan exclaimed, "then where are you going?" "With you," she replied, "I do not ask that you love me. Only take me with you."

Quickly La related to Tarzan all that Manu the monkey had heard and told her. Whether I saved your life or sacrificed you, she ended, it had been the same with me. They were determined to do away with me, as Cadj, high priest and Oah, high priestess of Onar. This was the only way we might both be saved. Though indeed I had no opportunity to secure weapons for you. I will find weapons, do not care Tarzan. Meanwhile we are free. But whither are you leading me?

"North and west are Cadj's warriors. Ahead lies an unknown country," La said. "For us Opar is filled with tragic dreads. Ages of monstrous eras and strange people. But if there lives on earth the woman who could win through to this unknown valley, it is you, Tarzan of the Apes. To you and apes come down to us from Opar. Beyond it I have never been. What lies beyond the lions, of course, cannot tell us. And the great apes will not." "It is well," replied Tarzan. "We will face these unknown perils together."

The ape man gazed down at the wooded basin below them. It was hemmed in by the rugged peaks. Alone he would not have hesitated. But now he must think of La. To her efforts to save him she had placed him under a strong moral obligation to save her. But he felt an irresistible impulse to explore that half concealed edifice, so huge and magnificent. Who could have built it? The ape man knew no fear. "Come," he said to La. "You are not going there?" she cried in astonishment.

"Why not?" he asked. "It is the shortest way across the valley." "But I am afraid," she said. "The flaming god alone knows what hideous dangers lurk in the valley below us." "We need not fear lions nor apes." "You fear nothing," said La, "but I am only a woman." "We can die but once," said Tarzan, "and who can foretell when? Fear will not avert death, but it will make life miserable. Come. We must take the risk."

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Downward into the wooded vale La and Tarzan strode the ape-man alert, stopping now and then with dilated nostrils as if sensing some alien presence. "There are men here or were lately," he explained presently. "I see no one," said La apprehensively. Tarzan stooped suddenly and from the brush beside the trail drew forth a rusted bloodstained spear. "Here is evidence," said the ape-man. "And also the weapon I lack. Luck is with us, La."

"I know not of what tribe they may be," said La fearfully, "though the finding of the spear is a good omen." Tarzan laughed grimly. "It is that and more," he agreed. "As to these strangers—let us see." With these words he caught up his companion and swung with her into the branches of a nearby tree. La marveled at the strength which enabled the ape-man to climb to the topmost branches, carrying her easily, and stand poised on the topmost bough.

"Look!" he said, pointing far below them. La saw, through the thick foliage, a small, heavily stockaded compound. What riveted her attention at once and had aroused the ape-man's curiosity were huts which seemed to be moving gently backward and forward. Tarzan swung to a nearer tree. From here they saw beehive-shaped huts, seven feet across, suspended by heavy grass ropes to giant tree branches. From the center of each hut trailed another lighter rope.

Upon the ground were many inhabitants of the village. A village it could be called. They were as strange to Tarzan as their peculiar houses. All were nearly naked, without ornaments save a few daubs of paint. Tall, lean, and muscular though their legs were too short and their arms too long for perfect symmetry. Their faces were almost bestial, long jawed and with scarcely any forehead, the skull rising back almost to a point. As Tarzan and La watched, they became aware of the approach of some creature from the left.

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Through the [illegible] a loud scream echoed [illegible] awakened [illegible] the ape-man a fearful savage encounter. Bolgani, he whispered to himself, [illegible] the great apes. She said and shuddered. [illegible] the fearsome creature swung [illegible] toward the compound. A huge gorilla but such a gorilla as Tarzan of the Apes had never looked on before. Of gigantic stature, the creature was walking erect, not even once touching his knuckles to the ground, striding with all the fearlessness and self confidence of a jungle king.

His head and arms were a gorilla's, yet there was a difference as Tarzan noticed when the creature came [illegible] Strange [illegible] of a [illegible] were hairy [illegible] a cold and dispassionate spark [illegible] shaggy [illegible] Ankles were [illegible] massive arms [illegible] above [illegible] shoulders [illegible] about his middle there hung [illegible] behind a long narrow strip which seemed composed entirely of golden spangles set with small diamonds. Never even in Opar had John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, seen such a barbaric display of priceless finery.

Following a hideous scream from the [illegible] Tarzan saw [illegible] of [illegible] hurtled [illegible] to his feet. The women and children scurried up the rope [illegible] two [illegible] swinging cages, the men [illegible] advanced to where the ape-man now stood [illegible] gate of the compound. Outside he gave the [illegible] call and again raised his voice but this time in speech. He entered the gate, the men facing back respectfully and stood looking about. "Where are the apes and the baluta?" he asked tersely. "Call them — or go fetch them!"

The [illegible] [illegible] evidently [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] his [illegible] and. A [illegible] address [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] published one [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the return of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a man, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] "You are a coward, Gomangani, to threaten [illegible] Bolgani. Tremble with the voice of Numa, the emperor. Obey or die." Trembling, the black turned and summoned the women and children of the tribe. None responded to his summons.

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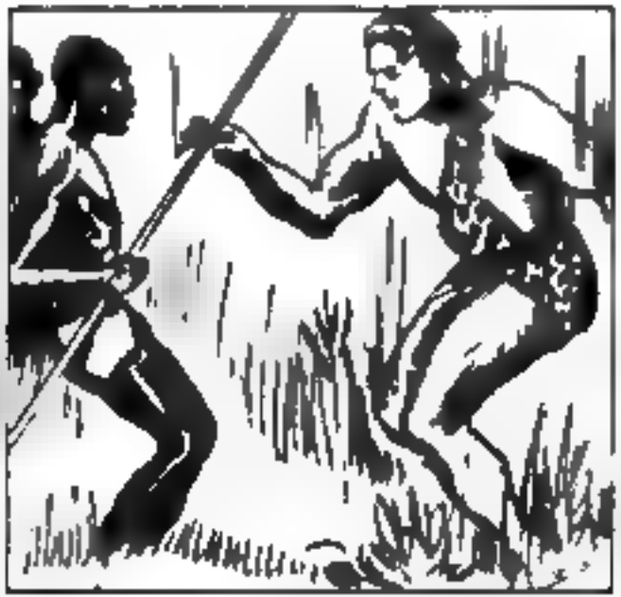
Again the gorilla man harshly uttered his demands. Cringing the blacks moved slowly toward the halting place of their women and children. Presently they returned dragging women behind by the arms sometimes, but usually by the hair. The gorilla man proceeded to examine the captives pinching their flesh and pounding upon their backs and chests as one examining cattle. Soon he had set before a young woman. "This one will do," he said and seized her savagely with one great hand. Then there arose from the silent foliage above them the fierce and terrible scream of the challenging bull ape.

In new terror the simple blacks looked upward. The gorilla man raised his hideous face in snarling anger toward the author of the challenging cry. Swaying upon a leafy bough they beheld such a creature as none of them had ever looked upon before—a white man a Tarmangani—with hide as hairless as Histah the snake. Then he spied in the hand of the stranger drove forward. The shaft sped downward with the swiftness of light and buried itself in the heart of the Bolgani. With a scream the gorilla man crumpled, struggled a moment on the ground and then lay still in death.



The blacks stood in stupefied wonderment when the white man dropped from the tree among them. In terror they raised their spears menacing him. "I am your friend," the man said. "I am Tarzan of the Apes. Lower your spears." He turned and withdrew his own weapon from the carcass of the Bolgani. "Who was this creature that came into your village," he asked, "to steal your wives? Who was he that you dared not drive your spears through him?" "One of the great Bolgani," replied a warrior, "one of the chosen people of Numa, the emperor."

Thereupon arose loud jeering and scorn. "When Numa learns he has been killed," cried one, "he will pursue the man who has done this deed for what can he have done?" "Who is Numa?" demanded the ape-man, to whom Numa is the language of the great apes meant only lion. "Numa is the king of kings who lives in the king's house of grass among stones," the man replied in awed tones. The other warriors during this speech were talking excitedly in groups a few paces away. As Tarzan turned again toward them they spread out in a semi-circle before him and he saw they meant to bar the way to him.

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"Prepare my hut," commanded La, for she was very weary. "Let us turn her over to the Bolgani, and say we saw her mate slay the messenger of Numa." one black suggested. "But the white-ape is mighty," cautioned another. "he would make a terrible enemy." "You are right," cried La, "he is great. Single handed he grapples with Numa, the lion, and slays him. You saw with what ease he lifted the body of huge Bolgani to his shoulder. how he carried it lightly down the forest trail. If you are wise Gomangani, keep Tarzan for your friend."

The blacks listened, their dull faces revealing nothing of what was passing in their stupid brains. For a few minutes they stood in silence, the hulking ignorant blacks upon the one hand, the slender beautiful woman upon the other. Again La spoke. "Go!" she cried imperiously. It was the queen of Opar now addressing slaves! Her commanding tones wrought instant change in the villagers and the high priests of the flaming god knew that Tarzan was right in his assumption that they could be moved only through fear.

Cowering like whipped curs, they prepared a hut for her, fetching fresh leaves and grasses for its floor, fruits, nuts and plantains for her food. When all was ready La clambered up the rope, and through the circular opening in the floor she drew the rope up after her. Throwing herself upon the soft bed, the swaying of the swinging hut and the silence, save for the voice of birds, soon lulled La of Opar into deep slumber. And as she slept, Tarzan of the Apes sped farther away through the jungle, bearing his dead burden.

Far to the northwest of the valley of Opar the smoke rose from the cook fires of a camp. In it were some hundred blacks and five whites, eating their evening meal. The blacks sullen, scowled over their scant food. The whites, apprehensive, kept their firearms close at hand. One of the party was Flora Hawkes. "They don't want much of an excuse to kill us," she was saying. "we sure are in a jam – unless we can get game." "If anyone can get us out of this, you can, Flora," said the handsome fellow they called Carl. "But I suggest we leave the gold, and save our lives."

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I was in [illegible] Esteban. For [illegible] Waziri [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] Ahmose cried out [illegible] you Tarzan [illegible] Waziri have been searching for you. Even now we were about to dare the dangers of Opar fearing you had been captured.

The [illegible] chosen [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] he [illegible] his slain before [illegible] Waziri had [illegible] Esteban carr [illegible] and [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] battle [illegible] presence of a band [illegible] Waziri. Never had he seen such men [illegible] blacks with strong features [illegible] elegant faces.

Esteban [illegible] he was [illegible] a [illegible] spoke [illegible] he said [illegible] mes[illegible] [illegible] plundering [illegible] camp. Then I came [illegible] Opar and have [illegible] golden ingots. Come and Esteban turned back [illegible] he had just [illegible]

A [illegible] Waziri [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] [illegible] he [illegible] embarrassing [illegible] Waziri language [illegible] Tarzan said [illegible] and [illegible] Ahmose [illegible] suggested by the [illegible] Tarzan and which Pisa had told Esteban about [illegible] Tarzan had sustained in Opar which had roused the ape-man from [illegible] of his memory.

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[illegible] Waziri [illegible] Esteban [illegible] Waziri [illegible] accident [illegible] obedience [illegible] memories. He was pra[illegible] [illegible] warriors [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] remember was Bwana [illegible] Lion. The impos[illegible] for [illegible] said a similar thing and occurred [illegible] ing him to forget man[illegible] [illegible] ing the Waziri tongue. The [illegible] sus[illegible] was sympath[illegible]. He told the others and so no suspicions was aroused when Esteban did or failed to do things that the Waziri knew their master Tarzan could not be guilty of.

They came to Flora's camp. Esteban's clever game working perfectly. Through Usula he ordered the Waziri to silently surround it. "At my signal," he said, "advance and disarm the askari. Tarzan of the Apes [illegible] for our gold they have stolen. He will spare their lives if they leave the country and never return." Esteban then stepped into the clearing. One of the askari now recognized him as Esteban and drew his weapon. "Make no move," cried the Spaniard. "I am Tarzan of the Apes, and your camp is surrounded by my warriors." He gave the signal.

Fifty [illegible] Waziri [illegible] view from the [illegible] "Speak to them, Usula," commanded Esteban. The black did as he was bid. "We are the Waziri," he cried. "It is Tarzan of the Apes, our master. We demand the gold of Tarzan you have stolen. We will spare you but let this be your masters." Tarzan watches and has Waziri with him. "Lay down your weapons." Glad to get off with their lives the askari did as Usula demanded and sullenly watched the conquerors enter the boma.

The Waziri began under Esteban's direction to ransack the golden ingots of Opar. As they did so the Spaniard approached one of the askari whom he knew spoke broken English. "If your masters and a woman," he said to hang the merry one. "Tarzan has a name, the creature who presumed to pose as Tarzan. Tell them that even before they left London Tarzan knew they were coming. I forgive them the attempt to poison me, but they must leave Africa and never divulge the secret of Opar." Esteban congratulated himself so cleverly did he believe his deception had worked.

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—By EDGAR R[illegible] BURROUGHS

Tarzan carried the dead Bolgani in the direction of the building he had seen from the native's rim. Curiosity overcame his natural caution. Traveling upwind his nostrils soon told him he was approaching the habitat of the Bolgani. Taking to the trees to avoid discovery, presently he saw just ahead a lofty wall. Beyond that the weird architecture of a mysterious pile whose roofs suggested the buildings of another world, so unearthly were they

Strange [illegible] was [illegible] as he [illegible] of his keen [illegible] [illegible] Bolgani was [illegible] [illegible] he saw [illegible] he [illegible] and he heard [illegible] sweet [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] From his high vantage point [illegible] the ape-man could see over the top of the wall. Rich and barbaric with ornamentation [illegible] the main structure reached by a wide [illegible] and covered with huge [illegible] Burst of pink [illegible] was set with [illegible] designs of gold and diamonds.

Gathering stories [illegible] countless thousands [illegible] gathered from facades [illegible] parapets, domes and towers. A [illegible] garden surrounded [illegible] in which worked blacks, men and women, like those in the valley where he had left La. Among these were several gorilla-like creatures such as he saw [illegible] one now resting in a tree crotch behind the ape-man. These were doing no work but haughty and brutal appeared to be directing the tasks of the black natives.

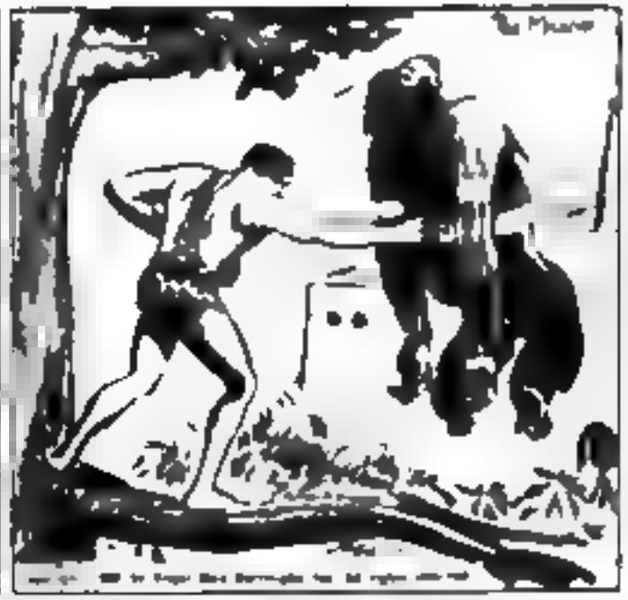
As Tarzan watched with interest two Bolgani emerged from a huge portal. They were head bands supporting white feathers. Standing before the entrance and cupping their hands before their mouths, they gave voice to a series of shrill cries that bore marked resemblance to trumpet calls. Immediately the blacks ceased work and hastened to the foot of the stairs that led down from the terrace to the garden. They ranged themselves on either side forming a living aisle

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

More trumpeters came rushing from the inside of the building. Now Ja ran up a procession emerging first came [illegible] By gait about [illegible] ing bridegroom. Near more trumpeters and 20 fierce bearers them paced a huge lion a maned lion held in leash by two sturdy blacks on either side. They held him by means of golden chains that ran to a broad diamond collar about the beast's neck. Behind the lion marched 20 more Bulgan [illegible] spearmen.

As he neared [illegible] as Numa the lion passed Sometimes [illegible] grovelled before him in abject awe. The bravest dared [illegible] an old one stood with [illegible] man watching the human forms before him. His [illegible] he bared his teeth in a savage grimace and from his deep lungs rumbled forth an ominous growl. As he neared he [illegible] Tarmangani crouched in terror. The ape-man knit his brows [illegible] Never before had he witnessed a remarkable sight as this [illegible] men [illegible] them before a beast.



Presently [illegible] procession passed and he broke [illegible] and [illegible] dead Bulgan [illegible] his shoulder he [illegible] through the [illegible] to the east gate where now was [illegible] ing [illegible] of powerful Tarmangani [illegible] ing before [illegible] a detachment of black warriors [illegible] ing chests of [illegible] gin gold. These were borne [illegible] he [illegible] covered [illegible] As they disappeared [illegible] through the gates Tarmangani hurried [illegible] he gorilla man as close to it as possible.

Now he thought [illegible] let them guess if they can who were the [illegible]

Late in the afternoon Tarman left the strange town [illegible] and sought [illegible] to find an exit from the [illegible] back of the [illegible] of [illegible] palace of diamonds. Often he had observed parties of naked blacks [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] under the supervision of [illegible] Bulgan [illegible] gold [illegible] diamonds. The ape-man guessed. After [illegible] date he was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Baffled in his attempt to find a way out of the valley Tarzan decided to return for La and with her try to escape in another direction. All night he traveled. With dawn he came to the village and saw at once that some thing was amiss. Not a sound or movement came from within the palisade. Running on he but in which La had been hidden, he hastily ascended the rope and examined the interior. It was vacant. Nor was there the slightest clue as to where she had vanished or how.

Descending, he searched the village for some hint as to the fate of its inhabitants and of La, the high priestess of Opar. Then his keen eyes noted a slight movement of one of the swinging cagelike habitations some distance from him. No rope trailed this one from its doorway. Tarzan called, there was no answer. Yet he was almost positive there was someone hiding in the hut. "Come down," he called again, "or I will come up after you." Still there was no reply.

A grim smile touched the ape-man's lips as he drew his hunting knife from its sheath and placed it between his teeth. Then with a catlike spring he leaped for the opening, caught its sides and drew his body up into the interior of the hut. There in the dim light he saw a bundle of leaves and grasses lying against the opposite side of the structure. Crossing to these he tore them aside, revealing the huddled form of a terrified woman—but it was not the high priestess of Opar!

"What has happened?" he demanded. "Where are the warriors? Where is my mate?" The Bolgani have taken them all away," cried the terrified woman. "They found the body of their fellow outside the gate of the palace of diamonds. They knew he had come here and no one had seen him leave after that. They tortured us until our warriors told them all. Then they went away, taking every man, woman and child in the village with them. They took your mate also. I hid. I do not know why they did not find me."

Alone now [illegible] realized [illegible] he began [illegible] strong chest [illegible] from her fangs [illegible] high and [illegible] raised her [illegible] and become an exile from her own people. The fact that the Bo-gam had taken her for wife, perhaps he found [illegible] Tarzan resolved to rescue her.

He must know whether La lived and if so he would devote every energy to rescuing her and escaping from his dangerous lair. Another day found the ape man again outside the caves grounds. When darkness settled Tarzan approached. He gave [illegible] a portion of his grass [illegible] over one of the carried ones had ripped the sack. The ape man surrendered [illegible] he [illegible] and dropped [illegible] into the garden below [illegible] being discovered.

Now he [illegible] he [illegible] crept [illegible] Far above [illegible] and [illegible] one open [illegible] and [illegible] he grasped cautiously above [illegible] he did know. Again a heavy fragrance greeted him. Tarzan was amazed. This would obliterate [illegible] and place upon him a heavy handicap in his search for La.

[illegible] and [illegible] dangerous [illegible] he [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] and here, [illegible] boulders, [illegible] stopped by a [illegible] from the [illegible] he [illegible] round of the [illegible]

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Esteban knew that he must escape from his situation quickly or his false pose as Tarzan would be soon discovered by the Waziri. What would happen then the Spaniard wondered fearfully. Evolving a plan, he ordered the blacks to bury the treasure. "We will return for it when we have caught and punished the thieves," he said. This sat well with the warriors. "Once more is Tarzan acting like himself," thought Esuli. Cutting across the jungle and guessing at the probable route of the Europeans, next morning they luckily came in sight of Flora Hawke's party.

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Seeing the camp fires and supposed safety ahead, Esteban addressed the warriors, commanding them to return home leaving the gold buried. Sorrowfully they obeyed, for it never occurred to them to question the orders of their big Bwana. As they disappeared down the trail, Esteban breathed a sigh of relief and turned toward the camp of his own people, bursting upon the astounded Flora and the three white men. None appeared especially glad to see him. "Some of these fellows said as Tarzan had done for you," said Peebles crustily. "How come?"

"He did capture me," responded the grim Spaniard, "but as you see, I escaped." Outwardly oblivious to the sullen glances of his companions he took his place among them. He could afford to wait, he told himself, and grinned inwardly at the thought of all that gold he had buried and which one day he would take out of Africa for himself and the Russian. The question was, how could he manage it? Who could be trusted? For days he pondered the thing and then decided he would bribe these blacks to move the treasure where the Waziri would never find it.

Owaza, a wily old scoundrel and chief guide for Flora's party, was the one that Esteban elected to share his confidence. It was the mistake of his life as matters later turned out. To the native Esteban made known his true identity and told the story of the ransomed gold. Then he found an excuse to quit the party, taking Owaza and a dozen blacks. Night overtook them before they had finished moving the treasure. And as they labored a crafty smile played on Owaza's face. He also had an idea. "Why," he reasoned, "risk death in a battle with ivory raiders when all this gold is as good as mine?"

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—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

In the ivy covered doorway of the palace of diamonds Tarzan faced the unknown figure. Instinctively he drew his knife and advanced. An expression of incredulity came over him as he stood contemplating the silent figure. For it was neither gorilla-man nor native, but a white man, old and shriveled. Naked also but for a piece of white cloth. "Who are you?" exclaimed the strange apparition. Tarzan almost jumped, so startled was he to hear that simple English phrase.

"How came you here?" continued the old man in a quavering voice, but this time he spoke in the dialect of the great apes. Tarzan briefly told him and in turn asked the ancient one the same question in English.

"That I should live to hear that sweet tongue again!" cried the old man tearfully. "Be not afraid. You have nothing to fear from me." "Then speak truthfully," said Tarzan. "I am here after a woman, a white one captured by the Bolgani. Is she safe?" The other nodded. "She is here and will be safe for another two days."

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Then in answer to the ape-man's questions concerning himself he told the story of his boyhood trip into darkest Africa with Stanley the explorer. Told in the halting English as though his tongue were long unaccustomed to using the language. How hunting one day alone he became lost and was captured by unfriendly natives. How after escaping he wandered farther and farther into the savage interior.

"Until upon an accursed day," he ended, "I found an entrance to this valley. Why they did not kill me I have never known."

Now I am practically one of them. A wave of my hand has been the hope I may escape. But it has become a feeble one. After a moment he returned to the white captive. "Hopeless it is for her," he said. "The more so because the Bolgani have learned she is the queen of their hereditary enemies. I can tell you where she is, but cannot rescue her." "A man can try," replied the ape-man. "But you will fail," and she was the old man's answer. "Tell me where the woman is," said Tarzan. "I do not agree with you that her case is hopeless."

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

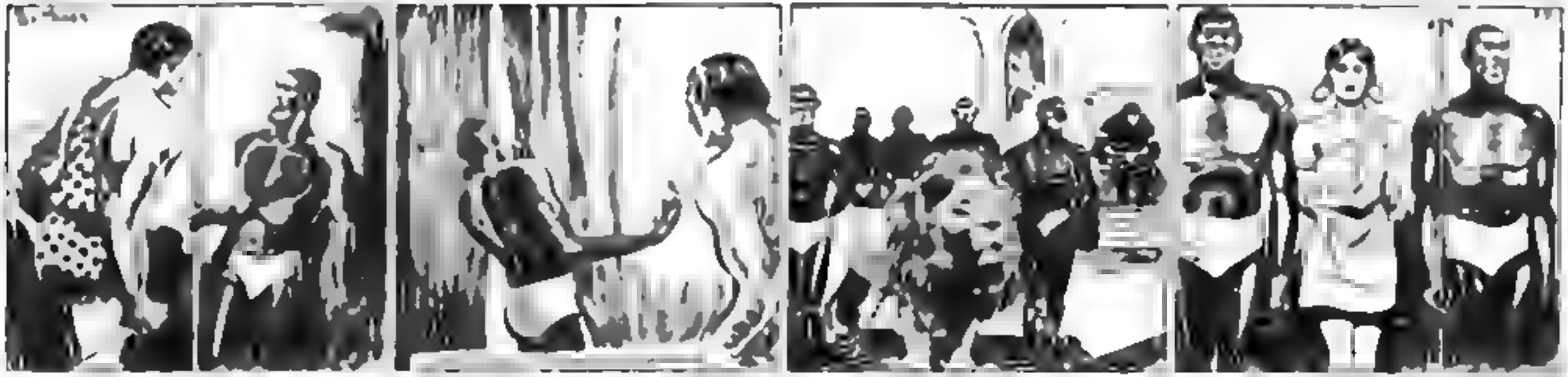
—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

above ... Tarzan ... rising ... Below ... Now ... Blood ... We ... Perhaps ... but ... Tarzan ...

... ape ... Now ... Tarzan ... The ... man ... He ... where ... Seeing ... Tarzan ... ladder ... A ... he ... Tarzan ...

About ... Tarzan ... openings ... heavy ... aside ... Sounds ... and ... air ... Tarzan ... Tarzan ... Tarzan

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Ka Mutant

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

A black maned lion moved with majestic unconcern through the jungle night. He was not hunting for he made no effort toward stealth nor did he utter any sound. Moving swiftly he sometimes stopped to smell and listen. And thus at last he came to a high wall, along which he sniffed until the wall was broken by a half opened gateway through which he passed. Before him loomed a great building. As he stood watching and listening there broke from the interior the thunderous roar of a second lion.

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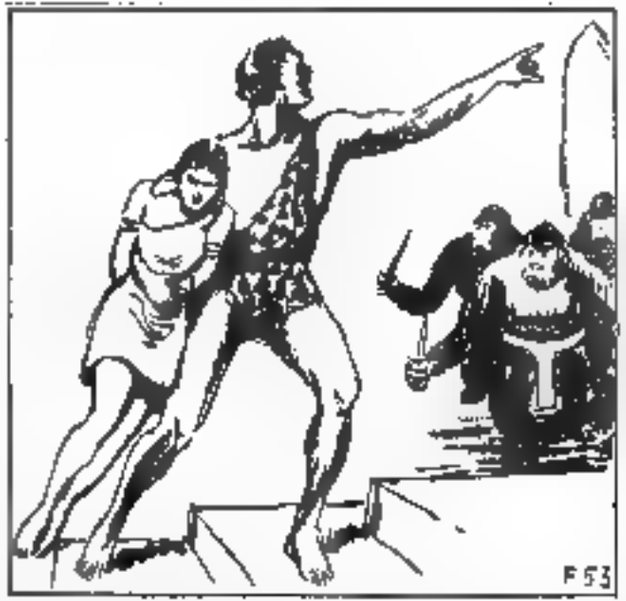
He of the black mane cocked his head and moved stealthily forward. At that very instant Tarzan of the Apes had hurled the spear he had taken from the black into the council chamber of the gorillamen. With rage and consternation the Bolgani saw it bury itself in the heart of their emperor – the great black maned lion. At Tarzan's side was the Gomangani whom he had terrified into service. As Tarzan rushed forward toward La this black cried to his fellows: "Help this stranger free his mate and you may escape from the Bolgani forever."



The other Gomangani hesitated. Tarzan had reached La's side and was dragging her toward the dais where he hoped to make a momentary stand against the 50 Bolgani who were now rushing forward. "Slay the three who sit upon the dais," he cried to the Gomangani. "Slay them if you wish your freedom. Slay them if you wish to live." The ape-man's authoritative voice, the magnetic appeal of his personality, his natural leadership – all won the blacks for the brief instant that was necessary to turn them upon the hated authority that the three Bolgani upon the dais represented.

As they drove their spears into the shaggy black bodies of their former masters they became then and forever the creatures of Tarzan of the Apes, for they knew that there could be no hope for them after this in the land of the Bolgani. With one arm about La the ape-man carried her to the dais and drew his spear from the dead lion. Then turning about and facing the advancing Bolgani, he placed one foot upon the carcass of his kill and raised his voice in the terrifying victory cry of the great apes of Kerchak.

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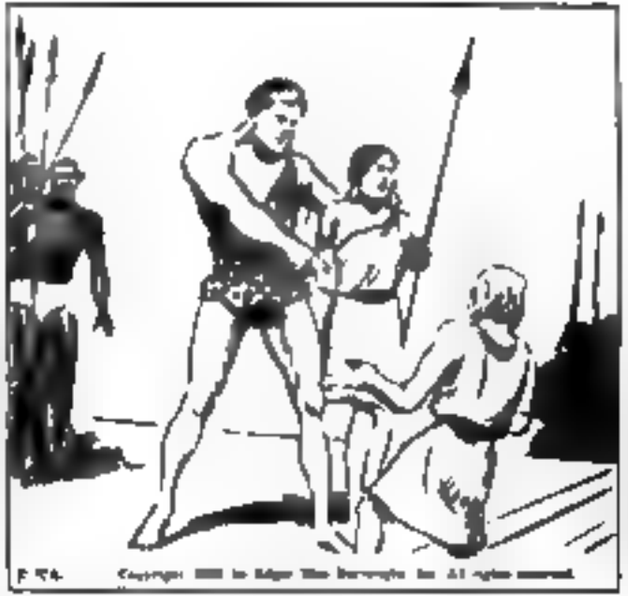
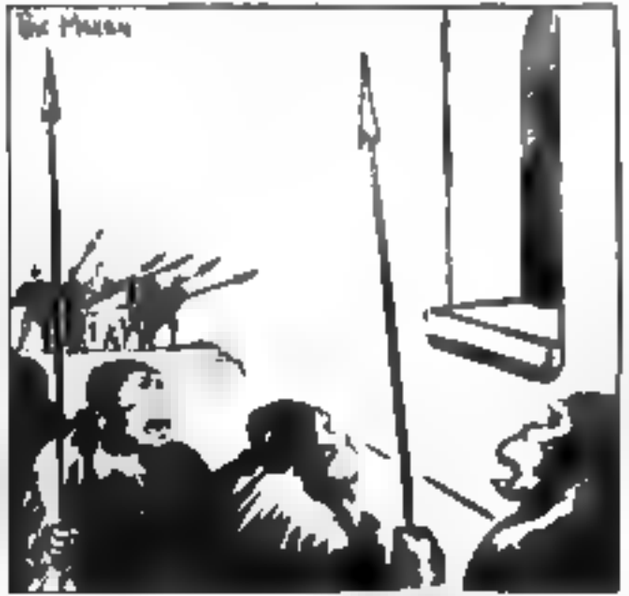
—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

At the sound of the ape man's bold rumbling cry the Bolgani paused. Behind him the Commangani halted in terror. "Stop," cried Tarzan, hurling a poem toward the Bolgani. "I am Tarzan of the Apes. I sought no quarrel with your people. I but took for passage through your country by my own. Let me go my way in peace with the Kerchak, taking these Commangani with me." For answer a chorus of savage growls arose from the Bolgani, as they started forward again toward the



Now from their ranks there suddenly leaped the old man of the east tower who ran swiftly toward Tarzan. "Ah, traitor," cried the ape man. "You should be the first then to taste the wrath of Tarzan." He spoke in English and the old man replied in the same tongue. "Traitor?" he exclaimed in surprise. "Yes. Then, or," pondered Tarzan. "Did you not hurry here to tell the Bolgani I was in the palace that they might send the Commangani to lure me to a trap.

Now [illegible] came [illegible] to [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] Englishman [illegible] "Come [illegible] cried Tarzan [illegible] die [illegible] Commangani ranged [illegible] the chamber [illegible] Tarzan charmed [illegible] weapons from one of the slain [illegible] dead upon the dais.



The [illegible] Bolgani [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] 50 [illegible] Commangani [illegible] them [illegible] and spear and [illegible] numbers were against Tarzan's people. Again the [illegible] charged [illegible] suddenly there broke upon the ears of the contestants a fresh [illegible] and brought a sudden, momentary [illegible] in the battle.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

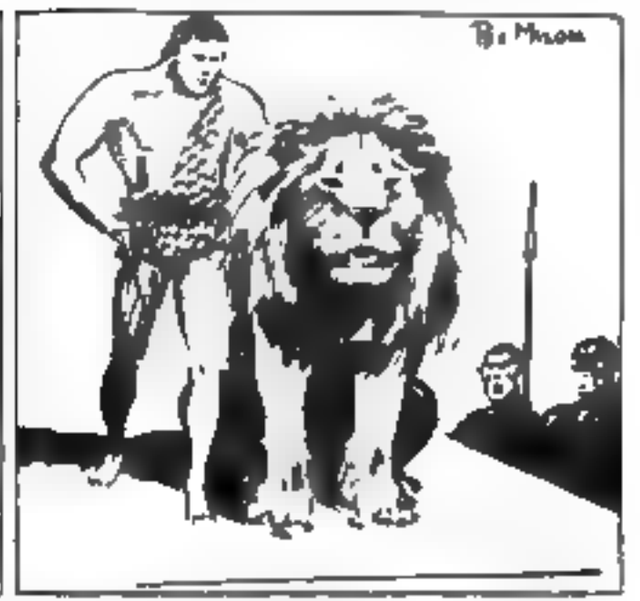
By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

As looked [illegible] the reverberating roar [illegible] with one [illegible] he [illegible] lows standing like a statue of golden bronze [illegible] hey saw a huge black maned [illegible] Sun. An [illegible] ant he remained motionless. Then again the [illegible] rembled w [illegible] his mighty roar. Towering above them a [illegible] Tarzan of [illegible] he Apes looked down upon the great beast below him. In quick [illegible] ation he raised his voice above the [illegible] growls of the Bolgani. "Jad ba [illegible] he cried and pointed toward the Bolgani. K... K..."

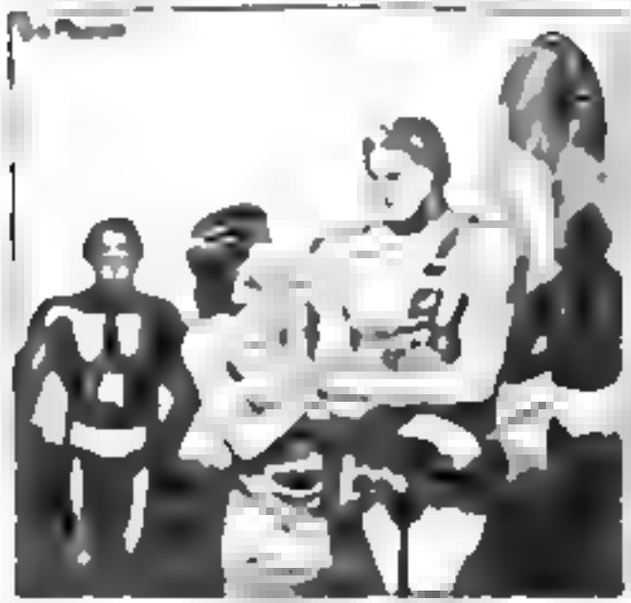
Scarcely had the words been uttered when the huge beast was upon the hairy [illegible] gorilla men. And [illegible] with a leap [illegible] here came [illegible] o the ape-man a dazing blow to save himself and [illegible] hose dependent upon him.

Quick [illegible] he cried [illegible] he Gomangani. Fly [illegible] om the Bolgani. Here [illegible] at is the [illegible] ore emperor. N [illegible] ma king of beasts. He [illegible] s his enemies but he will protect Tarzan of the Apes and his friends. Fleeing the [illegible] hated masters fa [illegible] ing back before the terrific on [illegible] sht of [illegible] he lion the Gomangani rushed in to attack.

Tarzan took his place among them with drawn knife keeping [illegible] ove [illegible] o Jad ba [illegible] directing the lion from one victim to another as [illegible] he fa [illegible] by mistake upon the Gomangani. [illegible] he old man or even La [illegible] Then [illegible] ty Bolgani fe [illegible] before the rest managed to escape. Then Tarzan [illegible] alled Jad ba [illegible] to heel [illegible] fo [illegible] he said turning [illegible] oward the Gomangani [illegible] and drag [illegible] he body of [illegible] he false Numa from the dais for the [illegible] ore emperor has come to claim his throne. With a grim [illegible] smile the ape-man whispered to La: "I think we shall be safe now!"



Tarzan ordered Jad ba [illegible] to st [illegible] pon the dais. Addressing [illegible] he simple blacks he said: "See. The new emperor does not have [illegible] o be chased [illegible] o his throne. Three of you go [illegible] o our people. Summon [illegible] hem to [illegible] he throne room [illegible] hey too may see. Hurry, [illegible] for we may have many [illegible] warriors before the Bolgani [illegible] ore." Away sped the messengers while the others gazed at Tarzan as though he were indeed a god who had wrought a miracle with a savage beast of the jungle, not knowing he and the lion were friends of long [illegible] ing.



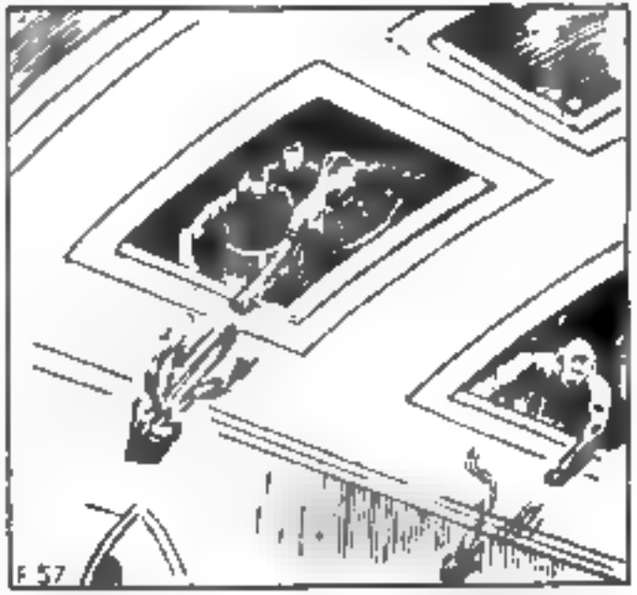
TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

An hour passed with no word from the Bolgani and no resumption of hostilities. Then came to the main entrance of the throneroom the gorilla man whom Tarzan had dispatched with his demand for the Bolgani's surrender. We will never surrender, was their answer. As the ape man half reclining upon the dais flung one arm about Jad-ba-ja he could hear outside movements among the Bolgani. What were they up to? The ape man and La waited impatiently for the black reinforcements. Would they never come?

"They are hatching some evil plan," excitedly exclaimed the old man. "Watch out for a surprise soon." "Calm yourself," replied Tarzan easily, "remember they are not supermen, only beasts. Beasts they may be, the old man answered, but they are beasts with the brains of men. Long have I lived among them; their cunning and cruelty are diabolical." A long silence ensued, which began to unnerve the Oomangani. To the failure of their leader's return to their aid was added fear of what the Bolgani were planning.

The silence was more terrifying than an actual assault. It became too much for La. Restlessly she went to and fro, finally coming to a halt at that part of the room where she could see the terrace and gardens. She beheld massed outside scores of gorilla men. Quickly she crossed to the opposite side of the throneroom, she drew the hangings before one of the entrances. The door had its guard of Bolgani. They stood there motionless, making no effort to seize or harm her. Plainly Tarzan was completely hedged in by enemies.



Tarzan himself had also noted how the Bolgani had blocked every avenue of escape. Soon they will strike, remarked the old man. "Our doom is near." Perhaps you are right, replied Tarzan, "but at least we shall give them a good fight." What is happening? asked La. At a sudden noise they gazed at the ceiling. There apes were being lifted from a dozen openings encircling the growing faces of several score gorilla men. And as if in answer to La's question the Bolgani began hurling burning bundles of oil soaked rags into the throneroom.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

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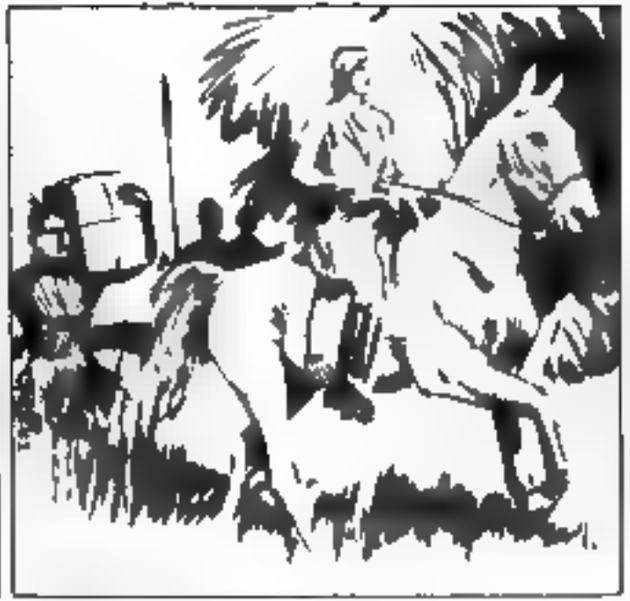

A Tarzan and the golden lion [illegible] smoke [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] appeared [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] Opar [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] Opar [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] Opar

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TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

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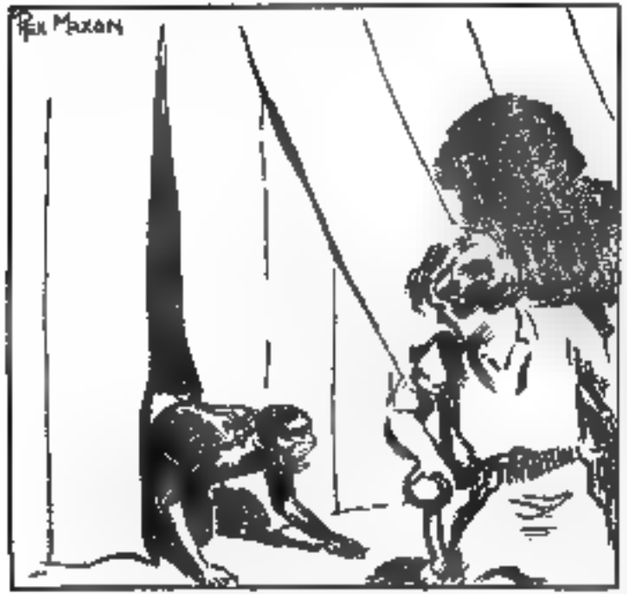

Immediately after dark the revolt of the slaves and the murder of the Arabs was to take place. The whites were eager for action. While Flora Hawkes sat alone in her tent awaiting the signal for the attack, a little black boy crept in, terribly frightened. At the girl's order to speak he finally found words. "Put your ear close, lady," he said, "while I tell you what Luvini is planning."

Flora heard from his lips how the huge Luvini had given orders to kill her white companions and to sell her into slavery after the Arabs had been slain and their ivory taken. She went white with rage at the news. Then fear shook her. Seizing her pistol she strode toward the tent's flap. "I'll teach that scoundrel a lesson," she cried. The boy clung to her, fearful of her dangerous resolve.

"No. No," he begged. "It will only mean they will kill the white men sooner and take you prisoner just the same. Every black boy in camp is against you. Luvini has promised the ivory shall be equally divided." The girl stood looking at the faithful boy a moment. "What shall I do then?" she asked. "There is but one hope," he replied, "you and the white men must escape into the jungle. Not even I may accompany you."

Flora bade him go before suspicion fell upon him. Then she walked casually across the open and went to Krask's tent. Here she told the white men of what the boy had said. They pondered the revelation in silence. Far outnumbered by the natives, they realized their situation was serious. From the distance came the night sounds of wild beasts, giving added fear to the group.

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—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

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Under the flickering light of the pressed Tarzan of the Apes saw that after each of the sleeves upon which were stacked small sacks made of skins. Opening one the old man spilled a portion of the contents into the palm of one hand. "Diamonds," he said. "The Bolgani have been accumulating them for countless ages. In their legends is the prediction that some day the Apes will return and barter for them. A king's ransom reposes in each of these sacks."

Giving one bag to La and another to Tarzan and keeping one for himself the old man remarked: "Just for in case we leave this valley alive. From the end of the vast cavern a ramp led down up a primitive ladder to the floor above and quickly to the main entrance of the tower. Two heavy bolted doors now lay between them and the terrace. Beyond that only a short distance was the massive gate which Tarzan had left open. But this time the last of the Gomangani had ascended the ladder.

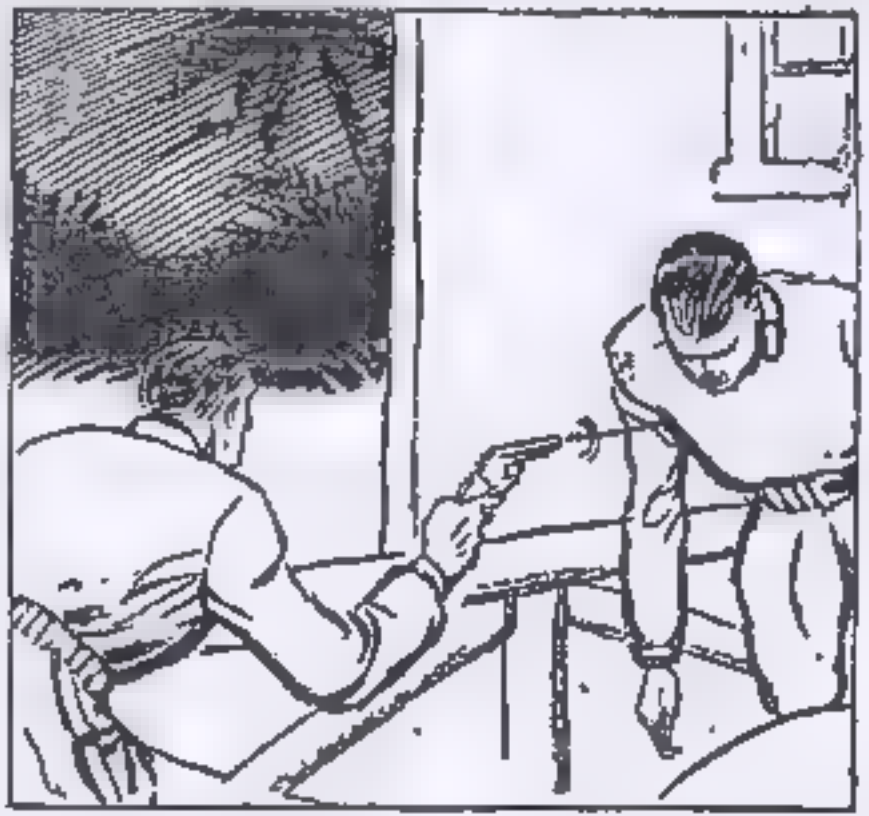
Carefully the ape-man explained to them how they were to act for he gave as the bolted doors swung open. Then, turning to the old man he said: "Now." The bolts slipped back, the doors swung open and the entire party swarmed out. The Bolgani, unaware that their enemies had invaded their den did not discover the fact until Tarzan, bringing up the rear with the golden lion, was passing through the gates. Then several hundred gorilla men started on a mad run in pursuit.

"Now for," cried Tarzan to the others. "Run straight down the valley toward Opar." "I shall not stir a step without you, Tarzan," said La. "As you wish," he said with a shrug, "here they come." Fifty of the Gomangani raised to his call, and with these the ape-man stood in the gateway toward which the Bolgani were now charging. As the first of the hairy monsters snarled within a few paces of them La entered down the jungle trail. "Look! Look!" she cried.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO 1

Lieutenant Albert Werper, after six months of loneliness in the Belgian Congo, was in a dangerous mood. Because he had dishonored his family name, the young man had been banished from the gay life of Brussels. Now, in this isolated Africa he brooded over his monotonous existence until his hatred [illegible] superior officers had become a [illegible] mania.

Tonight, he sat upon the veranda of their common quarters, glaring in silent rage at his captain, the one supreme object of his dislike. The captain was a silent man and Werper interpreted this silence as studied attempt to ignore him. Werper imagined that his superior held him in contempt, and so he fumed inwardly until now his madness became suddenly homicidal.



Nervously fingering his revolver, Lieutenant Werper's eyes narrowed and his brows contracted. At last he spoke: "You've insulted me for the last time." He sprang to his feet as did the captain, upon whose face was an expression of surprise as he turned toward his junior, tho he had often seen men with this jungle madness upon them, the madness of solitude and brooding.

He extended his hand to lay it soothingly on Werper's shoulder, seeking to calm him. Quiet words of counsel were upon his lips, but they were never spoken. Even before he could defend himself, the enraged lieutenant pulled the trigger. Without a moan the captain sank to the floor and, as he fell, the mists that had clouded Werper's brain lifted. He realized he was a murderer.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 2

For a moment Werper gazed at his dead victim. Then he heard the excited shouts of the soldiers running toward him. Soon they would seize him, probably kill him. Terror tore at his heart. He had no desire to die. Never had he so yearned for life as now that he had forfeited his right to live. In despair he turned and fled madly across the compound.

At the gate a sentry halted him. Werper did not pause to parley, he merely raised his weapon and shot down the innocent black. Quickly the fugitive tore open the gates and vanished into the blackness of the jungle but not before he had transferred the rifle and ammunition of the dead sentry to his own person. All that night he fled farther and farther into the wilderness.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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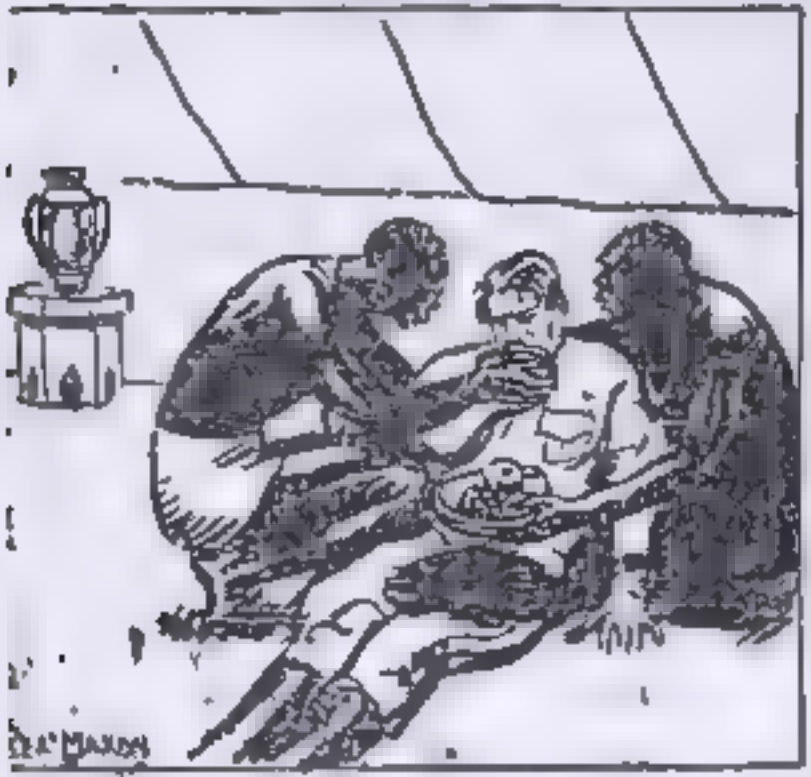
Dawn came at last, but still the man struggled on. All sense of hunger and fatigue was lost in the terrors of contemplated capture. He could think only of escape. He dared not pause to rest or eat until there was no further danger from pursuit. So he staggered on until at last he fell and could rise no more. How long he fled he did not know, nor where he was.

He fell exhausted and so Achmet Zek, the Arab, found him. Achmet's followers were for running a spear thru the body, but the wily Arab would have it otherwise. First he would question this Belgian. It was easier to question a man first and kill him afterward, than kill him first and then question him. Achmet's followers laughed gleefully over their chief's little joke.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—No. 3



The Arabs carried Werper to their village where, in the chief's own tent, slaves gave him food and drink until he recovered. Then came Achmet Zek to his prisoner. "I am Achmet Zek," he announced. "Who are you and what are you doing in my country?" Werper's eyes went to the dagger at Achmet Zek's girdle. He knew he was in the clutches of a cutthroat hater of all Europeans.

Werper also knew that for years the military forces of Belgian Congo had waged fruitless war upon this man and his followers. Yet in the fellow's very hatred of Belgians Werper saw a faint ray of hope for himself. He too was an outcast and an outlaw now. This they possessed in common and Werper decided to use this fact for all it was worth. They were brothers under the skin.

"I have heard of you," said Werper, "and was searching for you. My people have turned against me. They are following and would kill me. I hate them. I knew you would protect me, for you, too, hate them. I am a trained soldier. I can fight and your enemies are now my enemies." At first Tak scowled and Werper gave up hope. But Atmet often scowled when another path would [illegible]

This time he was thinking what he could make of his prisoner. After a moment he said, "If you have lied to me, I will kill you at any time. What return, other than your life, do you expect for your services?" "Only my keep at first. Later, you will find I am worth more." So the agreement was reached and Werper was initiated into the outlaw band.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 4

For months the renegade Belgian rode with the savage raiders. He fought with a cruelty equal to that of his fellow desperadoes. Achmet Zek watched him with a growing satisfaction. Little by little he took Werper into his confidence. At last he unfolded to Werper a pet scheme which he had never found a chance to carry out. He had found the Belgian trustworthy.

Achmet needed the aid of a European before he could easily accomplish his evil design. Fate had been good in sending him this white man. He sounded Werper. "You have heard of the man men call Tarzan?" he inquired casually one day. Werper nodded. "But for him we might carry on our trading in safety and with great profit," continued the Arab bitterly.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"For years he has fought us, driving us from the richest part of the country, harassing us, and arming the natives that they may repel us when we come to 'trade.' He is very rich. If we could find some way to make him pay us much gold we would be avenged and repaid, too, for much that he has prevented us from winning from the natives under his protection." Werper listened eagerly.

There was a short silence between the two men. Werper lit a cigaret and then asked with studied indifference. "Have you any plan to make him pay?" "Yes," replied Achmet Zek. "He has a wife who men say is very beautiful. She would bring a great price farther north. If we found it too difficult to collect ransom from Tarzan. She is worth her weight in gold."

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

A smile of relief passed over the raider's face. "Well?" Werper asked. Achmet Zek slapped his lieutenant upon the shoulder. "You should be well paid and you shall. Let us plan how best the thing may be done." The two villains squatted upon the soft rugs beneath the faded silks of Achmet's gorgeous tent and talked together in low voices well into the night. At dawn they separated, both mutually content with their wicked bargain.

The next day was given over to preparations. Exposure to the sun and wind had given an almost Arab hue to the European's complexion so he had no fear of being discovered as the escaped criminal. All was ready to start. He had exchanged his tattered Belgian uniform for the garb of a big game hunter. This outfit Achmet dug up from his collection of loot. With a party of black slaves and porters, Werper set out from camp.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 6

Two weeks later John Clayton, Lord Greystoke—he who had been Tarzan of the Apes—came riding in front a tour of inspection of his vast African estates. Suddenly he glimpsed a column of men crossing the plain that lay between his bungalow and the forest beyond. He reined his horse and watched the little party approach, headed by a mounted man, a stranger.

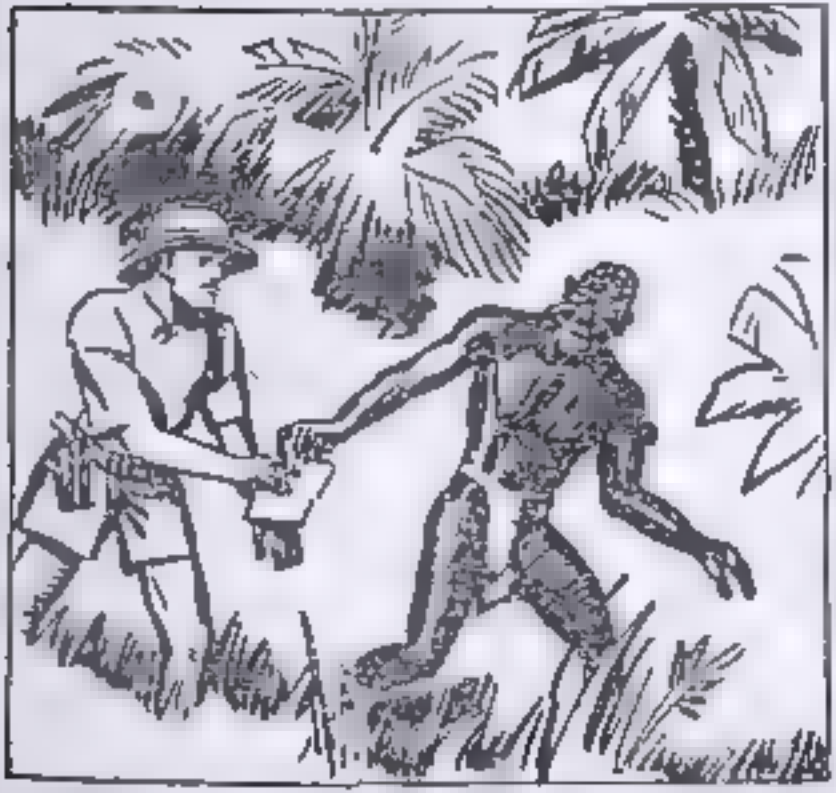
Convinced that it was a wandering European hunter seeking his hospitality, Tarzan rode forward to welcome the newcomer. Half an hour later he was introducing "M. Jules Frecourt" to Lady Greystoke. "This was the name Werper had decided to assume. "I was completely lost," laughed the supposed game hunter. "I am very fortunate indeed to have stumbled upon your providential aid."

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 7

Keeping well in the shadows of the shrubbery growing profusely about the bungalow, Werper made his silent way to a point beneath an open window of the room in which he could hear his host and hostess talking earnestly. Almost the first words he overheard filled him with excitement. Lady Greystoke was speaking. "I always feared this might happen, but it seems incredible."

"Whatever the cause," replied Tarzan, "the fact remains that I have lost everything, and there is nothing for it but to return to Opar and get more gold." "Oh, John," cried Lady Greystoke, and Werper could feel the shudder thru her voice, "I would rather live in poverty always than have you risk the hideous dangers of Opar. Is there no other way?"

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 8



The Bo gnan did not have long to wa t, for the fo lowing day his emissary returned with word that Tarzan and a party of .0 Waziri warriors had set out toward the southwest early in the morning. Werner Immediately dispatched a runner to Achmet Zek with a letter telling of his plans and then, with six picked porters, set out after Tarzan to discover where his real was hidden.

And so it was that Tarzan, in his leopard-skin clothes and armed after the primitive fashion he best loved, led his loyal Waziri toward the dead city of Opar. Werper, the renegade, haunted his trail thru the long hot days and camped close behind him at night. And as they marched Achmet Zek rode with his following toward the Greystoke farm.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Then he went on more slowly and with greater stealth and caution, for now Tarzan of the Apes was seeking a kill. Down to the ground he came, stopping from time to time to put his nose close to the earth. He sought and found a wide game trail and at last his nostrils were rewarded by the scent of fresh meat. Tarzan's mouth watered and a low growl escaped his lips.

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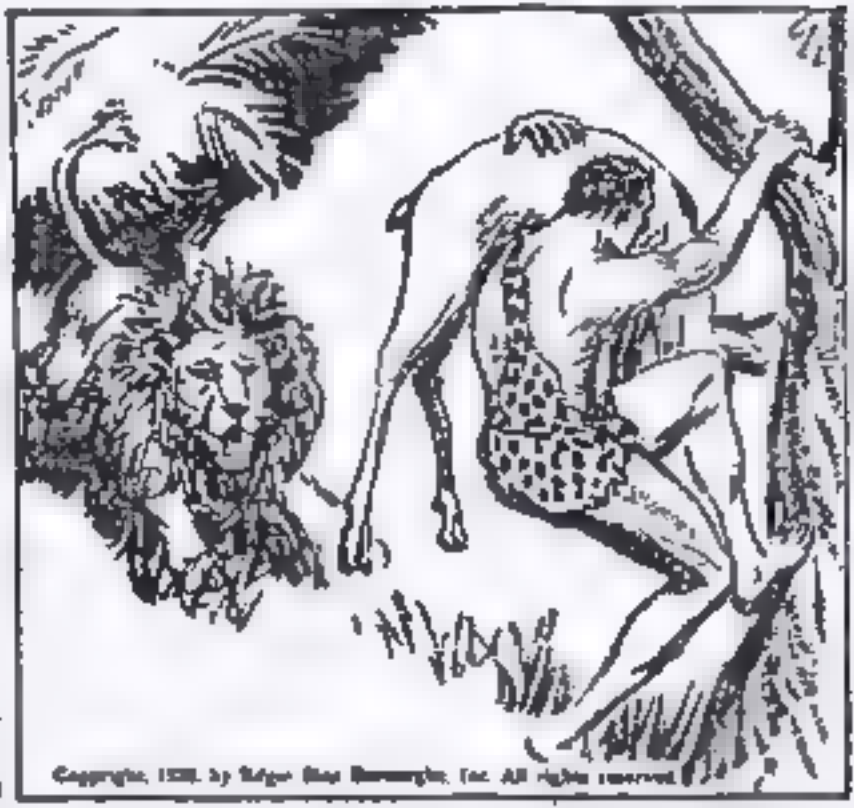
Up wind he followed the elusive spoor until he came upon Bara the deer, standing alert at the edge of a moon-bathed clearing. Noiselessly, Tarzan crept through the trees until he was directly over the animal. In the ape-man's right hand he clutched his hunting knife. Just for an instant he poised above the still unsuspecting Bara and then he launched himself downward upon the sleek back.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 10



As Tarzan rose from the body of his kill to scream forth this hideous victory cry into the face of the moon the wind carried to his nostrils something which froze him to statuesque immobility and silence. Soon the grasses parted and Numa, the lion, strode majestically into view. Numa's yellow eyes glared anxiously at the successful hunter for [illegible]

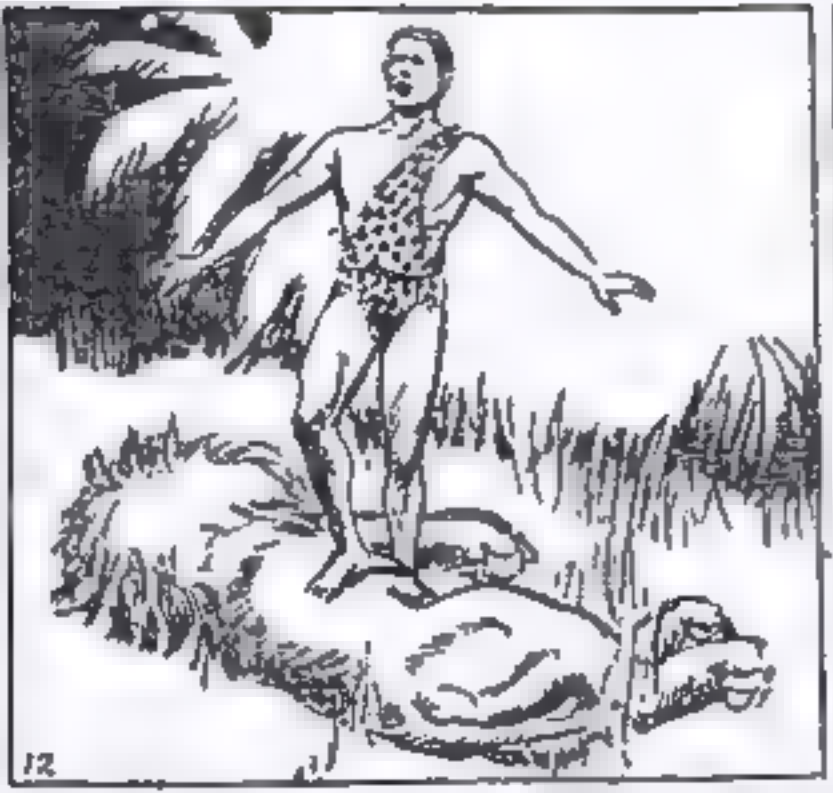
From the lips of the ape-man broke a rumbling growl of warning. Numa eyed him with growing resentment and rage. At last the famished lion could stand it no longer. His tail shot suddenly erect and at the same instant the wary ape-man, knowing all too well what the signal meant, grasped the deer and leaped into a nearby tree just as Numa charged with all the speed of an oncoming [illegible]

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

As he angled he plunged his knife into the tawny side behind the left shoulder, tangled the fingers of his right hand in the long mane and wound his powerful legs about the beast's torso. With a roar of pain and rage Numa reared up and fell backward upon the ape-man but still the mighty man-thing clung to his hold, and repeatedly the long knife plunged into Numa's side.

Where he had fallen beneath the spring of the lion the witch-doctor lay torn and bleeding and unable to drag himself away and watched the terrific battle between these two lords of the jungle. His sunken eyes glittered and his wrinkled lips moved over toothless gums as he mumbled weird [illegible] ions to the demons of his cult. Numa roaring and biting the air struggled fiercely

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



And the time came once more when the witch-doctor no longer doubted the outcome of the duel. He was even more frightened for now he knew that the jungle god would slay Numa. What would then be his own fate at the hands of the victor? He saw the lion weaken from the loss of blood, its mighty limbs stagger and tremble, as the beast sank to rise no more. He saw this forest demon put its foot upon the still quiverin. carcass.

Then it raised its face to the moon and bayed out a hideous cry that froze the ebbing blood in the veins of the witch-doctor. Terror almost overcame him as he shrieked, "Who are you?" Tarzan turned his attention to the man, and something akin to pity touched his savage heart at sight of this fear-stricken, suffering creature. He stooped to stanch the wounds of the old man before he answered "I am Tarzan—Tarzan of the Apes."

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

It was very late when the ape-man re-entered the [illegible] and lay down among his black warriors. None had seen him go and none saw him return. He thought about the murmur of the old witch-doctor but he did not turn back for he was on a quest. But had he known what lay in store for one he valued most of all in the world he would have [illegible] the trees to her side and allowed the gold of Opar to remain forever hidden in its forgotten storehouse.

[illegible] another white man also pursued [illegible] he had heard during the night and very nearby and he gave up his project and [illegible] his men. It was Werper the murderer whose foul head of mind had heard far away a sound that filled his soul with terror. It had been Tarzan's owl-cry of a story so frightful a sound that Werper trembled as he remembered it next day. But he stood in greater fear of Achmet Zek and dared not remain

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 14

And so Tarzan of the Apes forged steadily ahead toward Opar's ruined ramparts, and behind him slunk Werper, jackal-like, and only Fate knew what lay in store for each. At the edge of the desolate valley overlooking the golden domes and minarets of Opar, Tarzan halted. By night he would go alone to the treasure vault, reconnoitering, for he had determined that caution should mar his every move on this expedition.

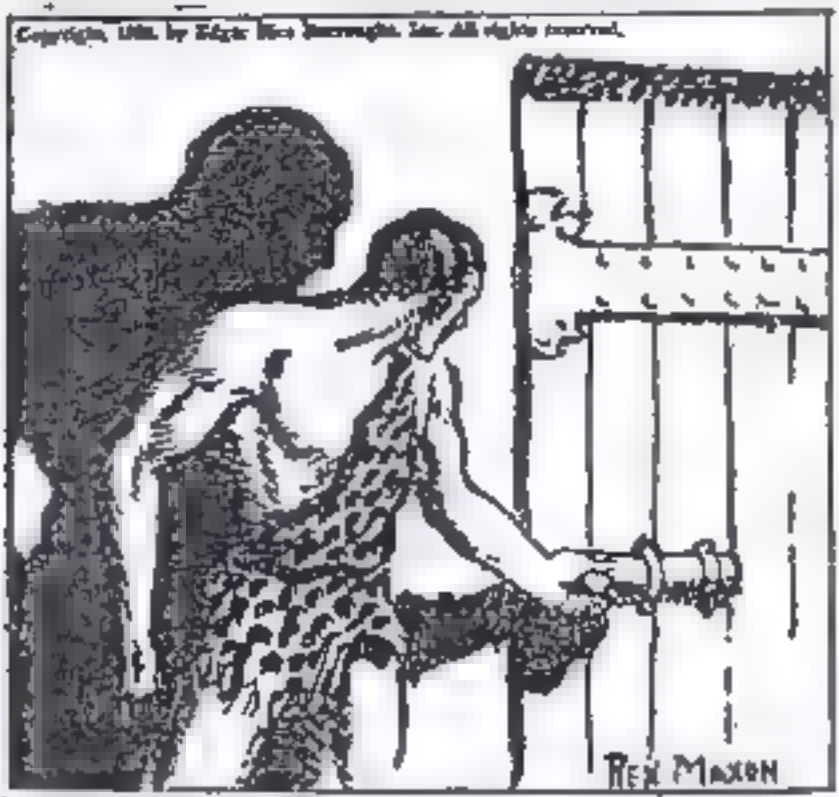
With the coming of night he set forth, and Werper, who had scaled the cliffs alone behind the apemans' party and hidden thru the day among the rough boulders of the mountain top, slunk stealthily after him. They came to the mighty granite kopje, outside the city's walls, where lay the entrance to the passageway leading to the treasure vault. Werper saw the giant ape-man swing himself nimbly up the face of the great rock.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 15

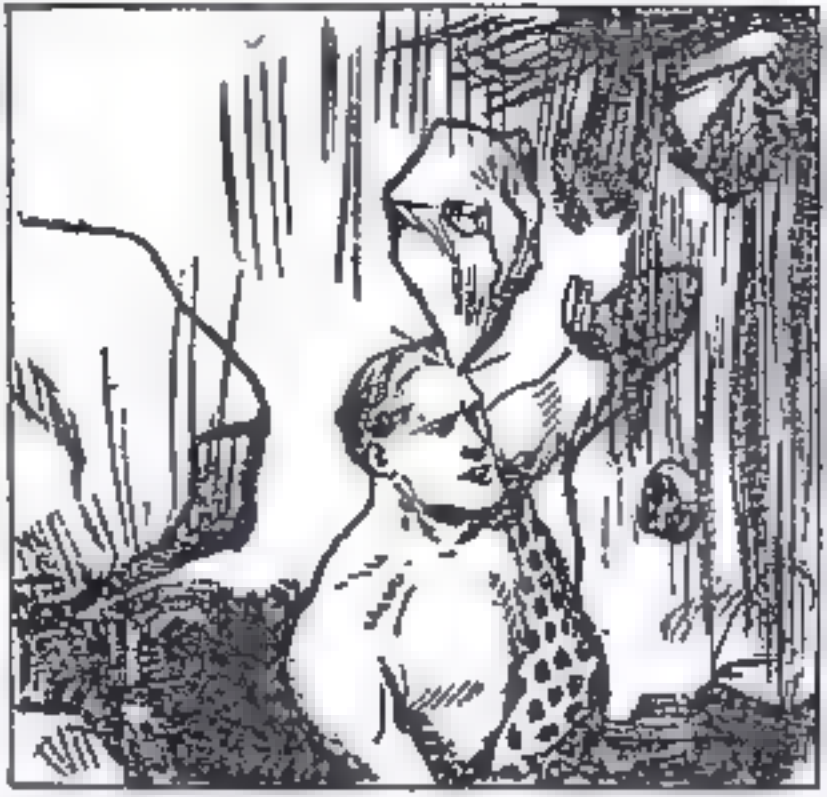
Satisfied Tarzan retraced his steps to the summit of the kopje. Whatever [illegible] had been following passed upward. Then he dropped straight into the darkness of the tunnel entrance and disappeared. The ape man [illegible] upon the kopje's edge heard [illegible] voice in the thunderous roar of a lion. Twice he repeated the cry and listened. Faintly from afar across the valley came an answer. Numa, the Waziri lion-man, had heard the signal and was coming.

Tarzan returned to the treasure vault. It would be several hours before his blacks could reach the place. Meanwhile he made six [illegible] and each time carried to the kopje some load of the precious metal which might have staggered two ordinary men. His mind reverted to that occasion when he had come by chance upon the gold as he fled from the pits beneath the temple where he had been taken by La, the high priestess of the Flame Worshipers.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 16



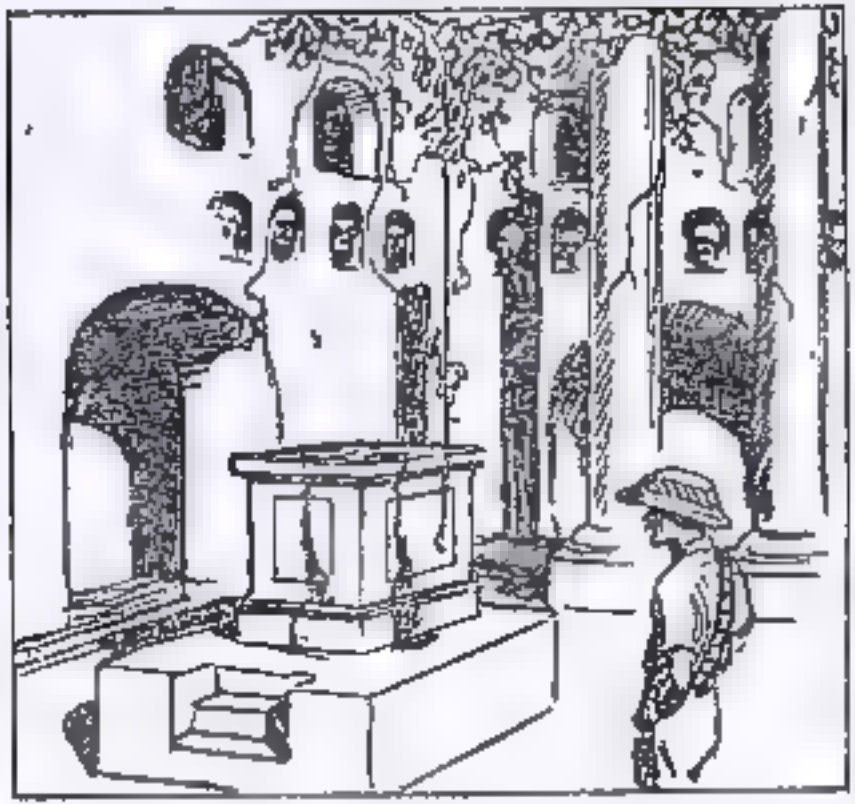
Nothing disturbed the tomb-like silence of the treasure chamber. Once again and, he thought, for the last time, Tarzan closed its massive door Behind him. Werper rose and stretched his cramped muscles. Then he picked up one of the gold ingots and lovingly caressed it in an ecstacy of emotion. Tarzan dreamed of the happy home-coming that lay before him; but there rose to dispel that dream the memory of the old witch-doctor and his warning.



And then, in the span of a few brief seconds, the hopes of both these men were shattered. Werper forgot even his greed in the panic of terror—and Tarzan was plunged into total forgetfulness of the past by a jagged fragment of rock which gashed a deep cut upon his head The thing came without warning One instant a l was quiet and stability - the next and the world rocked. the tortured sides of the narrow passageway split and crumbled.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO 17

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



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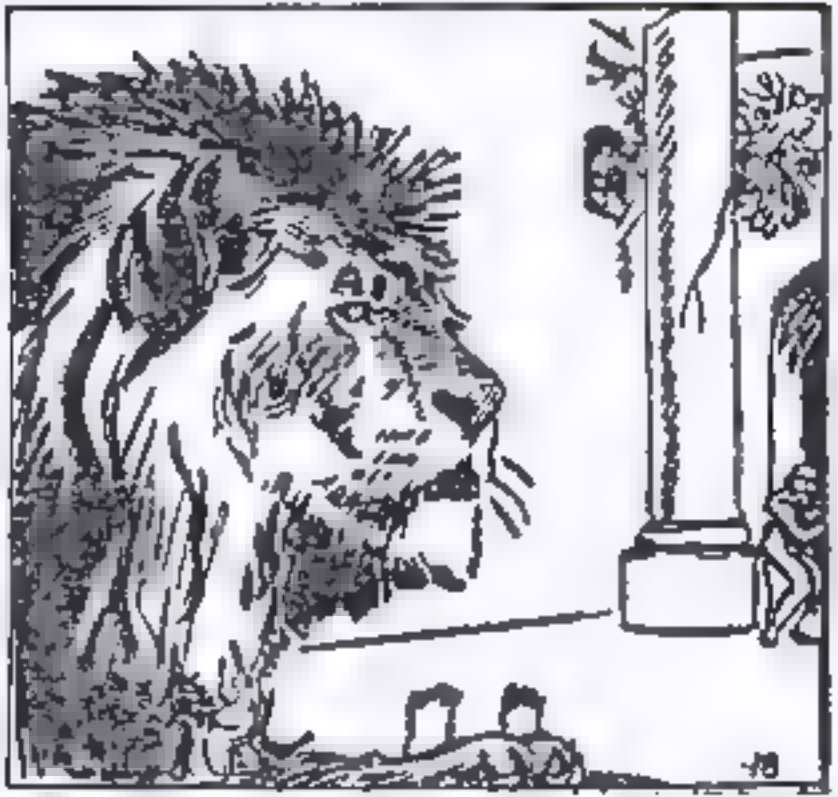
Massive columns towered skyward twined about by clinging vines. Thru leafy branches came no sound but the sighing of the wind, the cries of birds and the chattering of monkeys. There was no sign of human beings. Just before him stood a stone altar, stained with rusty-brown discolorations. Soon he was to know their meaning! He saw several doors opening into the inclosure and above a series of open balconies.

Little monkeys scampered about the deserted ruins and gay plumaged birds flitted undisturbed among the galleries higher up. Werper felt relieved. He sighed as tho a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He took a step toward one of the exits and then he halted, for almost at the same instant a dozen doors opened in the courtyard wall and a horde of frightful men rushed in upon him. They were the priests of the Flaming God of Opar!

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



He wished that he might be granted the brief respite of unconsciousness before the final plunge of the keen blade—and then there was a frightful roar that sounded almost in his ears. The high priestess lowered her dagger. Her eyes went wide with horror. The priestesses screamed and fled madly toward the exits. The priests roared out their rage and terror according to the temper of their courage. They fled in frenzy.

Werper strained his neck about to catch a sight of the cause of their panic, and when at last he saw it he too went cold in dread, for what his eyes beheld was the figure of a huge lion standing in the center of the temple and already a single victim lay mangled beneath his cruel paws. Again the beast roared and turned his baleful gaze upon the altar. La staggered forward, reeled and fell across the body of Werper in a swoon.

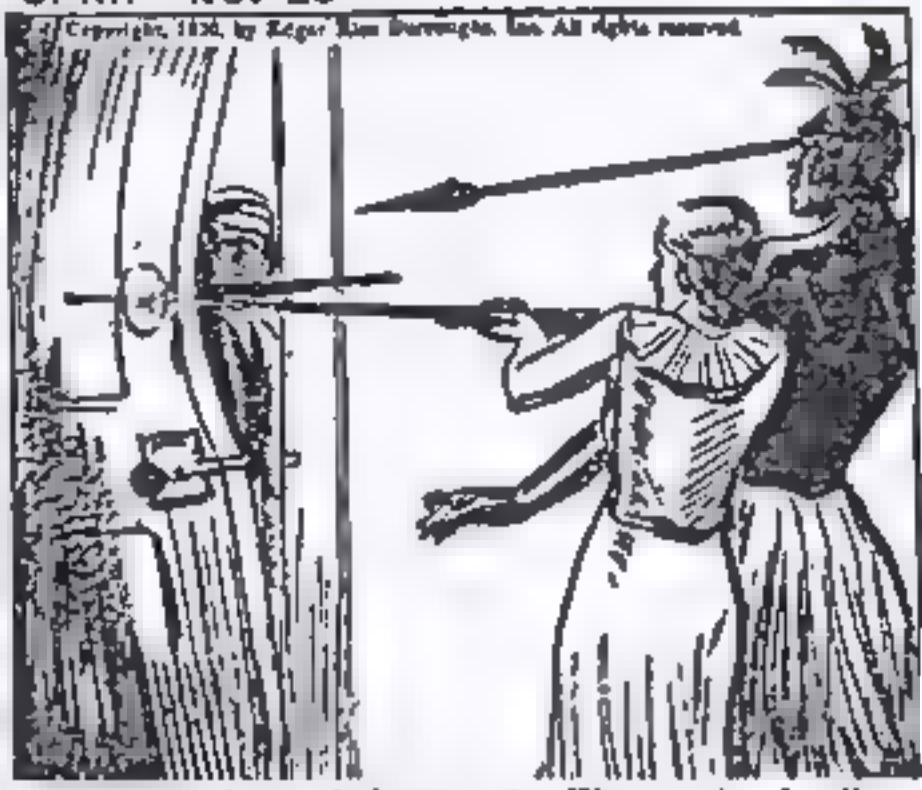
BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Mugambi, the black Hercules, who had been Tarzan's faithful friend, was the first to note the bold approach of the sinister caravan. He had been left in charge of the warriors who remained to guard Lady Greystoke. Quickly he assembled his men as the raiders halted a hundred yards out upon the plain. From the now barred windows of the bungalow Lady Greystoke surveyed her bodyguard with bumixed pride and affection, having no fear

"Arabs," Mugambi had explained to her, "they come for no good purpose in the absence of the Great Bwana." Jane saw the white-robed force of mounted Arabs and between them and the bungalow the glistening bodies of her Waziri. The sun glanced on their metal shod spears and picked out the gorgeous colors in the feathers of their war bonnets above the glossy skins of their broad shoulders. "What harm,' she thought, "can befall me with such as these to protect me?"

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 20

A moment later, without warning, a ragged volley was poured into the ranks of the Waziri. The latter, justly famed for their archery, loosed their slim shafts at the nearest of the enemy Arabs, and blacks fell headlong. But Achmet Zek's forces were greater, and soon the bloodthirsty horde was racing thru the yard and mounting the veranda. Here a dozen more fell to the arrows of the defenders, but the majority reached the barred door.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Heavy gun butts fell upon it. The crash of splintered wood mingled with the report of a rifle as Jane Clayton fired thru the panels upon the relentless foe. At last the frail barrier crashed to the vicious attack and a dozen swarthy murderers leaped into the living room. The Arabs raised their rifles to fire a volley that would end all resistance, when Achmet Zek roared out a warning order that stayed their trigger fingers.

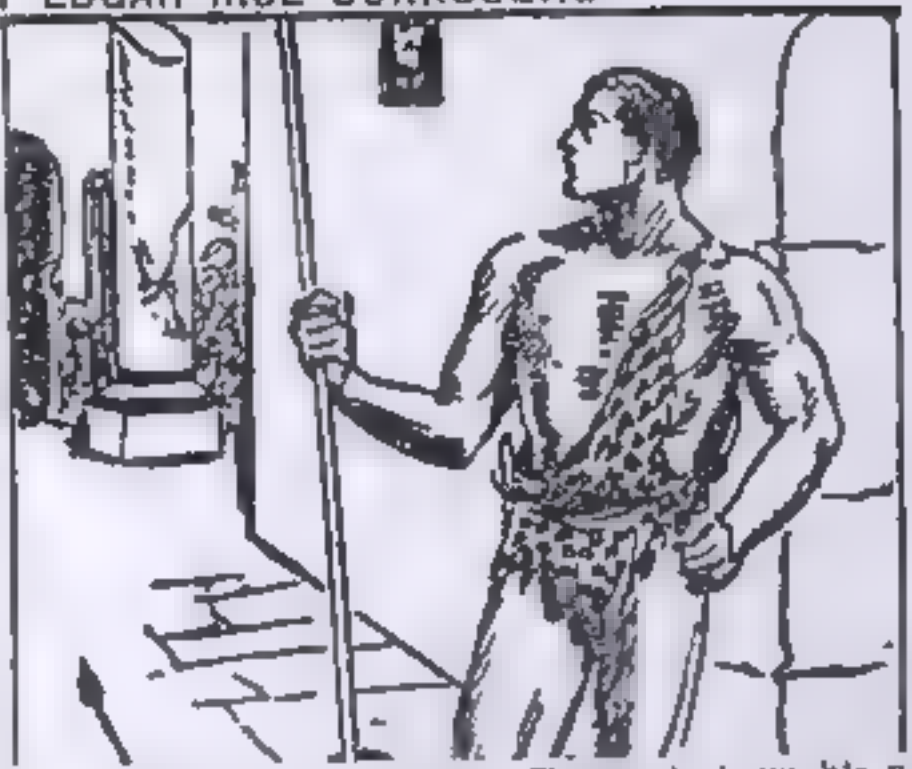
BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Slowly he staggered to his feet. Where was he? He could not remember. His head ached, but otherwise he felt no ill effects from the blow that felled him. Only, he could not recall anything that had happened. He felt his limbs, his body and his head; the knife was still at his side. His spear was near him. But nothing spurred his hurt memory to a recollection of past familiarity with his surroundings. He blundered on thru the dark.

Suddenly he stepped out into space, lunged forward and shot downward into water and sank beneath its surface. The fall had not injured him, and when he rose to the surface he shook the water from his eyes and found that he could see. Daylight was filtering into the well from the orifice far above his head. It illumined the inner walls faintly. Tarzan gazed about him. Ahead he saw a large opening in the slimy wall and swam to it.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

He went to the other chests, all full of precious stones, and, taking a handful of the sparkling cut ones, he filled a pouch. Unwittingly the ape-man had stumbled upon the forgotten jewel room of Opar. For ages it had lain buried beneath the temple of the Flaming God, midway in one of the inky passages which the superstitious descendants of the ancient sun worshipers had either dared not or cared not to explore.



Tiring of this diversion, Tarzan took up his way along the corridor which led from the jewel room by a steep incline. Winding and twisting, but always tending upward, he came nearer and nearer to the surface. And now he found himself in a brilliant sunlit scene. Tarzan viewed the vine-covered columns in mild wonderment. He tried to remember. Had he not once been here before? He was not sure.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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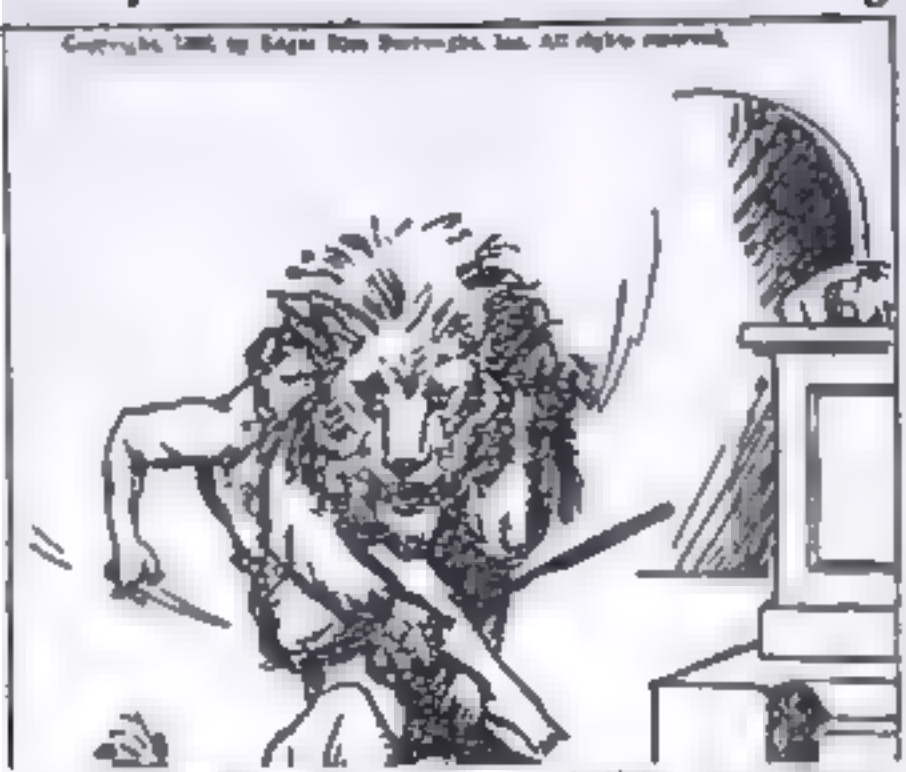
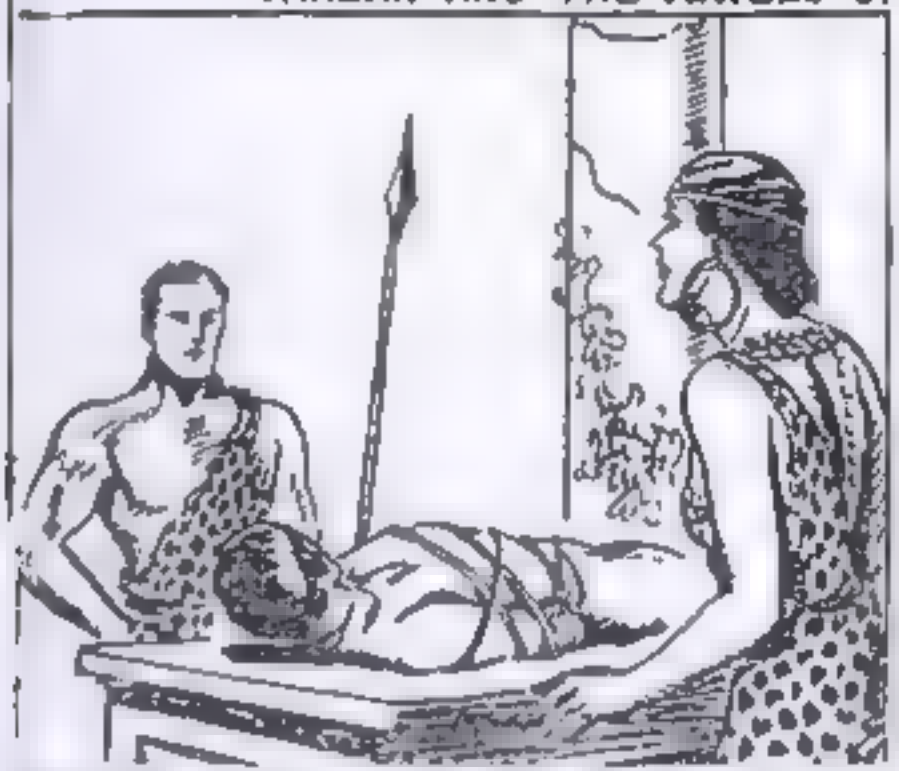


The beast reared up to meet this new enemy. It was growling frightfully, and then the startled Belgian heard a similar savage growl break from the lips of the man rushing upon the lion. A quick side-step and Tarzan eluded the lion's swinging paws. He leaped upon the tawny back. His arms encircled the maned neck. Roaring, leaping, rolling and struggling, the giant cat attempted to dislodge its enemy, whose great, brown fist was driving a long, keen blade repeatedly into its side.

During the battle La regained consciousness. Spellbound, she stood watching the spectacle. At last Tarzan's knife found the great beast's heart, and with a final spasmodic struggle the lion rolled over on the marble floor, dead. Leaping to his feet, the conqueror placed a foot upon his kill, lifted his face skyward and gave voice to so hideous a cry that La and Werper trembled. Then the ape-man turned and Werper recognized him as the man he had left for dead in the treasure chamber.

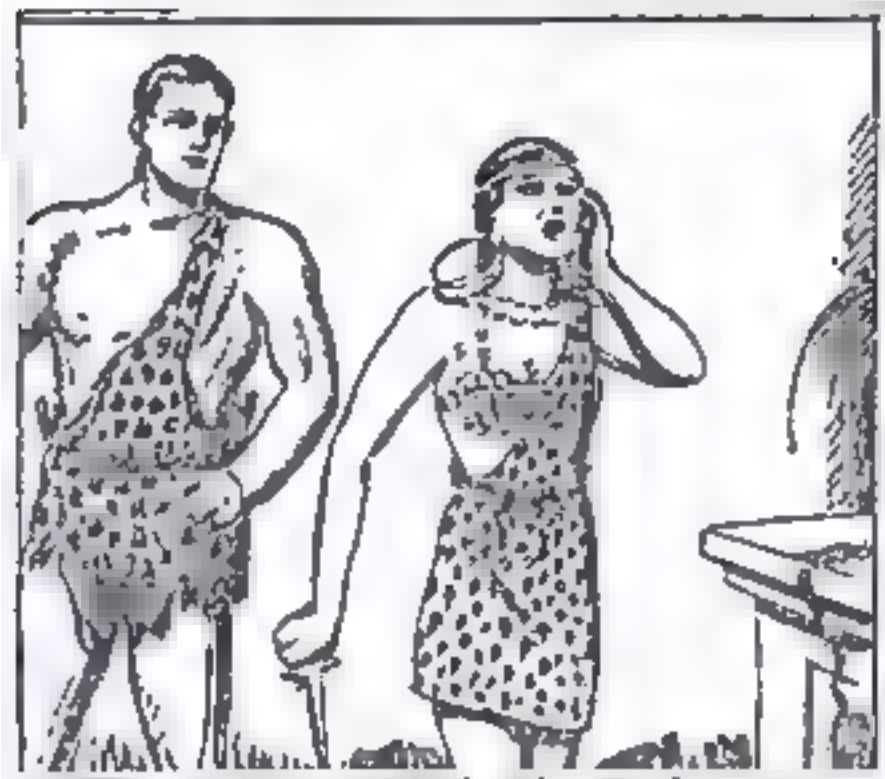
TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 24



Werper was astounded. Could this creature be the same dignified Englishman who had so graciously entertained him in his luxurious African home? Could this wild beast, with blazing eyes and ferocious countenance be at the same time a man? Tarzan now was looking at Werper and the woman, a puzzled expression in his eyes, but there was no faintest tinge of recognition. And La was regarding him fixedly. Slowly her lovely eyes went very wide,

"TARZAN!" she exclaimed in the language of the great apes. "You have come back to me. I have waited long! Tell me, Tarzan, it is for me you have returned?" To Werper's surprise, the Englishman answered her in the same jargon. "Tarzan—is that my name?" The ape-man shrugged. "Well, it is a good name. I will keep it. But I do not know you. I did not come hither for you. Why I came I do not know; neither do I know from whence I came. Can you tell me?"

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 25



Panting, her face convulsed with rage, La sprang to her feet. "Stay, you shall!" she screamed. La will have you. If she cannot have you alive, she will have you dead!" And raising her face to the sun she gave the same hideous shriek that Tarzan had often heard from the apes of the jungle. In answer came a babel of voices from all sides. "Come guardians!" she cried. "Come! The jewels have profaned the holiest of holies."

"Come! Wash clean the temple with the blood of the polluters!" Tarzan understood. Stepping quickly to her side the ape-man seized La in his strong arms and tho she fought with all the mad fury of a demon, he soon disarmed her handing her long sacrificial knife to Weeper. Now a horde of the monstrous fake men of Opar streamed into the temple. They were armed with blue spears and their fear of courage formed with fanatical hate and frenzy.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

An hour's search over the well-worn trail led the ape-man and Werper beyond the outer fortification to the desolate valley of Opar. That night they camped in the valley beyond the hills. Tarzan wandered aimlessly until Werper persuaded him to set out in the direction of the Greystoke bungalow. The purpose prompting the Belgian to lead the victim of his greed to do this was that without Tarzan there could be no hope of ransom for Tarzan's wife.

Tarzan, sitting before a little fire where a wild pig was roasting, seemed lost in speculation. He was struggling to grasp some mental image which constantly eluded him. At last he opened the leathern pouch which hung at his side. From it he poured into the palm of his hand a quantity of glittering gems. A multitude of scintillating rays flashed in the light. Werper watched in rapt fascination. Now his purpose was twofold in following Tarzan.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 27

Werper's covetous soul set upon those precious gems with which Tarzan played. But HOW to get them? He questioned the ape-man regarding the glistening stones and was relieved to find Tarzan had no conception of their value. Possibly the man would give them to him for the asking. Werper reached out his hand toward the little pile. Instantly Tarzan covered them, bared his fighting fangs and growled. Werper withdrew his own hand more quickly than he had advanced it.

Tarzan resumed playing with the gems and talking to Werper as tho nothing unusual had occurred. He had but exhibited the beast's jealous protective instinct for a possession. But from this incident dated a great fear in the breast of the Belgian for his savage companion. He saw in the Englishman only a dangerous maniac. That he was in truth a savage jungle beast reverted to the state of his childhood, Werper could not know.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 28

It was many marches from Opar to the Waziri country, but at last came the hour when Tarzan and the Belgian, following the trail of the warriors, topped the last rise and saw before them the broad plain, the winding river and forest of Tarzan's estates. Some distance before them the line of warriors was creeping like a giant caterpillar thru the tall grasses of the plain. Grazing herds of zebra, hartbeest, and topi dotted the level landscape.

Tarzan looked out across the familiar vista with no faintest gleam of recognition in his eyes. Werper, however, did! A puzzled expression entered his eyes. He shaded them with his palms and gazed long and earnestly toward the spot where the bungalow had been. He could not credit his senses—there was no bungalow—no barns nor corrals! All were gone. What could it mean. And then slowly Werper found the explanation—Achmet Zek had been there!

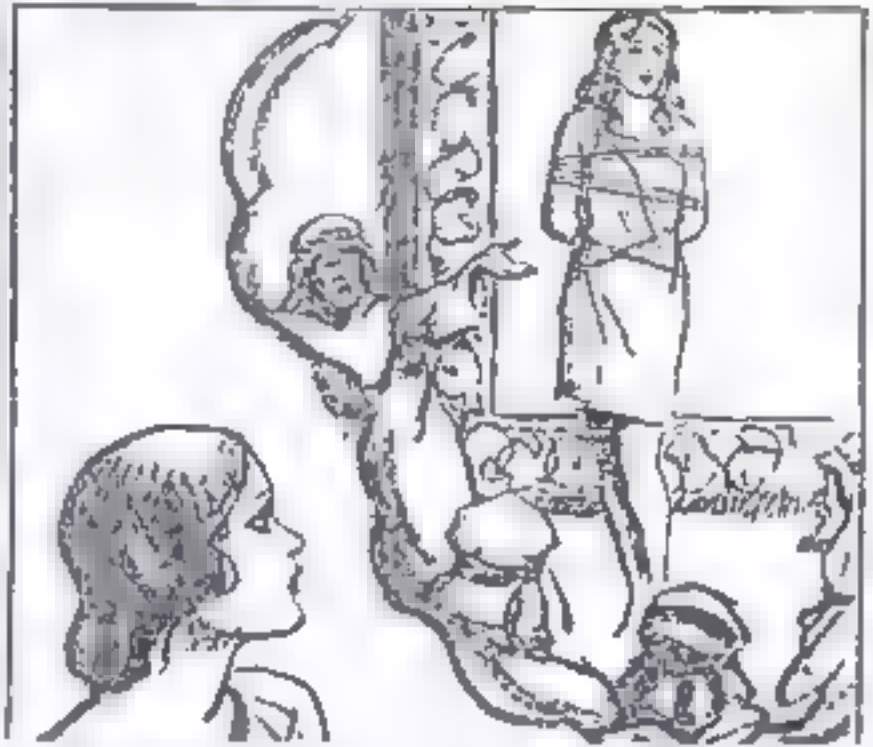
TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 29

The Belgian's eyes measured Tarzan's giant frame and rested upon the rounded muscles of his great arms. It was hopeless. What could he Werper hope to accomplish other than his own death by an attempt to wrest the gems from their savage owner? He must try cunning. He threw himself down as if to sleep, his arm across his face but so his eyes could furtively watch the ape-man. He saw that Tarzan was watching him intently. Werper feigned deep slumber.

Tarzan with the satisfaction of a sa age was thinking. Since Werper has evinced a desire to have the glittering pebbles, the ape-man guarded them carefully. He had seen the Waziri bury their belongings. He would do the same. Long the ape-man watched his companion. Then, convinced that Werper slept Tarzen withdrew his hunting knife and dug a hole. Into this he placed the pouch of jewels. Werper could scarce repress an ejaculation of satisfaction.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 30

Muviambi, weak and suffering slowly trailed the retreating Arab raiders. As the days passed his wounds healed and his strength returned until his giant frame had regained its former almost powers. Meanwhile the Arabs had reached their fortified camp, and there Achmet Zek awaited the return of his lieutenant Albert Werper. During the long march journey Jane Clayton had suffered more anticipation of her impending fate than from hardship.



She prayed that she had been captured in the hope of ransom for then no great harm would befall her at the hands of the Arabs. But there was a chance the horrid chance that she would be taken far north and sold at othe hideous existence of some Turkish harem. Jane Clayton had never bent in abject terror before danger. Until hope proved false she would not give it up. So long as Tarzan lived there was every reason to expect aid.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 31

Mugambi, surprised, saw the Belgian walk confidently across the clearing to the village gate and shout a loud "Hello!" He saw the gates swing open and witnessed the friendly welcome accorded the erstwhile guest of Lord and Lady Greystoke. A light of understanding broke upon the black man. This white man had been a traitor! It was to him they owed the raid during the absence of the Great Bwana. To his hate for the Arabs, Mugambi added a greater hate for this white spy.

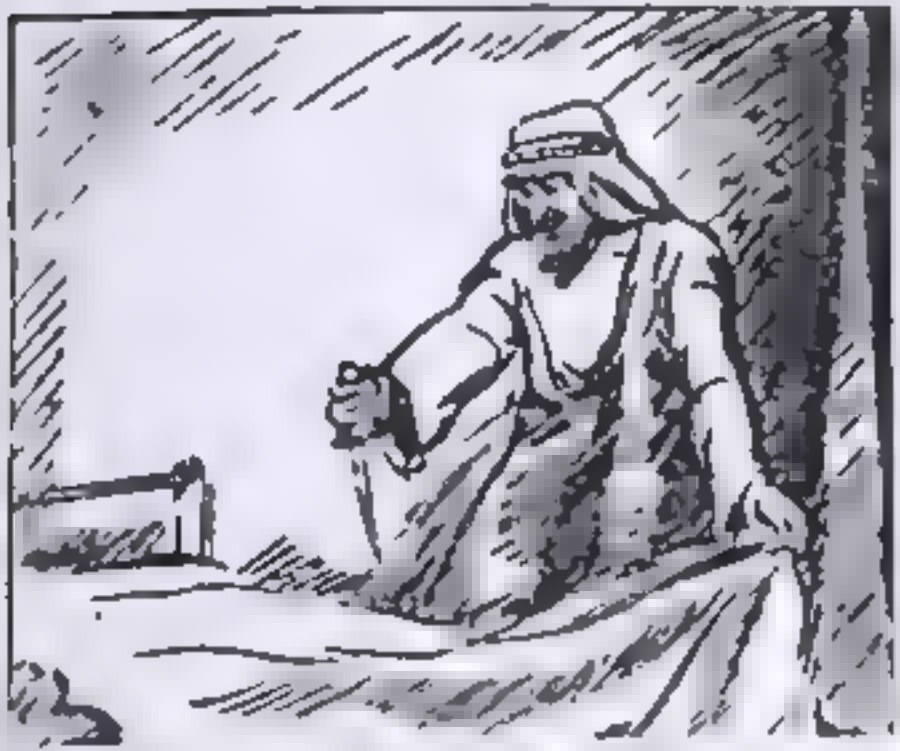
Within the village Werper walked straight to the silken tent of Achmet Zek. The latter rose, surprised, as his lieutenant entered. To his questions Werper related all—save the little matter of the pouch of gems now tightly strapped about his waist. The Arab's eyes narrowed greedily as his henchman described the treasure that the Waziri had buried beside the ruins of Tarzan's bungalow. He decided to await the coming of the rash Waziri, then it would be simple to get the gold.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 32

In his own tent Werper proceeded to make himself comfortable. Before a little mirror he shaved off the bristle of days. This done, he betook him of the jewels. He would just have another look at them. What would Achmet Zek say if he knew of them? Werper grinned. He drew the pouch from its hiding place and gloated as the glittering gems rolled into the rays of a small lamp. Ah! What beauties they were. What luxury and power awaited him after he sold them!

And then suddenly he raised his eyes in the night's silence to the shaving mirror. Werper stifled a gasp of dismay. A reflection moved within the polished surface of the little mirror. In it he saw the grim visage of Achmet Zek framed in the flaps of the tent doorway behind him. To say that Werper was terrified was to put it mildly. He turned slowly around. The face of Achmet Zek had disappeared from the opening.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 33



There was a lifelessness in the silent bulk that gave the assassin momentary wonder. Feverishly he threw back the coverlets. His nervous hands searched for the pouch of jewels he expected to find upon his victim's body. An instant later he rose with a curse on his lips. It was Achmet Zek, and he cursed because he had found beneath the blankets of his lieutenant only a pile of discarded clothing arranged in the form of a sleeping man. Albert Werper had fled.

Out into the village ran the chief angrily calling to his men. A third search brought no traces of the Belgian. Foaming with anger Achmet called his followers to horse and that night they scoured the forest for their quarry. As they galloped thru the open gates Muzambi, hiding in a nearby bush, slipped unseen within the palisade. Excited blacks crowded about the entrance to watch the searchers depart. Unchallenged, Muzambi mingled with them.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 34

Above Tarzan, Werper had stood, his murderous knife poised for the fatal thrust; but fear stayed his hand. What if the first blow should fail to strike his victim's heart? Awakened, the giant apeman could literally tear him to pieces. Werper shuddered. Again, closer, came the soft padded footsteps in the reeds. Werper abandoned his design. The jewels were his. Before him lay the open plain and escape. Behind was death at Tarzan's hands or the jaws of the beast creeping ever nearer!

Turning, the Belgian slunk away thru the night toward the distant forest. Tarzan slept on. Could this dull sleeper be the alert, sensitive Tarzan of old? Perhaps the blow upon his head had numbed those uncanny, guardian powers which had formerly rendered him immune from the dangers of a surprise. Closer crept the stealthy creature thru the reeds. The rustling curtain parted a few paces from where the sleeper lay and the massive head of a lion appeared.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 35

Morning was dawning when Tarzan again awoke, after spending the remainder of the night curled in the comfortable crotch of a great tree. The pangs of hunger assailed him. He yawned, rose, stretched himself and gazed about him thru the leafy foliage of his retreat. He was amid his own meadowlands and fields. The fields of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke. Tarzan of the Apes looked as a stranger upon the moving figures of his own braves preparing breakfast.

The ape-man eyed them with curiosity. In the back of his brain loitered a fleeting sense of familiarity with all that he saw, yet he could not connect them with any particular event of the past. Tho the face of each of them had but recently been as familiar to him as his own, they awakened within him no recollection whatsoever. He saw them scatter their cook fire and depart. After they had gone Tarzan descended from his tree and sought food.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 36

Tarzan grasped his kill and dragged it into the bush where he proceeded to satisfy his hunger. Attracted by the sound of the zebras, a pair of hyenas slunk presently into view. They trotted to a point a few yards from the foraging ape-man and halted. Tarzan looked up, bared his fighting fangs and growled. The hyenas returned the compliment and withdrew a couple of paces. They made no move to attack, but continued to sit until Tarzan had finished his meal.

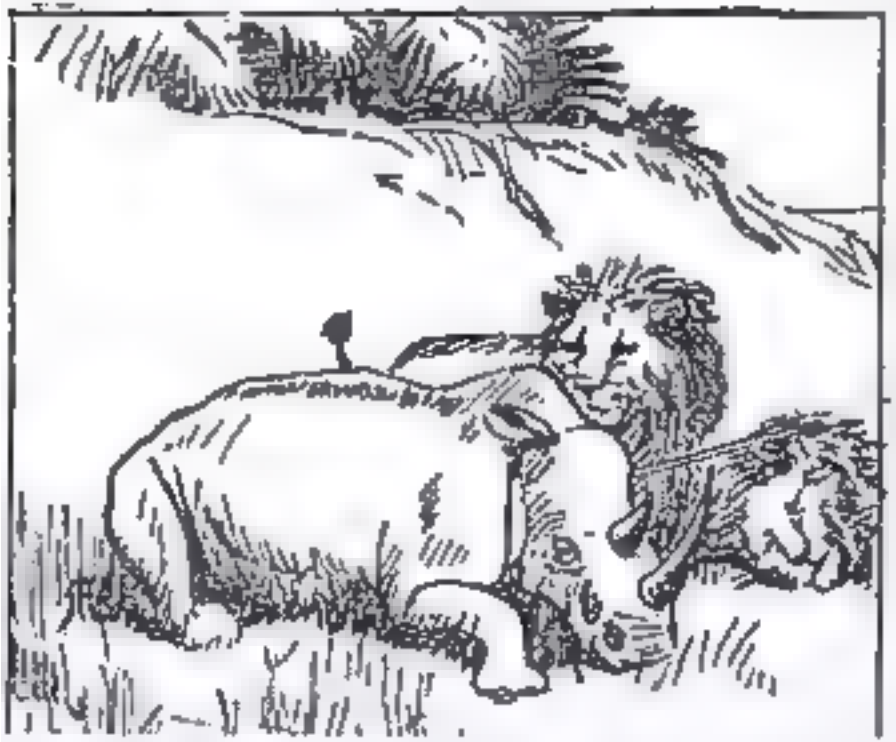
Then he walked slowly in the direction of the river to quench his thirst. His way lay directly toward the hyenas, nor did he alter his course because of them. With all the lordly majesty of Numa, the lion, he strode straight toward the growling beasts. For a moment they held their ground, bristling and defiant, and then slunk to one side as the indifferent ape-man passed them. A moment later they were tearing at the remains of the zebra.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Buto, the rhinoceros, his little pig eyes blazing, was charging madly toward the ape-man. Yet so perfectly were mind and muscles co-ordinated in this unspoiled primitive man that almost simultaneously with the sense perception of the threatened danger he wheeled and hurled his spear at Buto's neck. It was a heavy spear shod with iron, and behind it were the giant muscles of the ape-man, while coming to meet it was the enormous weight of Buto.

As his spear left his hand the ape-man was looking down upon the mighty horn of the irascible rhinoceros lowered to toss him, so close was Buto to him. The spear entered the rhinoceros' neck at its juncture with the left shoulder and passed almost entirely thru the beast's body. And at the same instant that he launched it Tarzan leaped straight into the air, alighting upon Buto's back, but escaping the mighty horn.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Tarzan saw the rhinoceros sink limply to his knees and roll over upon his side. The ape-man's spear had done its work! It was the man-made weapon which had killed the great beast that might easily have survived the assault of seven mighty lions. For Tarzan's spear had pierced the great lungs, and Buto, with victory almost in sight, succumbed to his internal wounds. Then Tarzan came down from his sanctuary as the wounded lions, growling, dragged themselves away.

The ape-man cut his spear from the body of Buto, hacked off a piece of a steak and vanished into the jungle. The episode was over. It had all been in the day's work—something that men would have talked about for a lifetime. Tarzan dismissed from his mind the moment the scene passed from his sight. Careless of his future and all oblivious of his past, the ape-man swung back thru the jungle in a wide circle that brought him to the river at another point.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The zeal of the religious fanatic, whose altar had been desecrated, was triply enhanced by the rage of a woman scorned. La knew that she was beautiful. Yet she had thrown her heart at the feet of the godlike ape-man and she had been repulsed. The fires of love in the heart of this physically perfect creature thus had been transmitted into a throbbing, pulsing volcano of hatred and revenge. How she longed to contemplate the death agonies of Tarzan!

He should be tortured with a slow and frightful death. In this state of mind, La led onward her jaboering company. Unused were these to the ways of the jungle, yet their very numbers protected them. Three great apes accompanied them, and to these was delegated the business of tracking the quarry, a feat beyond the senses of the Oparians. La commanded. She was a hard taskmaster, venting upon her misshapen people the brunt of her dissatisfaction and thwarted love.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 40

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When she was tired of walking La made her priests carry her upon a litter. She made them build her a strong shelter by night and keep a great fire burning before it from dusk to dawn. Nor did they question her right to such service. To them she was a goddess. For many days they marched, the apes following the trail easily, going a little ahead to warn of danger. It was during a noonday halt, when all were resting that one ape rose suddenly and sniffed the breeze.

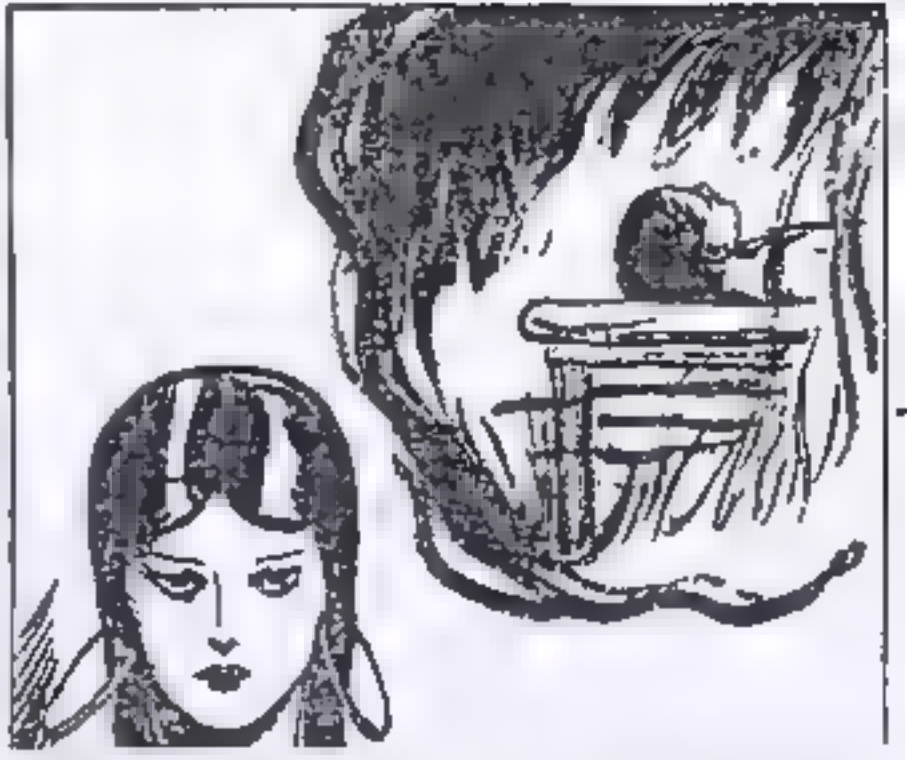
In a low guttural he cautioned the others and swung upwind into the jungle. La and the priests gathered together to await the return of the shaggy anthropoid. Nor had they long to wait. Emerging from a leafy thicket, he came straight to La and addressed her in the language of the great apes. "The great white ape lies asleep there," he pointed ahead. "Come and we can kill him." "Do not kill him," commanded La coldly. "Bring him to me alive and unhurt. The vengeance is La's."

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 41

Tarzan the mighty jungle creature lay helpless and bound at the feet of La, the High Priestess. Tomorrow in the face of the Flaming God she cried La will offer up the heart of this defiler of the temple! Where is the sacred knife? No one had seen the sacrificial weapon upon Tarzan's person when they captured him. The ape man looked upon the menacing creatures which surrounded him and smiled in defiance. He looked upon the beautiful La and sighed.

Where is the knife?" La asked him. "I do not know," replied Tarzan. "The man took it with him when he slipped away during the night. Of what good was your knife? You can make another. Did you follow us all this way for nothing more than a knife? Let me go and find him and I will bring it back to you. La shed a bitter laugh. In her heart she saw that Tarzan's sin was greater than the pilfering of the sacrificial knife, he had dared to spurn her love. That was worse.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 42



La looked upon the perfect, godlike figure and upon his handsome smiling face. Then she steeled her heart again by thoughts of her love spurned, by religious thoughts that condemned the infidel who had desecrated the holiest of holies and taken from the blood-stained altar of Opar the offering to the Flaming God. How handsome he was to her eyes! She compared him to those grotesque figures from whom she must choose a mate. La shuddered.

Night came and a great fire blazed without her hut. The flames playing upon the new altar she had caused to be erected aroused in the mind of the High Priestess a picture of the event of the coming dawn. Mentally she saw Tarzan writhing amid the flames of the burning pyre; she saw the shock of black hair tousled upon his head disappear in a spurt of flame. With clenched fists and closed eyes La of Opar stood above the object of her hate.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 43

Tarzan's bonds hurt him. He was thirsty and he was suffering the tortures of long-restricted circulation. With an angry growl he rolled over with his back toward Lo. So that was her answer! The High Priestess leaned to her feet. A hot flash of shame mantled her cheek. Then she went dead white and stepped to the shelter's entrance. "Come, Priests of the Flaming God!" she cried, "and make ready the sacrifice." In rushed the crooked beings and seized Tarzan.

Upon the rough branches of the altar they laid the ape-man. The High Priest approached with flaming torch. La came, too, with upraised knife, her face turned toward the rising sun and upon her lips a prayer to the burning deity of her people. The High Priest awaited La's signal. Tarzan closed his eyes and awaited his end. He knew that he would suffer; yet he did not flinch. He felt La lean over him. He opened his eyes and saw tears blinding her eyes.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 44

Nearer came the shrill trumpeting of an elephant. Now for the first time, La guessed the meaning of Tarzan's shrill scream—he had summoned Tantor, the elephant, to his rescue! La's brows contracted in a savage scowl. "You refuse La!" she cried. "Then die! The torch," she commanded, turning to the priest. Tarzan looked up into her face. "Tantor is coming," he said. "I thought that he would rescue me, but now I know from his voice that he will slay us all."

Tensely Tarzan listened to make sure. "Tantor has gone mad!" he cried, and La knew only too well that the ape-man had not exaggerated. "I cannot love you, La," said Tarzan in a low voice. "I do not know why for you are very beautiful. I could not go back and live in Opar. I who have the whole broad jungle to rove in. But I cannot see you die beneath the goring tusks of mad Tantor. Cut my bonds," he pleaded, "before it is too late and I may yet save you."

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 45

Suddenly upon this scene burst the mad bull elephant, a huge tusker, his little eyes inflamed with insane rage. The priests stood for an instant paralyzed with terror, but Tarzan turned and, gathering La in his arms, raced for the nearest tree. Tantor bore down upon him, trumpeting shrilly. La clung with both white arms about the ape-man's neck. She felt him leap into the air and, marveling at his strength and agility, swing nimbly with her into the tree's lower branches.

Now they were beyond the reach of the sinuous trunk of the pachyderm, who, baffled, wheeled and bore down upon the terror-stricken priests. After trampling many beneath his huge feet, back he tore to the tree where La and Tarzan perched. Failing to reach them only further enraged the mad creature. He bellowed and trumpeted and screamed until the earth shook. He put his head against the tree and pushed until the tree bent before his mighty strength; but still it held.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The priests grumbled and shook their heads. Tarzan could see that they were not favorably inclined to the proposition. They still wanted to complete the sacrifice of Tarzan to the Flaming God. Tarzan became impatient. "Obey your queen," he commanded. "Return to Opar with her or Tarzan of the Apes will call together the other creatures of the jungle and slay you all. Will you go, and promise that no harm shall befall her?" Sullenly at last they agreed.

Then Tarzan stepped close to Cadj, the High Priest. "Whoever harms La shall die. Remember, Tarzan will go again to Opar before the next rains, and if harm has befallen La woe betide you!" Sullenly, Cadj promised. "Protect her," cried Tarzan to the other Oparians, "so that when Tarzan comes again he will find La there to greet him." "La will wait lonesomely," exclaimed the High Priestess. "Oh, tell me that you will come!" "Who knows?" asked the ape-man, and he swung quickly into the trees.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 47

And on La with drooping head took up the long march to Opar. Tarzan of the Apes raced thru the trees until the darkness of night had settled upon the jungle. Then he lay down and slept, with no thought beyond the morrow and with even La but a shadow of a memory in his consciousness. And but a few marches to the north Lady Greystoke looked forward to the day when Tarzan should discover the crime of Achmet Zek and be speeding to rescue and revenge.

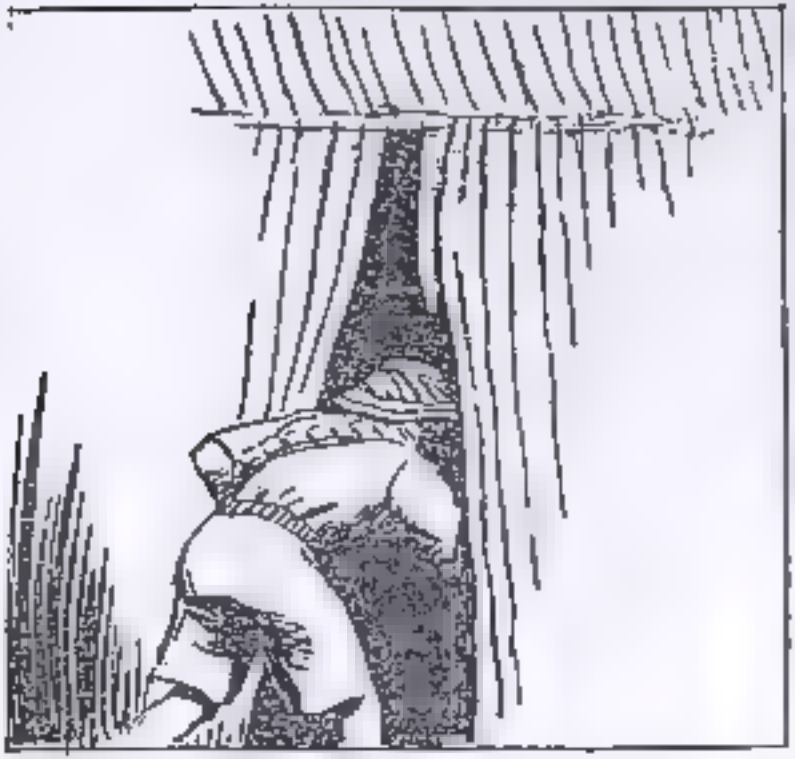
Yet even as she pictured him coming the object of her thoughts squatted a most naked beside a fallen log busily gnawing food from his grimy fingers. Like the gift of the jewels entered Tarzan's mind, and he conceived a desire to play with them again. Having nothing better to do, he started to the place where he had buried them. But when he came to the spot and dug with his hunting knife the gems were missing. Tarzan's brow clouded as he made the discovery.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 48

Perched in the branches of a great tree, Tarzan gazed down upon the colorful life within the inclosure. He knew his mighty powers, equally he realized his limitations. Here were too many for him to cope with. He must resort to the trickery and stealth of the wild beast if he was to succeed. He saw white-robed figures and half-naked blacks, but not once did he see one who resembled the stealer of the gems. Patiently he waited until the streets were deserted.

Over the sharpened projections of the palisade the ape-man tossed his coiled long rawhide rope. He drew the noose taut, then ran nimbly up the wall and dropped softly to the ground within the village. Before him stretched a series of tents and native huts. The business of exploring these was fraught with danger but it never appalled Tarzan. Thru a door, a window or an open chink, his nose told him whether or no his prey was within.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 49



Werper's astonishment surpassed words when he discovered an opening in the rear of Lady Greystoke's hut for he was certain that she has passed thru it in an attempt to escape the village. Also, he was crestfallen. From the first moment that he had laid eyes upon Jane Clayton he had nursed a secret passion for the beautiful American wife of the English lord. He had dreamed he might convince her Tarzan was dead play upon her gratitude for saving her and thus win her for himself.

However, there was no time to be lost over vain regrets. He knew Achmet Zek would discover the jewels and Werper had vanished. All too well he could picture that ruffian's rage and the subsequent search. He struck boldly out for the jungle. A few miles south of him Jane Clayton lay panting among the branches of a tree in which she had taken refuge from a prowling lioness. Her escape from the village had been much easier than she had anticipated.

Werper traveled slowly onward until dawn when, to his chagrin he discovered a mounted Arab on his trail. It was one of Achmet Zeke's minions searching for him. The Belgian hastily slid into the screening brush. Down the trail rode the white-robed figure of his pursuer. Nearer he came. Werper crouched closer to the ground. Across the trail a vine moved. Werper's eyes centered upon the spot, for there was no wind to stir the foliage in the jungle's depth.

Opposite from him a form gradually took shape—a tawny form, grim and terrible, with yellow-green eyes glaring fearsomely across the narrow trail straight into his. Werper could have screamed in fright but up the trail was coming the messenger of another death, equally sure and no less terrible. Paralyzed with fear he remained silent. The Arab approached. Across from Werper the lion crouched for the spring. When suddenly its attention was attracted toward the horseman

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 60

The Russian saw the massive lion's head turn in the direction of the raised and his mouth fell open in astonishment at the sight that met his eyes. At a word to his companion [illegible] the great beast crouched for the spring. Between the two and the lion lay the [illegible] Could he be but waiting for them to pass?

Werper shuddered and half arose. Just then the arm sprang from his encampment fell upon the mounted man. The horse with a shrill neigh of terror sprang sideways almost upon the Belgian, the lion disputed the business. A shriek [illegible] and the lion [illegible] and fled [illegible] Werper made for its enemy seized its prey and leaped upon the horse's back.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

A half hour later a naked giant, swinging easily thru the lower branches of the trees paused and with raised head and dilating nostrils, sniffed the morning air. The smell of blood fell strong upon his senses, and mingled with it was the scent of Numa the lion. He listened. Up the trail came the unmistakable noises of the greedy feeding of a lion. Halting above the grizzly scene, Tarzan looked down. Could this have been the man he was trailing? The ape-man wondered.

Then Tarzan fitted an arrow to his bow and, drawing the slim shaft far back, let drive with all the force of the tough wood that only he could bend. The arrow sank deeply into Numa's side. Tarzan dropped to the trail, ran quickly to the beast and drove his spear into the fierce heart. He was sure that the mangled form of the lion's prey was the man who had robbed him but nowhere was there any sign of the pouch of jewels. For once Tarzan had been fooled!

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 51

The ape-man turned back along the trail, deciding to return and search the Arabs' village once more. Scarcely had he taken to the trees than a tall, black warrior, moving at a dogged trot, passed toward the east. It was Muganbi searching for his mistress. Pausing, he examined the body of the dead lion. An expression of wonderment crossed his features. Tarzan had removed his arrows, but to Muganbi the proof of death was as strong as tho they still stuck in the carcass.

The black looked furtively about him. The lion's body was still warm, and from this fact he reasoned that the killer was close at hand; yet no sign of living man appeared. Muganbi shook his head and continued along the trail, but with redoubled caution. All day he traveled, stopping occasionally to call aloud the single word, "Lady," in the hope that at least she might hear and respond; but in the end his loyal devotion brought him to disaster.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

From the northeast for several months Abdul Mourak, in command of a detachment of Abyssinian soldiers, had been vainly searching for the Arab raider, Achmet Zek, who, six months previously, had affronted the majesty of Abyssinia's emperor by a slave raid within that monarch's boundaries. And now it happened that Abdul Mourak had halted for a noonday rest upon the very day and along the same trail that both Werper and Alagambi were following toward the east.

It was shortly after the soldiers had dismounted that the Belgian, unaware of their presence, rode his tired mount almost into their midst before he discovered them. Instantly he was surrounded and a volley of questions hurled at him as he was pulled from his horse and led into the presence of the commander. Falling back upon his European nationality Werper assured Abdul Mourak that he was a Frenchman, hunting in Africa, his safari killed by bandits or scattered.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 52

When Werper learned that the Abyssinians were enemies of Achmet Zek he took heart. But lest he himself again fall into the hands of the raider, he discouraged Abdul Mourak from further pursuit, telling him that Achmet Zek had a large and dangerous force and was marching rapidly toward the south. Convinced that it would take a long time to overhaul the raider, Mouraw abandoned his plan and prepared to return to Abyssinia.

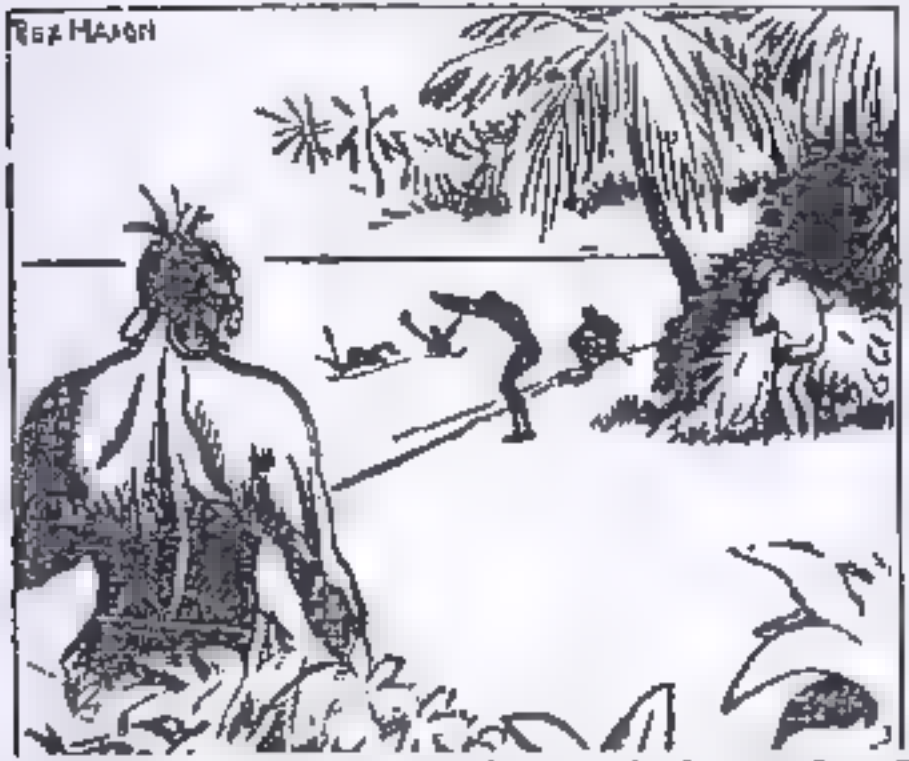
Late that afternoon the attention of the camp was attracted by the sound of a powerful voice calling a single word, repeated several times. "Lady! Lady! Lady! Several soldiers advanced stealthily thru the jungle toward the author of the call. A half hour later they returned, dragging Mugambi among them. Now the big black's eyes fell upon the former guest of his master, the supposed M. Jules Precoult. Between Precoult and the disasters of his master Mugambi saw a sinister relationship.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

And so he did not recall his identity to Werper and the man failed to recognize him. Pleading that he was but a harmless hunter from a native tribe, Mugambi begged to be allowed to go upon his way, but Abdul Mourak, admiring the warrior's splendid physique, decided to take him back to Adis Abeba and present him to Emperor Menelek. Then Werper and Mugambi were marched away under guard, and the Belgian learned for the first time that he, too, was a prisoner rather than a guest.

In vain he protested against such treatment, until a strapping soldier struck him across the mouth and threatened to shoot him if he did not desist. Mugambi, on the other hand, courted the good opinion of his captors, thinking that during the course of the journey he would find ample opportunity to elude the vigilance of his guards and make good his escape. He and Werper were kept together, and there came a time when the powerful black learned a very surprising thing, by accident.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 53



One afternoon of a sultry day the party had camped beside a clear, beautiful stream. The bottom of the river was gravelly and there was no indication of crocodiles. So the Abyssinians took advantage of the opportunity to perform long-deferred and much-needed ablutions. As Werper, who, with Mugambi, had been given permission to enter the water, removed his clothing the black noted the care with which he unfastened something which encircled his waist.

Taking off his shirt, he took care to keep it always around and concealing the object of his suspicious solicitude. This very carefulness aroused a natural curiosity in Mugambi's mind. In the nervousness of overcaution the Belgian fumbled and dropped the hidden article. Mugambi was no unsophisticated savage. He had been to London with his master, and, besides, he was a shrewd and intelligent man. The jewels of Opar rolled, scintillating, before his astonished eyes.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Mugambi recognized them for what they were Furthermore, he recognized something else, too, that interested him far more deeply than the value of the stones. He recognized that leathern pouch! Often he had seen it dangling at the side of Tarzan of the Apes. Werper saw that Mugambi had seen the pouch and the jewels. Hastily he gathered them both up, while Mugambi, assuming an air of indifference, strolled down to the river for his bath.

The following morning Abdul Mourak was enraged and chagrined to discover that his huge black prisoner had escaped during the night, while Werper was terrified for the same reason, until his trembling fingers discovered the pouch still in its place beneath his shirt and within it the hard outlines of its contents. It was not until several days were to elapse that the Belgian was to find that what he thought were the jewels of Opar had mysteriously turned to little, smooth pebbles!

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 54

Achmet Zek had circled with two of his followers far to the south to intercept the flight of his deserting lieutenant, Werper. Others had spread in various directions so that a vast circle was formed as they were bearing in toward the center. Achmet Zek halted for a short rest just before noon upon the edge of a clearing. The raiders' chief was in ill humor. To have been outwitted by an unbeliever was bad enough but at the same time to have lost the jewels was too much.

Allah must indeed be angry with his servant. Well he still had the woman. She would bring a fair price in the north, and there was, too, the buried treasure back in the ruins of the [illegible] home [illegible] a little time in the [illegible] of Opar with one of the [illegible] beauties. Achmet Zek to avert a tension [illegible] for [illegible] he [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] paused as [illegible] a woman's face appeared, [illegible] fearfully about her.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

A moment later she stepped out in full view of the Arab. Achmet Zek caught his breath with a muttered exclamation of incredulity. The woman was the prisoner he had thought safely guarded at his camp! Apparently she was alone but the Arab waited, that he might be sure of it before seizing her. Slowly Jane Clayton started across the clearing. She had escaped many dangers and tho she despaired of ever reaching safety she was determined to fight on until death or success ended her flight.

As Achmet Zek noted with satisfaction that she was walking directly into his clutches another pair of eyes looked down upon the entire scene from the foliage of an adjacent tree. Puzzled, troubled eyes they were, for their owner was struggling with the idea that the face and figure of the woman below him were familiar. A sudden crashing brought the woman and the Arabs to frozen attention. The woman turned to see what new danger threatened just as a great anthropoid ape waddled into view.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 55

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The Arabs saw that they would not have time to mount and make their escape before the beasts and the apes were upon them. Achmet Zek remembered the letter as the arch-intended enemy of such as he, and he saw, too, in the circumstances an opportunity to rid himself forever of the menace of the ape-man's presence. Calling to his men to follow his example, he raised his rifle and leveled it upon the charging giant. His followers, obeying him, all fired simultaneously.

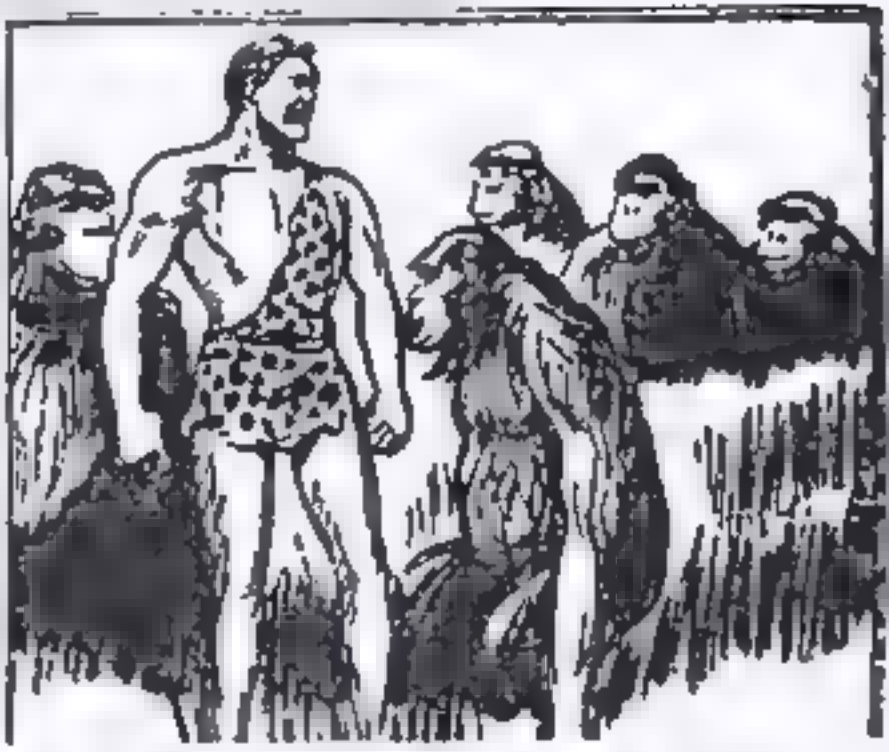
And with the report of the rifles Tarzan of the Apes and two of his hairy bodyguard pitched forward among the purple grasses. The rage of the wild beasts brought the balance of the apes in a wondering pause and taking advantage of their moment of distraction Achmet Zek and his fellows leaped to their horses' backs and galloped away with a now hopeless and grief-stricken woman. Again Lady Greystoke found herself a prisoner, this time bound and with an additional sentry.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 56

Singly and in twos the searchers, who had hidden out with Achmet Zek upon the trail of the Belgian, returned empty-handed. With the report of each, the raider's rage and chagrin increased, until he was in such a transport of ferocious anger that none dared approach him. Achmet Zek paced up and down in his silken tent, but his rage served him naught. Werper was gone, and with him was gone the fortune in gems which had aroused the Arab's greed.

After the escape of the Arabs the great apes had turned their attention to their fallen comrades. One was dead, but another and the great white ape still breathed. The hairy monsters gathered about these two, grumbling and muttering after the fashion of their kind. Tarzan was the first to regain consciousness. Sitting up, he looked about him. The shock had thrown him down and dazed him, but save for a wound in his shoulder he was far from dead. He rose slowly to his feet.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



The ape-man's eyes wandered toward the spot where last he had seen the "she" who had aroused such strange emotions within his savage breast. "Where is she?" he asked. "The Tarmangani took her away," replied one of the apes. "Who are you who speak the language of the Mangani?" "I am Tarzan," replied the ape-man, "mighty hunter, greatest of fighters. When I roar the jungle trembles. I am Tarzan of the Apes. I have been away, but now I have come back to my people."

The other apes came closer and sniffed at the ape-man. "Yes," spoke up an old ape, "he is Tarzan. I know him. It is well that he has come back. Now we shall have good hunting." Tarzan stood very still, his fangs bared, his muscles tense and ready for action, but there was none there to question his right to be with them, and presently the inspection satisfactorily concluded, the apes wished to continue upon their interrupted march. But Tarzan preferred to follow the Arabs and the "she."

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 57

After a considerable argument it was decided that the [illegible] toward the east for a few days and then [illegible] for the Arabs. As [illegible] to the apelike Tarzan acceded to their demand, he himself having received a mental shock but little superior to their own. Before Tarzan's second had become normal—it would be better to wait before [illegible] until that happened before he pitted himself against the Arab guns.

And so as Jane Clayton was pushed into her prison [illegible] her hands and feet were bound, her natural protector in the hands of cannibals with a score of lusty [illegible] with whom he rubbed shoulders as familiarly as a few months before he had mingled with his immaculate fellow members of one of London's most select and exclusive clubs. But all the time there lurked in the back of his mind a troublesome conviction that he had no business where he was.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

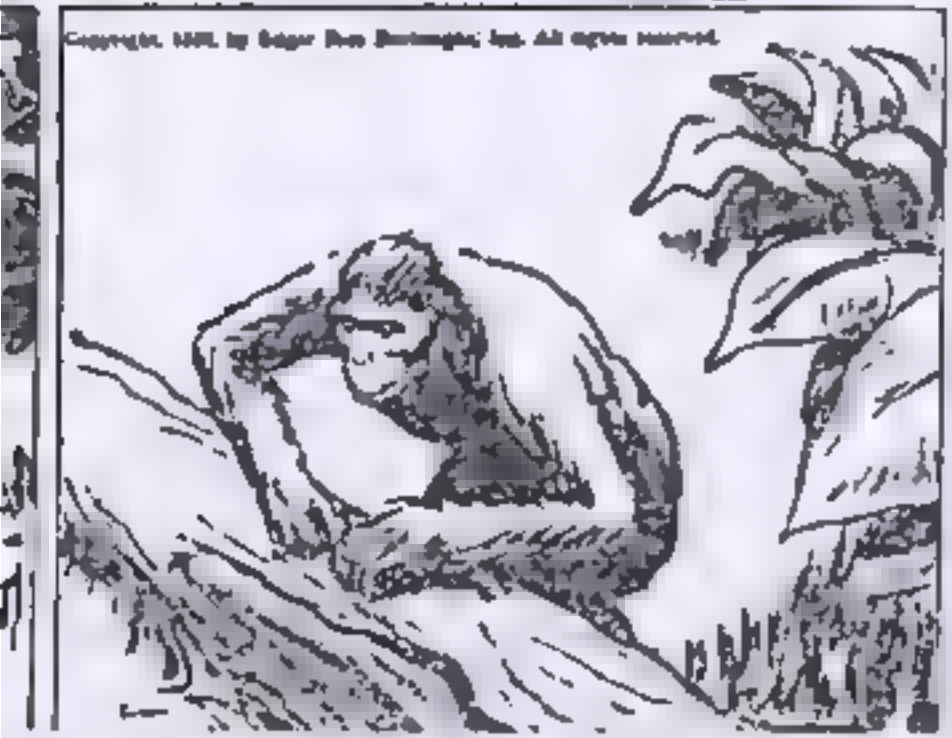
Some time kept telling him he should be elsewhere and [illegible] of course. And [illegible] there was the [illegible] urge to rescue that white [illegible] who had so strongly appealed to his savage [illegible]. He had set his heart upon her as his mate. The matter of the [illegible] of jewels also occupied his thoughts. I will get those white apes," he muttered, "get my pretty beasts and the girl." And then he would return with both of them to the land of apes.

Then he would [illegible] far [illegible] which he [illegible] He spoke to [illegible] an attempt to [illegible] but an [illegible] was young and [illegible] much imagination. To him the adventure appealed strongly.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 58

Of the one hope these two were to be Tarzan's [illegible] to the [illegible] of Ant[illegible]. The [illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] that the [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Chulk was at first for rushing rapidly ahead as tho the village of the raiders was but an hour's march before them instead of several days. But within a few minutes a fallen tree attracted his attention with its aggregation of rich and succulent forage beneath. Tarzan, missing him, returned in search to find Chulk squatted beside the rotting hole busily engaged in digging out grubs and beetles. And then Tagat would turn up missing. It was exasperating, but Tarzan was patient.

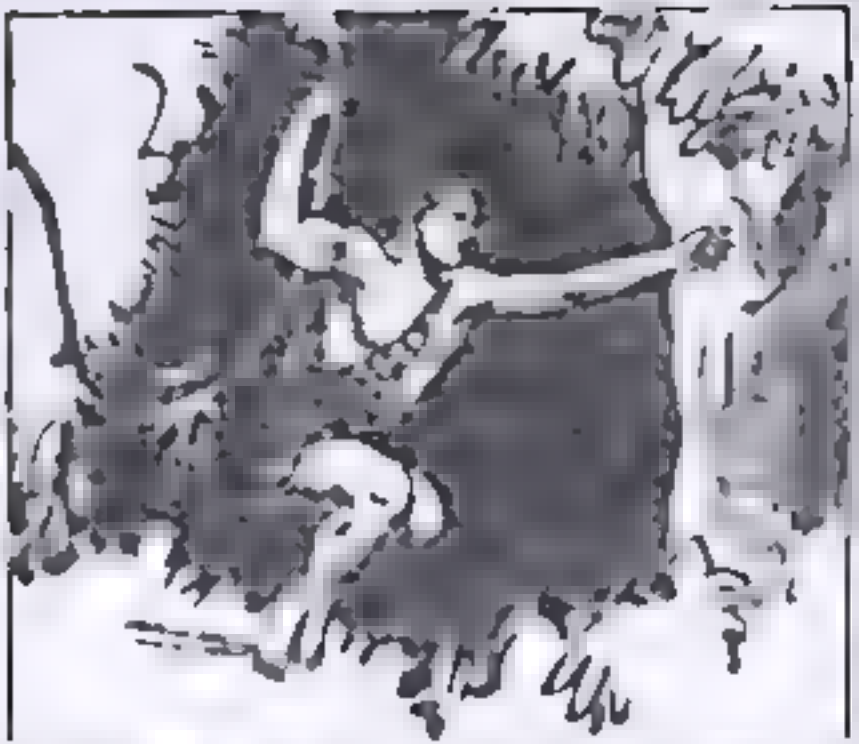
All this delay retarded Tarzan's journey to the village of Achmet Zek. There was no help for it however, for in Tarzan's mind was a plan which necessitated the presence of Chulk and Tagat when he should come to his destination. It was not easy to keep them together and the ape-man succeeded only because Chulk's mind was full of the alluring pictures of food to be found in the white ape's village and Tagat had his mind on his own secret purpose in accompanying Tarzan.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO 59

It was mid afternoon of a sultry tropical day when the keen senses of the three warned them of the proximity of the Arab camp. Stealthily they approached keeping to the dense tangle of growth [illegible] made concealment easy to their [illegible]. [illegible] the great ape-man [illegible] knew that something was the matter [illegible] the [illegible] of the large Baluchan clan [illegible] and tragic [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] they made their way to the edges of the clearing which surrounded the palisade and here they clambered into the lower branches of a large tree overlooking the village occupied by the enemy. [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]. A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

BY E[illegible]AR RICE BURR[illegible]HS



From one jungle giant to the next he sped with the rapidity of a shadow, and the silence of a ghost. The Arab rode silently onward unconscious of the danger [illegible] in the trees behind him. The [illegible]

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 60

Ten minutes later the ape-man carrying the outer garments of an Arab bundled between an arm, rejoined his companions. He exhibited his trophies to them explaining in low guttorals the details of his exploit. Chuk and Tantat fingered the fabrics, rubbed of them and placing them to their ears tried to listen to them. Then Tarzan led them back thru the jungle to the trail where the three had themselves and waited. Nor had they long to wait . . .

Soon two of Achmet Zek's men, clothed in habiliments similar to the r master's came down the trail on foot returning to camp. One moment they were laughing and talking together the next they lay stretched full length—three mighty engines of destruction bending over them. Tarzan removed their outer garments as he had removed those of his first victim and again retired with Chuk and Tantat to the greater seclusion of the tree they had at first selected.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Here the ape-man arranged the garments upon his shaggy fellows and himself until at a distance, it might have appeared that three white-robed Arabs squatted silently among the forest branches. Until dark they remained there, for from this point of vantage Tarzan could view the enclosures within the palisade. He marked the position of the hut in which he had first discovered the scent spoor of the "she" he sought. Also he located Achmet Zek's habitation.

Chulk and Taglat were at first greatly interested in their wonderful raiment. They regarded each other intently with every mark of satisfaction and pride. Chulk, a humorist in his way, stretched forth a long and hairy arm and grasping the hood of Taglat's burnoose, pulled it down over the latter's eyes, extinguishing him as if like. He was a born pessimist. "Creatures lay their paws on me," he reasoned, "either to search for fleas or to attack."

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 61

The pulling of this Tarmangani-scented thing over his head Taglat knew, was not the method of brotherly searching for fleas, therefore he must be being attacked! Chulk was attacking him! With a snarl he was at the other's throat. Tarzan leaped upon the two and swaying and toppling upon their insecure perch the three great beasts tussled and snapped at each other until the ape man finally succeeded in separating the enraged anthropoids.

Accustomed to frequent arguments in which more hair than blood is wasted, the apes speedily forgot such trivial encounters, and presently Chulk and Taglat were again squatting near each other in peaceful repose. After darkness Tarzan quitted the tree and led the apes to the palisade. This he quickly climbed, unslung his spear and lowered it to the waiting Chulk who seized it and climbed quickly up the shaft to Tarzan's side.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

In like manner Tantor was hoisted and a moment later the [illegible] dumped silently within the enclosure. Their [illegible] led them to the hut where Jane Clayton was a prisoner. To Cornish it seemed not one hut, but [illegible] was for Tarzan. All that he had was to bury his scent so that Tarzan had told him was to be [illegible] But [illegible] eyes craftily narrowed. Here was the very [illegible] of his carefully [illegible] plan. He licked his chops and made soft noises with his lips

Cornish and Tantor [illegible] to [illegible] to [illegible] of the [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] was where he had [illegible] to find [illegible] Tarzan and his [illegible] toward the [illegible] of Achmet Zek. A passing Arab [illegible] but it [illegible] was the white [illegible] had the [illegible] the apes and the [illegible] [illegible] made [illegible] way. When the [illegible] Achmet Zek [illegible] with several of [illegible] Tarzan [illegible]

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 62

Lieut. Albert Werper terrified at the fate which might await him at Adis Abeba tried to think of some scheme of escape. After Magango had evaded their vigilance the Abyssinians redoubled their guard about Werper. For a while he considered bribing Abdul Mourak with some of the jewels of Opar and then there dawned on him an idea whereby he could keep the jewels, satisfy the greed of the Abyssinian and also gain his freedom. He requested an audience with the big chief.

As the Belgian entered the presence of his captor Abdul Mourak eyed him frowningly. When Werper announced he wished to purchase his liberty the Abyssinian laughed long and loud. "Pay for it?" he jeered. "What with? The rags upon your back? Get out!" "Listen to me," pleaded Werper. "If I can give you as much gold as 10 men may carry will you promise to take me safely to the English commissioner?" "You are crazy," replied Abdul. "Where have you as much gold as that?"

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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"Promise," said Werper "and I will lend you to it." Abdul Mourak had ceased to laugh. He eyed the Belgian intently. The fellow seemed sane enough—yet 10 loads of gold. The Abyssinian thought in silence for a moment. "Well and if I promise, how far is this gold?" "A long week's march to the south," replied Werper. "And if we do not find it where you say it is, do you realize what your punishment will be?" "If it is not there I will forfeit my life," replied the Belgian.

"I know it is there, for I saw it buried with my own eyes," he continued earnestly. "You will stake your life against the finding of the gold?" asked Abdul. Werper assented with a nod of his head. "Very well," said the Abyssinian. "I promise to free you, even tho we find but five loads of gold. But until it is in my possession you remain a prisoner." "I am satisfied," said Werper. "Tomorrow we start?" Abdul Mourak nodded, and the Belgian returned to his guards.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR No. 63

The following day the Abyssinian soldiers were surprised to receive an order which turned their faces from the northeast to the south. And so it happened that upon the very night that Tarzan and the two apes entered the village of the raider the Abyssinians camped but a few miles to the east of the same spot. Werper now dreamed of freedom and the unmolested enjoyment of the fortune in his stolen pouch—the jewels of Opar. About Meriem thought of these fifty heads of gold.

And because of the same gold Achmet Zek gave orders to his lieutenants that they should prepare a force of fighting men and carriers at once. These were to proceed to the ruins of the Englishmans dugout on the morrow and bring back the fabulous fortune which his renegade countryman had told him was buried there. And as he delivered his instructions to those within a great distance summoned without his tent waiting to the time to enter in safety. At last the worthy companions of Achmet

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Zek quitted his tent, and the leader went with them to smoke a pipe with one of their number, leaving his own silken habitation unguarded. Scarcely had they left when a knife blade was thrust through the fabric of the rear wall, some six feet above the ground, and a swift downward stroke opened an entrance to those who waited without. Through the opening came the ape man, searching for the jewels of Oparr. Close behind him came the huge Chulk.

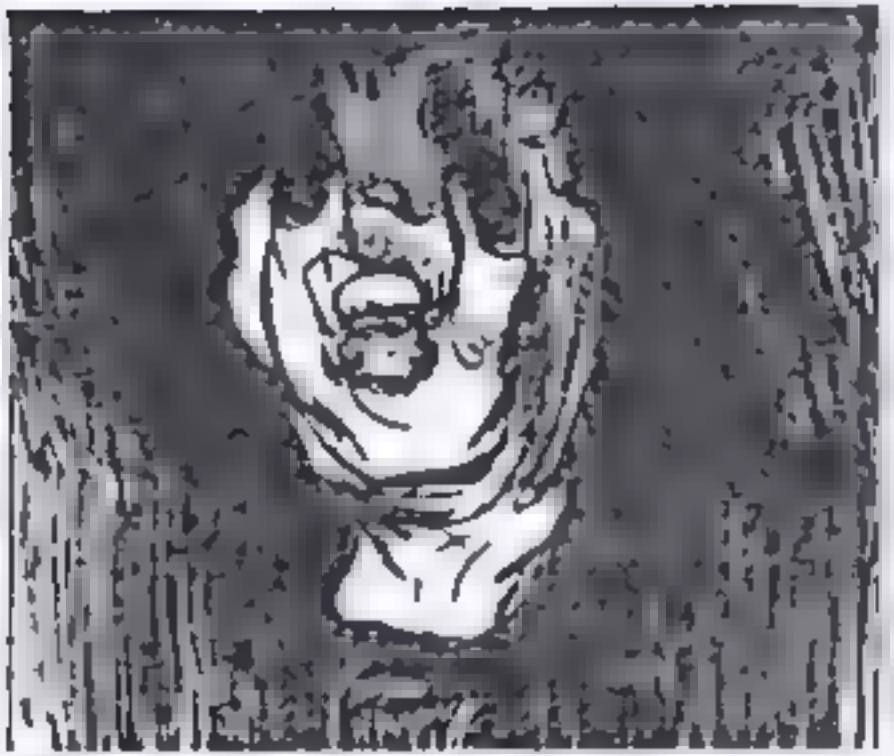
But Taspat did not follow them. Instead, he turned and slunk through the darkness toward the tent where the "she" who had aroused his brutish attention lay securely bound. Before the doorway the sentries conversed. Within the young woman lay upon a sleeping mat, resigned through utter hopelessness to whatever fate lay in store for her. Creeping silently toward the sentries a figure approached the shadows at one end of the hut. Here it halted and peered around the corner of it.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 64

The sentries were but a few paces away from the ape, but Taglat did not dare expose himself, even for an instant to those feared and hated thunder-sticks which the Tarmangani knew so well how to use. If there were another and safer method of attack. Taglat wished there was a tree nearby from the overhanging branches of which he might spring upon his unsuspecting prey; but the there was no tree, the idea gave birth to a plan in his wicked brain.

The eaves of the hut were just above the heads of the sentries—from them he could spring upon the Tarmangani unseen. A quick snap of his mighty jaws would dispose of one of them before the other realized that they were being attacked, and then it would be easy to dispose of the second. Taglat withdrew a few paces to the rear of the hut, gathered himself for the effort, ran quickly forward and leaped high in the air. He struck the roof directly above the rear wall of the hut.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



The structure reinforced by the wall beneath held his enormous weight for an instant. Then he moved forward a step. The roof sagged, the thatch was parted and the great ape, roaring, shot down into the interior. The servants, hearing the noise, leaped to their feet and rushed into the hut. Jane Clayton tried to rise as the great form fell upon the floor, so close to her that one foot pinned her clothing to the ground. The ape reached down and gathered her up in one mighty arm.

The burnoose covered the hairy body so that Jane Clayton believed a human arm supported her. From the extremity of hopelessness a great hope surged that perhaps at last she was in the keeping of a rescuer. The two servants hesitated, knowing not what had caused the disturbance. Their eyes not yet accustomed to the darkness of the interior, told them nothing. Nor did they hear any sound, for the hairy monster stood silently awaiting their attack.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 65

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 66

Tarzan, entering the tent of Achmet Zek, searched the interior thoroly. He tore the bed to pieces and scattered the contents of box and bag about the floor. He investigated whatever his eyes discovered, nor did those organs overlook a single article within the habitation of the raider chief; but no pouch of pretty pebbles rewarded his thoroness. Satisfied at last that his belongings were not in the possession of Achmet Zek, Tarzan decided to secure the "sha."

After that he would further search for the pouch containing the jewels of Opar. Motioning Chuk to follow him, the ape-man passed out of the tent by the same way he had entered it and, walking boldly thru the village, made directly for the hut where Jane Clayton had been imprisoned. He noted with surprise the absence of Tugat, whom he had expected to find awaiting him outside the tent of Achmet Zek, but he was accustomed to the unreliability of apes, and gave it no serious attention.

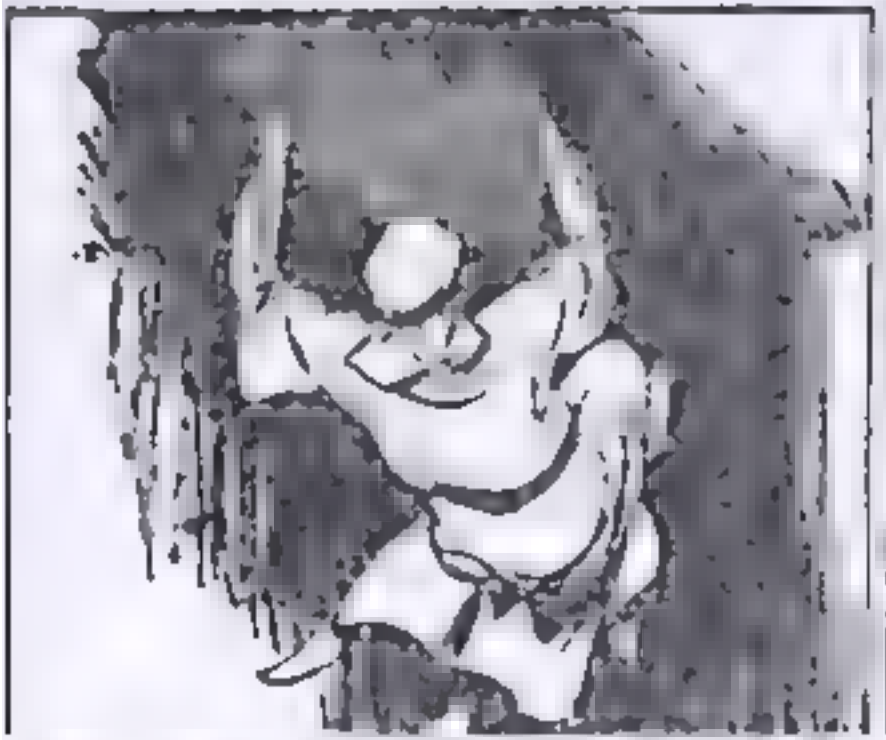
BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

So long as Taglat did not cause interference with his plans, Tarzan was indifferent to his absence. As he approached the hut the ape-man noticed that a crowd had collected about the entrance. He could see that the men who composed it were much excited, and, fearing that Chulk's disguise should prove inadequate to the concealment of his true identity in the face of so many observers, he commanded the ape to betake himself off to the far end of the village and there await him.

Chulk waddled off, keeping to the shadows. Tarzan advanced toward the group before the doorway. He mingled with the blacks and Arabs, trying to learn the cause of the commotion, totally forgetting in his interest that only he carried a spear and a bow and arrows and thus might become an object of suspicion. Which was just what happened! As Tarzan shouldered his way forward an Arab grabbed him, crying "Who is this?" at the same time snatching back the hood from the ape-man's face.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 67

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 68

For the present Tarzan knew he must give up the search for the pouch since it would be suicidal to enter the Arab camp now, while all the inhabitants were aroused and on the alert. In his escape from the village the ape-man had lost the scent spoor of the fleeing Taglat and now he circled wildly thru the forest in an effort to pick it up again. Finally he caught it and sped swiftly over the trail of Taglat and the "she," who had halted in a little moonlit glade.

Chulk had remained at his post until the cries and shots of the Arabs had filled his simple soul with terror for above all things the ape-folk fear the thunder-sticks of the Tarmangani. Then he had clambered nimbly over the palisade, tearing off his burnoose in the effort, and fled into the depths of the jungle, grumbling and scolding as he went . . . Meanwhile Jane Clayton had been carried by the great ape, Taglat, far into the forest. She was unconscious from fright.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The beast was tearing at the bones that confined her arms, pulling and gnawing upon the cords. The course that Tarzan was taking would carry him but a short distance to the right of them, and tho he could not have seen them the wind was bearing down from them to him carrying the spoor of the ape strongly toward him. A moment more and Jane Clayton's safety might have been assured, even tho Numa the lion was already gathering himself for a charge.

But Fate already too cruel, now outdid herself. The wind veered suddenly for a few moments and the spoor that would have led the ape-man to the girl's side was wafted in the opposite direction. Tarzan passed within 50 yards of the tragedy that was being enacted in the glade, and the opportunity was gone beyond recall. It was morning before Tarzan could bring himself to realization of the possibility of failure in his quest.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 69

The [illegible] search for Tarzan and the [illegible] had been [illegible]. Tarzan believed that success had been [illegible] he would eat and sleep and then set forth again. The jungle was [illegible] where the experiences and cleverness of Tarzan [illegible] must prove true, for his lesson would find him in the end, but he had to search every tree in the nearby forest. Suddenly [illegible] saw a man [illegible] the spoor of [illegible] the deer, upon which he had decided to satisfy his hunger.

[illegible] from all over the trail led the warrior [illegible] [illegible] a well-marked [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Whatever it was matched [illegible] to Tarzan of the Apes, he was ready and waiting to defend his kill against any other denizen of the jungle. On came the unseen foe! The ape-man crouched, but his back was toward the [illegible]. He poised with bent knees, [illegible] knife above the tree trunk through which came the approaching hoof beats of the [illegible]ed Bara. In a moment the victim passed behind the kill and the ape-man dropped down upon its back.

Presently [illegible], after [illegible] Tarzan lay quiet again in the [illegible] waiting [illegible] the pad [illegible] of the [illegible] who might know [illegible] Bara or how close [illegible] came the sound of [illegible] pad. Presently a [illegible] emerged. Among them came one [illegible] Tarzan recognized but so schooled was the ape-man in the control of his emotions that not a muscle of his face betrayed his inward excitement.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 70

Beneath Tarzan, as unconscious of his presence as were the Abyssinians before and behind him rode Albert Werper while the ape-man scrutinized the Belgian for some sign of the jewels of Opar. As the Abyssinians rode forward the south a pair of eyes looked down upon them from a face almost as wild as that of the naked man who carried the carcass of a deer upon his broad shoulders—for Tarzan knew that he might not have another chance to hunt if he were to follow the Belgian.

To endeavor to snatch Werper from the midst of the armed horsemen not even Tarzan would attempt. So the Abyssinians and the Belgian rode on and always Tarzan of the Apes swung silently thru the swaying branches of the jungle tangle. A two days journey brought them to a level plain beyond which lay mountains—a plain which Tarzan remembered and which aroused within him vague half memories and strange longings.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Out upon the plain the horsemen rode, and at a safe distance behind them crept the ape-man, taking advantage of such cover as the ground afforded. Beside a charred pile of timbers the Abyssinians halted, and Tarzan sneaking close and concealing himself in the shrubbery, watched them. He saw them digging in the earth. Then he recalled how he had buried his pretty pebbles and the suggestion that had caused him to do it. They were digging for the things the blacks had buried here!

Presently he saw them uncover a dirty, yellow object and he witnessed the joy of Werper and of Abdul Mourak as the grimy object was exposed to view. One by one they unearthed similar pieces, until a pile of them lay upon the ground—a pile which Abdul Mourak fondled and petted in an ecstacy of greed. Something stirred in the ape-man's mind as he looked long upon the golden ingots. Where had he seen such before? What were they? Why did these white apes want them and whose were they?

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 71

Tarzan recalled the black men who had buried them. These things must be theirs. Werper was stealing them as he had stolen Tarzan's pouch of jewels. The ape-man's eyes blazed at Werper. He would like to find these black men and tell them where these things lay, but something told him that it was not for him. As all these things ran through the ape-man's brain a party of men moved out of the jungle at the edge of the plain and advanced toward the ruins of the burned bungalow.

Abdul Mourak, always watchful, was the first to see them, but already they were halfway across the open. He called to his men to mount and head them off, as resistance for in the heart of Africa with only a few rifles against a savage host is fraught with great danger. Werper, seeing that Tarzan's attention was upon the approaching men, drew close and whispered. Turning toward Abdul Mourak, he said: "Abdul Mourak and his people have whispered, 'They also have come for Opar's gold.'"

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Achmet Zek had already seen the party beside the ruins of the Englishman's bungalow. Also, he had seen the pile of ingots. That which he had feared had happened. Someone had tricked him—another had come for the treasure ahead of him. The Arab was crazed with rage. Everything recently had gone against him. He had lost the jewels, the Belgian, and for the second time he had lost the English woman. Now someone had come to rob him of the treasure he had thought so safely hidden.

He cared not who the thieves might be. They would not give up the gold without a battle—of that he was certain—and with a wild whoop and a command to his followers Achmet Zek put spurs to his horse and dashed down upon the Abyssinians. And after him, waving their guns above their heads, came the motley horde of cutthroats. Abdul Mourak's men met them with a volley that emptied a few saddles, and then the raiders were among them, sword, pistol and muskets doing hideous work.

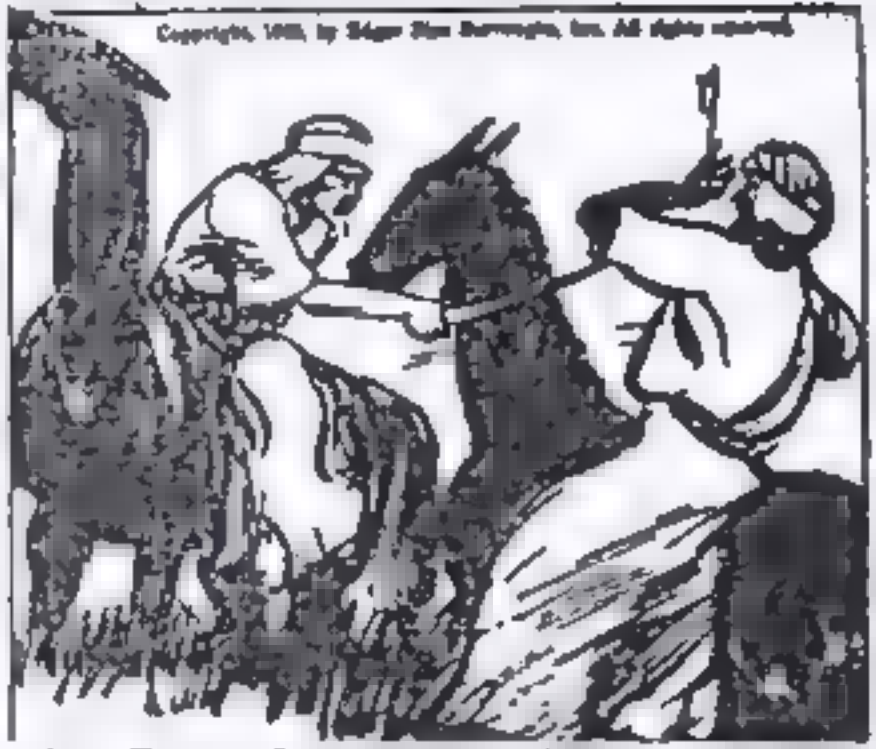
TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 72

Achmet Zek spying Werper at the head of the charge bor down upon the Belgian, who, terrified by contemplation of the fate he deserved, turned his horse's head and dashed madly away in an effort to escape. Shouting to a lieutenant to take command and urging him upon pain of death to dispatch the Abyssinians and bring back the gold to his camp, Achmet Zek, unable to forego the pleasures of revenge, set off across the plain in pursuit of the Belgian.

As the pursued and the pursuer raced madly toward the distant forest the battle behind them raged with bloody savageness. No quarter was asked or given by either the ferocious Abyssinians or the murderous followers of Achmet Zek. From the concealment of the dry rubbery Tarzan watched the momentary conflict which so effectually surrounded him that he found no loophole thru which he might escape to follow Werper and the Arab chief.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The Abyssinians were formed in a circle which included Tarzan's position. Around them and into them galloped the yelling raiders now darting away now charging in to deliver thrusts and cuts with their curved swords. Achmet Zek's men were more in number. Slowly but surely the soldiers of Menelik were being exterminated. To Tarzan the result was immaterial. He watched with but a single purpose to escape the ring of blood-mad fighters and be away after the Belgian and his pouch.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When Tarzan first discovered Werper upon the trail he had thought his eyes must be playing him false, so certain was he that the thief had been slain by Numa. But after two days of watching he no longer doubted the identity of the man. As Tarzan crouched in hiding among the unkempt shrubbery which so short a while before had been the pride and delight of the wife he no longer recalled an Arab and an Abyssinian wheeled their mounts close to him, slashing away with their swords.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 73

Step by step the Arab beat back his adversary until the latter's horse all but trod upon the ape-man. Then a vicious blow toppled the black warrior backward almost upon Tarzan. As the fellow tumbled from his saddle the possibility of escape which was represented by the riderless horse electrified the ape-man to instant action. Before the frightened beast could gather himself for flight a naked giant was astride its back.

A strong hand had grasped the bridle rein and the surprised Arab discovered a new foe in the saddle of him whom he had slain. But this enemy wielded no sword and his spear and bow remained upon his back. The Arab recovered from his first surprise, dashed in to annihilate this presumptuous stranger. He aimed a mighty blow at the ape-man's head—a blow which swung harmlessly into thin air as Tarzan ducked from its path.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

And then the Arab felt the other's horse brushing his leg, a great arm shot out and encircled his waist, and before he could recover himself the Arab was dragged from his saddle. Tarzan used him as a shield on a mad run straight thru the encircling ranks of his enemies. Just beyond them he tossed this human shield aside upon the ground. The last the Arab saw of his strange foeman was as Tarzan galloped off across the plain in the direction of the forest beyond.

For another hour the battle raged, nor did it cease until the last of the Abyssinians lay dead upon the ground or had galloped off toward the north in flight. But a handful of men escaped, among them Abdul Mourak. The victorious raiders collected about the pile of gold ingots which the Abyssinians had uncovered and there awaited the return of their leader. But their exultation was mixed with a new fear—the strange apparition of the white man galloping away!

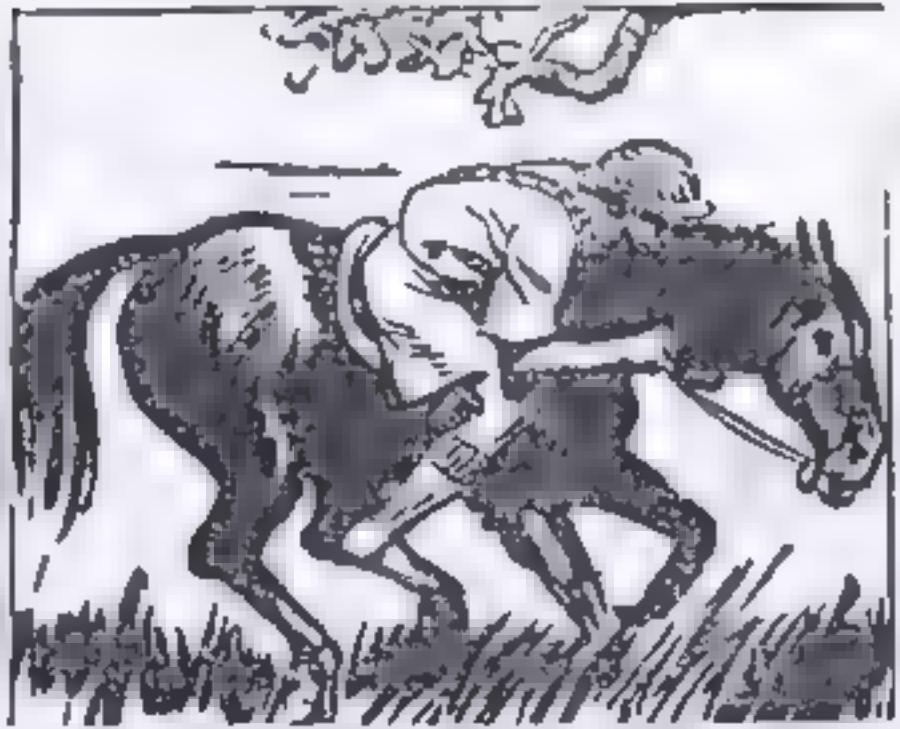
TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 74

All of the Arabs were familiar with the name and fame of Tarzan of the Apes. The fact that they had recognized the white giant as the ferocious enemy of the wrongdoers of the jungle added to their terror for they had been assured that Tarzan was dead. Naturally superstitious, they fully believed that they had seen the disembodied spirit of the dead man. Now they cast fearful glances about them in expectation of the ghost's early return to the scene of the ruins they had wrought.

In frightened whispers the Arabs discussed the probable nature of the vengeance which the giant would inflict upon them should he return to find them in possession of his gold. As they conversed their terror grew. While from the concealment of the reeds along the river below them a small party of naked black warriors watched their every move. From the heights beyond the river these black men had heard the noise of the conflict, and, creeping warily down, had forded the river and advanced into the reeds to wait and watch.

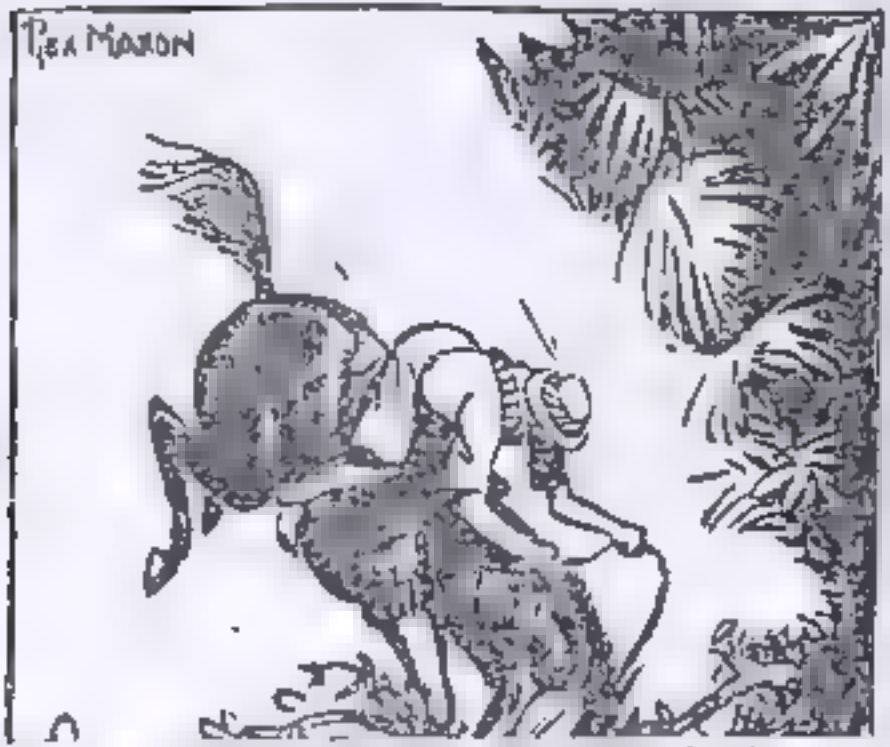
BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

For a half hour the raiders awaited the return of Achmet Zek their fear of the earlier return of the ghost of Tarzan constantly undermining their loyalty to and fear of their chief. Finally one among them voiced the desires of them all when he announced that he intended riding forth toward the forest in search of Achmet Zek. Instantly every man of them sprang to his mount. "The gold will be safe here!" cried one. "We have killed the Abyssinians and there are no others to carry it away. Let us be off."



Soon amidst a cloud of dust, the raiders were galloping madly across the plain and out of the concealment of the reeds came the party of black warriors toward the spot where the golden ingots of Opar lay piled on the ground. Werper had still been in advance of Achmet Zek when he reached the forest but the latter better mounted, was gaining upon him. Rising with the reckless courage of desperation the Belgian urged his mount to greater speed even within the narrow confines of the game trail that the beast was following.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 75



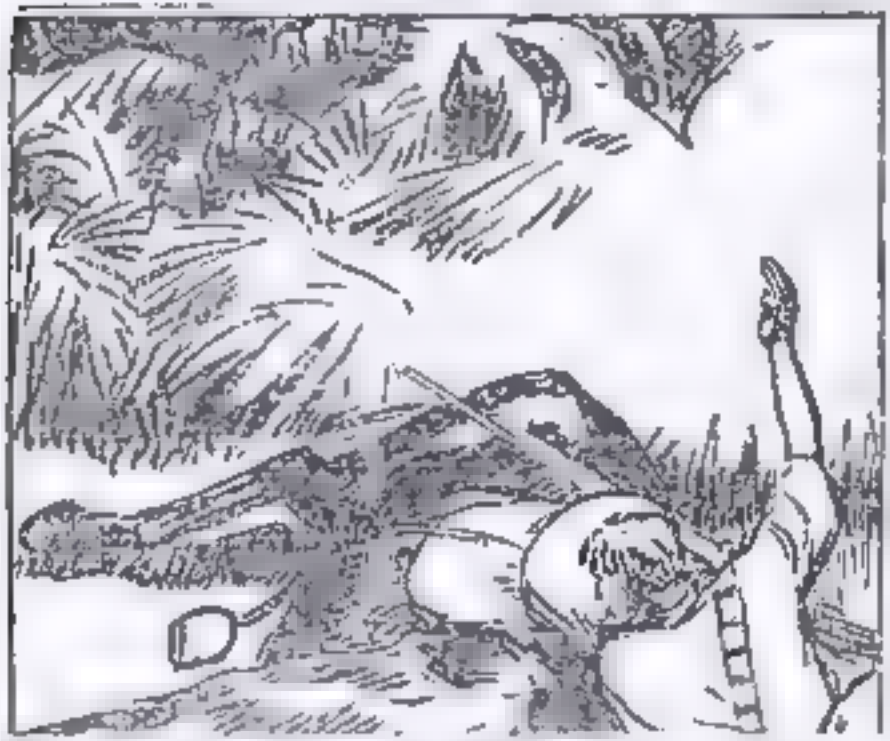
Behind him Werper could hear the voice of Achmet Zek crying to him to halt but Werper only urged his panting horse to greater speed. Two hundred yards within the forest a broken branch lay across the trail. It was a small thing that a horse ordinarily could easily jump, but Werper's mount was jaded, his feet heavy with weariness, and as the branch caught between his front legs he stumbled, was unable to recover himself and went down, sprawling, in the trail.

Werper going over his head, rolled a few yards farther on, scrambled to his feet and ran back. Seizing the reins, he tugged to drag the beast to his feet, but the animal would not or could not rise and as the Belgian cursed and struck at him Achmet Zek appeared in view. Instantly the Belgian ceased his efforts with the horse and, seizing his rifle, dropped behind his horse and fired at the oncoming Arab. The bullet, going low, merely struck the Arab's horse bringing it also down close to Werper, again preparing to fire.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Achmet Zek who had gone down with his mount was standing astride it and [illegible] along the Herat's strategic position behind his fallen horse. Just in time to take up a similar one behind his own. And there the two lay alternately firing and cursing each other while from behind the Arab Tarzan of the Apes approached to the edge of the forest. Here he heard the occasional shots of the duelists and choosing the safer and swifter means of approach rather than his winged Abyssinian pony he took to the trees.

[illegible] to one side of the road the ape-man came to a point where he could look down upon the fighters. For one and [illegible] the plan would raise him out of fire and drop that behind his breastwork of [illegible]. Werper had but little ammunition. He realized that soon he would have used his last bullet and would be at the mercy of the Arab. He cast around for some plan of escape and the only one that seemed to have even a remote possibility of success hinged upon the chance of bribing Achmet Zek.



Werner had fired all but a single cartridge, when, during a lull in the fighting he called aloud to his opponent. "Achmet Zek," he cried. "Allah alone knows which one of us may leave our bones to rot where he lies upon this trail today if we keep up our foolish fighting. You wish the contents of the pouch I wear about my waist and I wish my life and my liberty more than I do the jewels. Let us each, then, take that which he most desires and go our separate ways in peace."

"I will lay the pouch upon the carcass of my horse," he continued, "where you may see it and you in turn will lay your gun upon your horse, with the butt toward me. Then I will go away, leaving the pouch to you, and you will let me go in safety. I want only my life and my freedom." The Arab thought in silence for a moment. Then he spoke. His reply was influenced by the fact that he had expended his last shot. "Go your way, then," he growled, "leaving the pouch in plain sight. See, I lay my gun as you want. Go."

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Werper removed the pouch from about his waist. Sorrowfully and affectionately he let his fingers press the hard outlines of the contents. Ah, if he could but extract a handful of the precious stones! But Achmet Zek was standing now, his eagle eyes commanding a plain view of the Belgian and his every act. Regretfully Werper laid the pouch, its contents undisturbed, upon the body of his horse, rose and, taking his rifle with him, backed slowly down the trail until a turn hid him from the view of the watchful Arab.

Even then Achmet Zek did not advance, fearing some treachery. Nor were his suspicions groundless. No sooner had Werper passed out of range of the Arab's vision than he halted behind the bole of a tree. From here he had a good view of his dead horse and his pouch. Raising his rifle, he covered the spot where the Arab's person must appear when he came forward to seize the treasure. But Achmet Zek was no fool. Grasping his gun, he entered the tangled vegetation walking the trail and crawled along, never once exposing his body

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 77

On [illegible] and knees Achmet Zek advanced until he had come opposite the great horse of the enemy. The pouch lay there in full view. Werper waited nervously wondering why the Arab did not come to claim his reward. Presently he saw the muzzle of a rifle appear suddenly and rather near to the ground above the pouch. Before he could realize the cunning trick the Arab had played upon him the sight of the weapon was already hooked into the drawstring of the pouch and from the view vanished the supposed jewels of Opar.

Not for an instant did the raider expose a square inch of his body. Chuckling to himself, Achmet Zek withdrew a few paces into the jungle. He was positive that Werper was waiting nearby for a chance to get him. And Werper did not dare advance. His cupidity would not permit him to depart. So he stood [illegible] rifle ready, his eyes watching the trail before him with catlike intensity . . . But there was another who had seen the pouch and recognized it. One who did advance with Achmet Zek and silently hover over him.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

As the Arab found a little spot less overgrown with bushes and prepared to gloat his eyes upon the contents of the pouch Tarzan paused directly above him, intent upon the same object. Wetting his thin lips with his tongue Ahmet Zek loosened the thongs of the pouch and, dipping one rawlike hand, poured forth a portion of the contents into his palm. A single look he took at the stones lying in his hand. His eyes narrowed, a curse broke from his lips and he hurled the small objects upon the ground disdainfully.

Quickly he examined the balance of the contents—each separate stone. Then his demeanor as fury knew no bounds. Above Tarzan waited in wonderment. What meant all this powwow about his pouch? He saw the Arab throw the pouch on the ground, grasp his gun by the barrel and smash it through the stock. Tarzan dropped to the ground and began picking up the spilled contents of the pouch. Then he understood the rage of the Arab. Instead of the glittering gems which first took the adventurer's fancy the pouch now held just ordinary river pebbles.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 78

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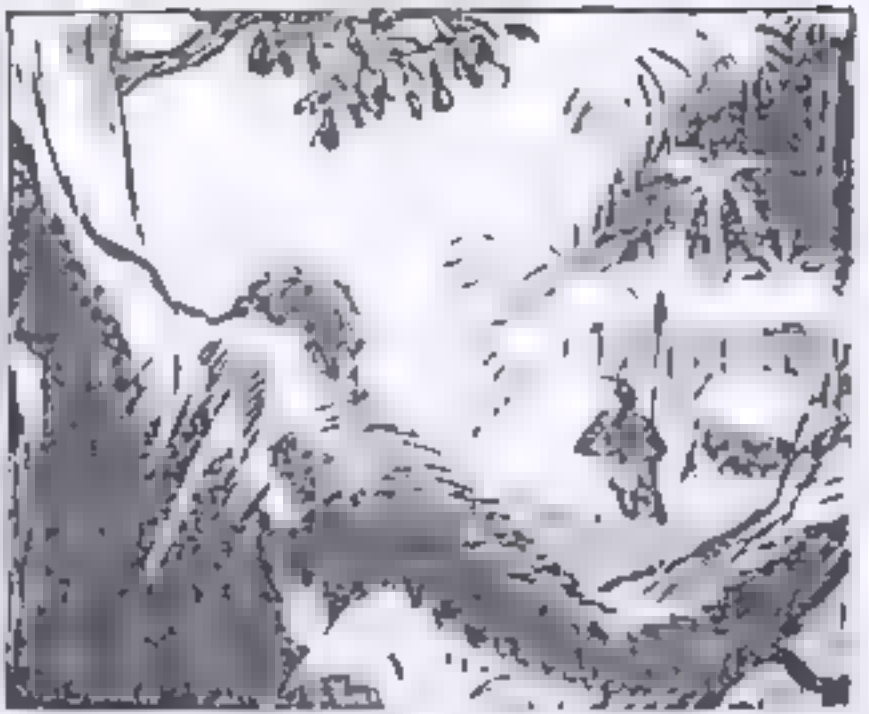
Magambi, after his successful break for liberty had fallen upon hard times. His way had led him thru a jungle country with which he was unfamiliar. A jungle country in which there was but little water and less food. Soon he found his strength so reduced he could scarcely drag himself along. His was a plight such as would finally be solved by accident upon a coast or in a country where fruit and game were abundant. A long time he knew it would be before he could reach the Outlands of the Waziri country.

Magambi wisely decided to remain where he was until he had recuperated his strength and health. And so it was that he constructed a substantial thorn boma and rigged a thatched shelter within it where he might sleep at night in security and from which he could forth by day in search of the flesh which alone could return to his giant thews their normal powers. One day as he loitered a pair of savage eyes discovered him from the concealment of the branches of a great tree beneath which the black warrior passed.

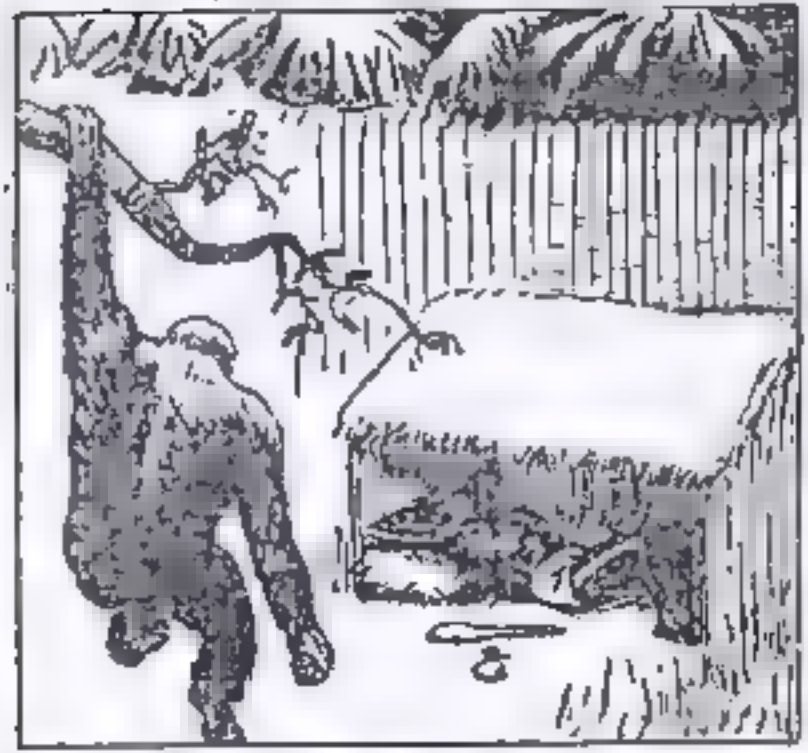
BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Wicked eyes they were set in a brute and hairy face. They watched Mugambi make his kill and they followed him as he returned to his lair, their owner moving quietly thru the trees upon the trail of the Negro. The creature was Chuck and he looked down upon the man more as a comrade than as hate. The Arab burnoose which Tarzan had placed upon the ape had so obstructed his movements and proven such a nuisance that Chuck had long since torn it from him and thrown it away.

But somehow [illegible] Mugambi [illegible] and [illegible] to steal [illegible] back [illegible]

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 79



The ape watched his opportunity. Soon it came [illegible] Morgan [illegible] hours of the shade of [illegible] heat of the day and sleep in [illegible] the declining sun carried [illegible] the [illegible] temperature of mid-day [illegible] Chalk saw the black warrior [illegible] in the unconsciousness of sleep one [illegible] afternoon. Creeping out from an overhanging branch the anthropoid dropped to the ground within the boma.

He approached the sleeper upon padded feet which gave no sound and with an uncanny woodcraft [illegible] touched not a leaf or a grass blade. Passing between the man, the ape bent over and examined his belongings. Great as was the strength of Chalk [illegible] in the back of his little brain something which deterred him from arousing the man to combat—a strange fear of man that rules even the most powerful of the jungle creatures at times. Beside the sleeping black lay his knobstick and the pouch. These Chalk grabbed.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Then he retreated with haste to the safety of the tree from which he had dropped upon the [illegible]. It was some time after Muviro awoke that he missed [illegible]. Where could [illegible] be? He was [illegible] that puzzled [illegible] to [illegible] but presently [illegible] to get [illegible] perhaps the spirit of some dead enemy had taken it. Then he moved his knobstick, and began a careful investigation.

In the trampled turf beside him was the faint impress of [illegible]. Muviro raised his head as the truth dawned upon him. Hastily leaving [illegible] he ran [illegible] of all directions for some [illegible] of the [illegible] spoor. He climbed trees and [illegible] for evidence of the direction of the [illegible] but the faint scent left by a wary ape [illegible] the trees aided the woodcraft of Muviro. Tarzan might have followed them, but no ordinary mortal could perceive them or perceiving, translate.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 80

[illegible] now strengthened and refreshed by his [illegible] to it [illegible] a path for Waz[illegible] [illegible] and turned his [illegible] the trees and plunged into the depths of [illegible]. As [illegible] with the beasts [illegible] of his captive the great [illegible] from [illegible] a nearby [illegible] [illegible] to his [illegible] prey. The [illegible] but [illegible] the lion. He did not see it [illegible] head [illegible] by its rough mane, protruding [illegible] the [illegible] wall.

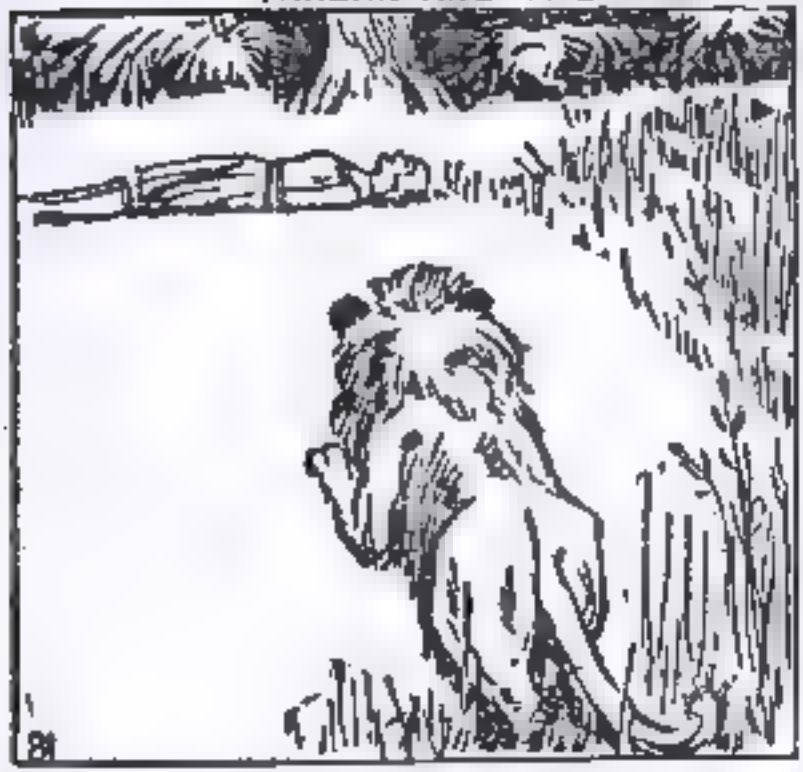
He could not know that the powerful hind paws were gathering close beneath the lion's body preparatory to a sudden spring. His first intimation of impending danger was the thunderous and triumphant roar which the charging lion could no longer suppress. Instantly pausing for a backward glance, Tarzan saw that [illegible] a woman and had [illegible] the opposite direction from the world around which had broken in so unexpected and terrifying a manner upon his startled ears but the warning had come too late to save him.

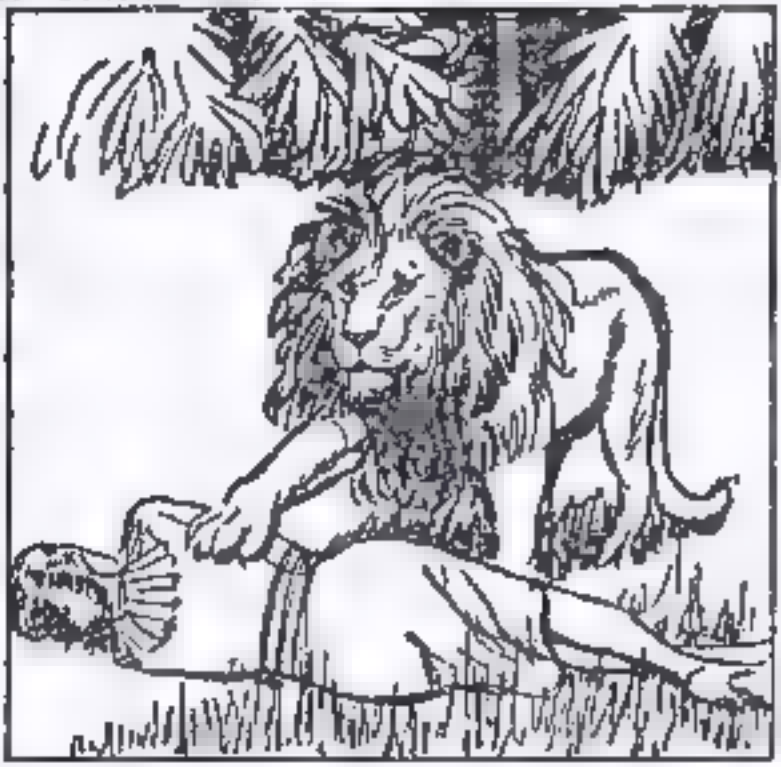
BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The lion, in his second bound, alighted full upon the broad shoulders of the anthropoid. As the great bull went down he turned upon his back and closed with the lion in a death struggle so fearless and abandoned that for a moment the great Numa himself may have trembled for the outcome. Seizing the lion by the mane, Taglat buried his yellowed fangs deep in the monster's throat, growing hideously. Mixed with the ape's voice, the lion's roars of rage and pain reverberated thru the jungle, ...

Rolling over and over upon the turf the two battled with demoniac fury until the colossal cat, by doubling his hind paws far up beneath his belly, sank his talons deep into Taglat's chest. Numa accomplished his design. With a last spasmodic struggle, the anthropoid relaxed limp beneath his titanic adversary. Scrambling to his feet, Numa looked about for new enemies. Only the unconscious form of the girl met his gaze a few paces away. With an angry growl he placed a forepaw upon his slain enemy and roared forth a victory cry.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 81





For another moment Numa stood with fierce eyes roving to and fro about the clearing. At last they halted for a second time upon the girl. A low growl rumbled thru his throat. Like two yellow-green augurs, wide and unblinking the terrible eyes remained fixed upon Jane Clayton. The erect and majestic pose of the great frame shrank suddenly into a sinister crouch as, slowly and gently, the devil-faced cat crept forward toward the girl. Sneaking stealthily to her side, he paused and sniffed.

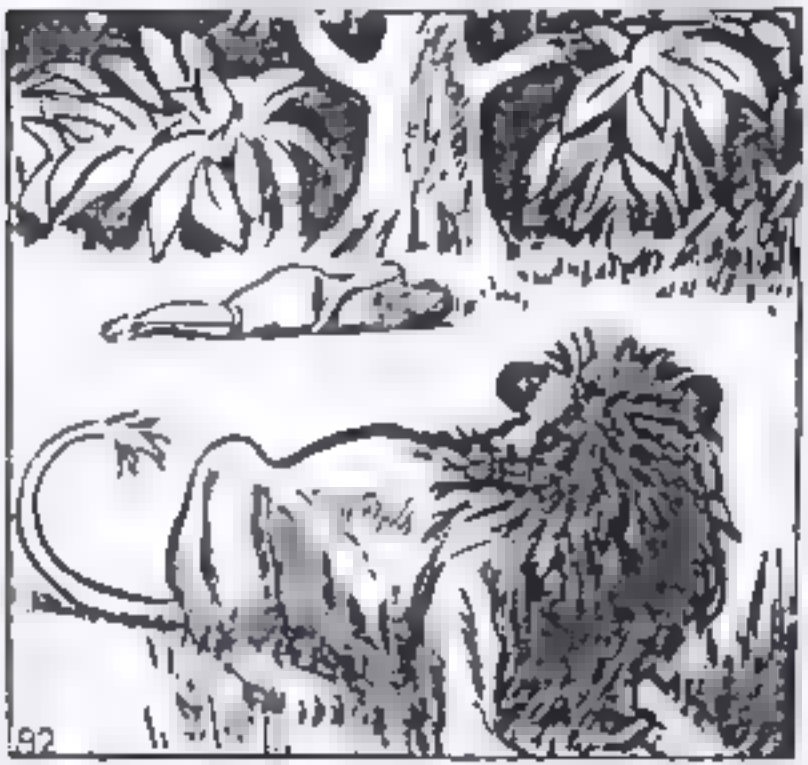
Finally he lifted a forepaw and turned the body of the girl half over. Then some noise or scent from the nearby jungle appeared to attract his attention, and presently he left her and walked over to the remains of the ape, crouching down upon his kill with his back toward the girl. It was upon this scene that Jane Clayton at last opened her eyes. Inured to danger she neither cried out nor moved a muscle but maintained her self possession in the face of the startling surprise her new found consciousness revealed to her.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

As she lay tormented by frightful thoughts she suddenly became conscious that the bonds imprisoning her were loosened. What miracle had been performed? Noiselessly and silently she moved a little—she was free! She could not know that Tagla, gnawing upon those bonds for sinister purposes of his own, had cut them thru, but an instant before Numa had frightened him from his victim. For a moment Jane Clayton was overwhelmed with joy and thanksgiving—but only for a moment!

What good was her freedom in the face of the frightful beast crouching so close to her? Escape was practically impossible. The nearest tree was a hundred yards away. To rise and attempt to reach its safety would be to invite instant destruction. And yet, too, there was another possibility—a chance which hinged entirely upon the unknown temper of the beast. She could not know this frail opportunity for she to elude her without attempting to take a chance. She watched the lion narrowly and determined to attempt a ruse.

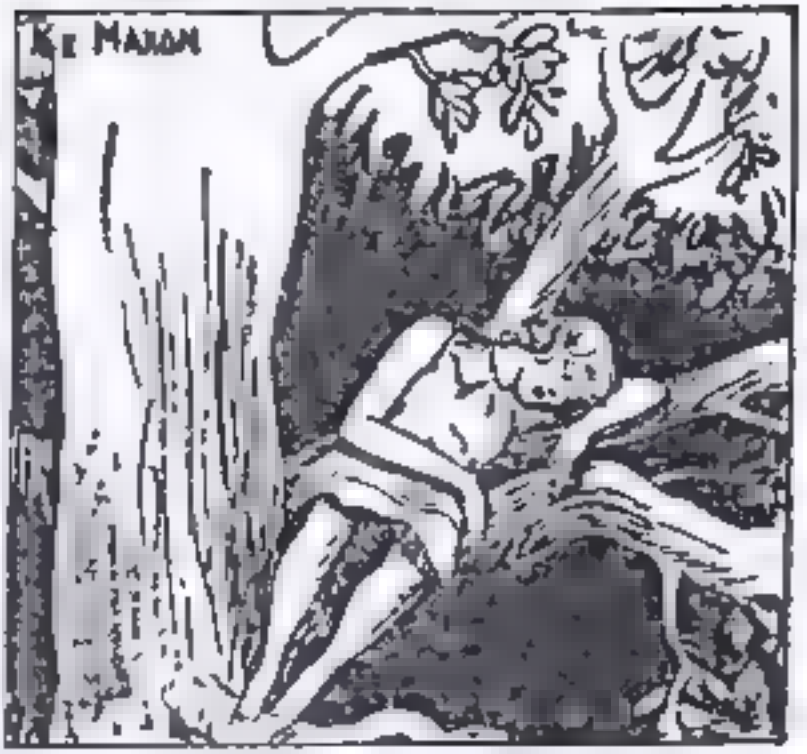
TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 82



Silently Jane rolled over in the direction of the tree. The lion paid no attention to her. During what seemed hours to her tense nerves she repeated these tactics and still the lion fed on in apparent unconcern that his second prey was escaping him. A ready dagger was quite near the girl. A little more and she would be near enough to chance springing to her feet, throw caution aside and make a bold dash for safety. Suddenly the lion turned his great head and fastened his eyes upon her.

For a long time neither the girl nor the lion moved. The strain upon her nerves was becoming unbearable. Now Numa deliberately turned back to the business of feeding but his back-laid ears attested a sense of regard for the actions of the girl behind him. Jane resolved to risk all upon one last attempt to reach the lower tree branches. Gathering herself she sprang for the effort and leaped suddenly to her feet but almost simultaneously the lion sprang up, wheeled and with wide distended jaws and terrific roars, charged upon her.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Tho the upward spring of the lion as he neared the tree into which Jane was scrambling brought his talons in contact with her slippers she eluded his raking grasp and as he hurled himself against the tree trunk she gained a position out of the reach of the branches above his grasp. For some time the beast paced back and forth. Above him Jane lay trembling a prey to the nervous reaction from the frightful ordeal. At dusk the lion quitted the covering. Then came a pack of hyenas to make night hideous over the ape's remains.

The girl did not dare descend to the ground among the fearsome dangers that infested the broad stretch of jungle that she knew must lie between herself and the nearest village of her faithful Waziri. She composed herself as best she could for the long wait until daylight. Tired nature at last overcame even her fears and she dropped into a deep slumber cradled in a safe but uncomfortable position. The sun was high when she awoke. Beneath her was no sign of Numa or the hyenas. Both hunger and thirst assailed her now.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 83

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

It was M. Jules Frecoult," who so recently had been a guest in her home. She was on the point of calling to him in glad relief when she saw him leap aside and hide beside the trail. Scarcely had he done so than the figure of a white-robed Arab crept silently along the trail in pursuit. From her hiding place Jane Clayton could see both men plainly. She recognized Achmet Zek as the leader of the band of ruffians who had raided her home and made her a prisoner. And she saw Frecoult, the supposed friend and ally, raise his gun.

He took careful aim at the Arab. Her heart stood still and every power of her soul was directed upon a prayer for the accuracy of his aim. Achmet Zek paused in the middle of the trail. His tall figure presented a perfect target to the perfidious assassin. There was a sharp report, a puff of smoke and Achmet Zek pitched forward, face down upon the ground. As Werner stepped out from the bush he was startled by a glad cry from above him and was astounded as a woman dropped from a tree and ran toward him.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 84

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The lace clothes were rumpled and her hair dishevelled, Albert Werper realized that he never before had looked upon such a vision of loveliness as that which Lady Greystoke presented in the rebel and joy which she felt in coming so unexpectedly upon a friend and rescuer when hope had seemed so far away. If the Belgian had entertained any doubt as to the woman's knowledge of his past in the perfidious attack upon her person and herself, it was quickly dispelled by the genuine friendliness of her greeting.

She told him quickly of all that had befallen her since he had departed from her home. As she spoke of the death of her husband she wept softly. Werper pretended to well-simulated sympathy. "That devil there—and he pointed toward the body of Ahamet Zek—is responsible for it all." Then he spoke of how the Waziri were slain or scattered and said that the Arabs occupied the plain about her former home, so that there was no certainty in that direction. Our only hope lies in traveling northward," he concluded.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Perhaps we can reach the camp of the raiders before the knowledge of Achmet Zek's death reaches those that are left, and then we may bargain for an escort northward. It is our only hope, Lady Greystoke, and you must place your entire faith in me if we are to succeed." Unconscious of the base character Jane Clayton saw nothing peculiar in his plans nor did she give a thought as to his friendship with the Arabs. So she trusted with a woman's seeming hope for safety which he proffered her.

Before they set out Werper searched the Arab's body. To his consternation there was no sign of the pouch of jewels on it. Then he searched all along the trail but found nothing. Puzzled, disappointed and angry he at last returned to the girl and together they set out toward the hostile camp where she fancy had been a prisoner. It was late in the afternoon of the second day before they reached their destination and as they paused upon the edge of the clearing before the walled gates Werper turned and spoke to Lady Greystoke.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 85

I [illegible] said Werper that I caught you after you escaped from the camp Look you to Achmet Zek who directed me to bring you back And I am to ride north with you at once and dispose of you at the most advantageous terms to a certain slave dealer While this ruse struck the girl as rather an odd affair still was she deceived by the apparent frankness of the Belgian She realized that desperate situations required desperate handling The [illegible] onward at again enlarging the idle village she saw no better course.

So, calling aloud to the gate tenders, Werper, grasping Jane Clayton to guide by the arm walked boldly across the clearing The sentries saw with astonishment Werper's companion and admitted them Once into the [illegible] she was bound and gagged placed before her prison but before Werper left her he whispered words of cheer into her ear Early the next morning after a sleepless night, two Arabs entered her tent They unloosed her bonds gave her a handful of dry bread and led her out into the faint light of dawn.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Here was awaiting M. Frecault and a villainous lieutenant of Achmet Zek. Lady Greystoke looked questioningly at Frecault, and at a moment when the Arabs attention was attracted in another direction the man leaned toward her and whispered that all was working out as he had planned. Soon after she was lifted to a horse's back and the party began to march north. M. Frecault spoke with her seldom but she understood that this was necessary to maintain the supposed fact that she was a prisoner.

But if he did not speak with her the young woman was constantly in Werper's thoughts. A hundred times a day his eyes wandered in her direction and feasted themselves upon her charms of face and figure. Each hour his desire for her grew, with his desire to possess her grew a proportion of madness. And during those hot days of dreary marches a rather pair of eyes as greedy as wanton and as fierce as a tiger—burning eyes that seemed from behind the head of a burnoose to gloat upon the beauty of Jane Clayton.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

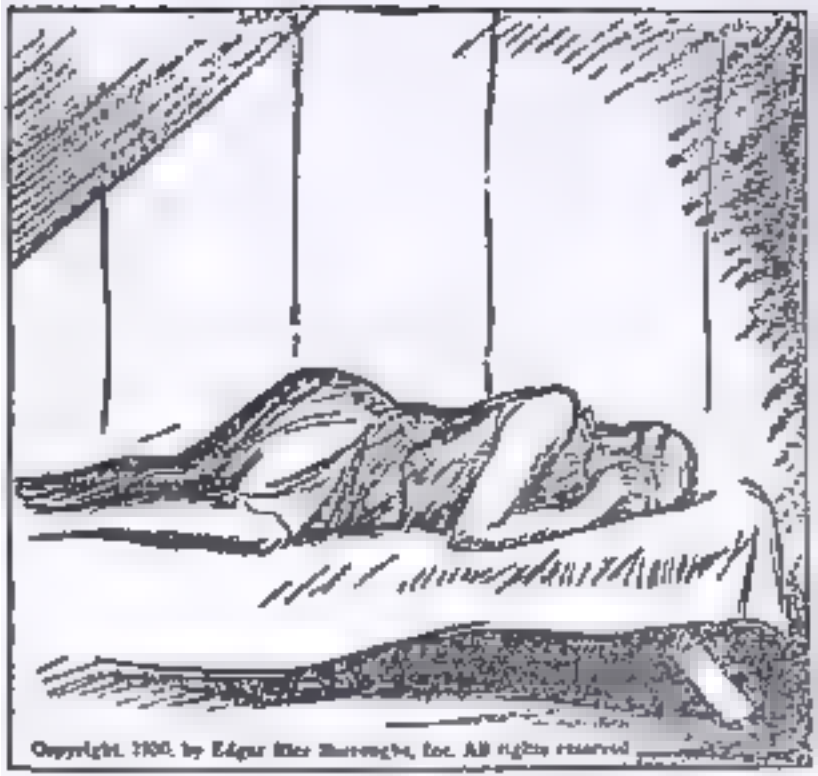
And are you willing to become part of a sultan's harem?" he continued. Jane Clayton drew herself up to her full height and turned her head away, but she did not reply. She feared lest her knowledge of the ruse M. Frecoult was playing upon the Arab might cause her to betray herself thru an insufficient display of terror and aversion. "You can escape this fate," went on the Arab. "Mohammed Beyd will save you," and he reached out and seized her arm.

Jane Clayton wrenched herself from his grasp. "You beast!" she cried. "Leave me or I shall call M. Frecoult." Mohammed Beyd drew back with a scowl. His sinister lips curled above his flashing teeth. "M. Frecoult?" he jeered. "There is no such person. The man's name is Werper. He is a liar, a thief and a murderer. In all the Congo country there is none so vile. He led Chief Zek to plunder your home. He followed your husband and planned to steal his gold. He has played upon you to win your confidence. Now you are bound for a sultan's harem."

l Mohammed Beyd am your only hope. And with the intention to provide the captive with food he brought the Arab spurred forward toward the head of the column. Jane Clayton could not know how much of the fellow's words were true but it had the effect of dampening her hopes. It caused her to review with suspicion every past act of the man upon whom she had been looking as her sole protector in the midst of a world of enemies and danger. At night her personal tent was pitched

Two servitors guarded her tent and thus it had not been deemed necessary to confine her in bonds. Tonight she sat quietly before it watching the various activities of the camp. She had eaten the nondescript meal a slave had brought. The girl's gaze wandered across the trampled jungle clearing, but she no longer saw it. Instead she visioned a distant bungalow and scenes of happy security which brought to her eyes tears of pained joy and sorrow. [illegible] men

/ EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS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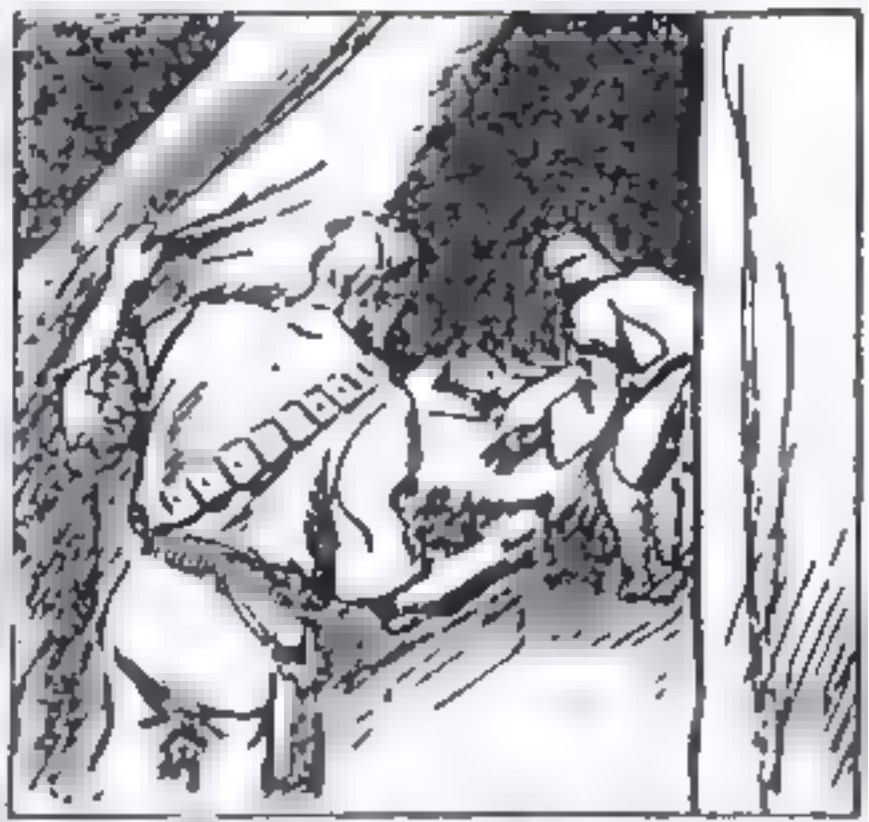
She saw a tall, broad-shouldered man riding in from distant fields she saw herself waiting to greet him with an armful of fresh-cut roses from the bushes that flanked the little rustic gate before her. All this she knew was gone—wiped out by the torches and bullets and hatred of these hideous and degenerate men. With a stifled sob she turned back into the tent and throwing herself upon her [illegible] soothed [illegible]

While she slept a figure stole from the tent that stood to the right of hers. It approached the sentry before the doorway and whispered a few words in the man's ears. The latter nodded and strode off into the darkness in the direction of his own blankets. The figure passed to the rear of Jane Clayton's tent and spoke again to the sentry there and the man also left following in the trail of the [illegible] had sent them away stole [illegible] raised it and entered



In the hands of Mohammed Beyd it was the last thing that you saw on earth" and with that he rushed viciously upon the Belgian, his knife raised high above his head. Werper was still dragging futilely at his weapon. The Arab was almost upon him. In desperation the Eu-

Breathless upon his cot, Albert Werper's imagination dwelt upon the charms of the young woman in the nearby tent. He had noted Mohammed Beyd's sudden interest in her and he began to fear that the Arab might forestall him in encompassing his base designs. Then

belt and revolver, stepped to his tent flap and looked out. Strange! There was no guard before the prisoner's tent! What could it mean?

Boldly he walked to the entrance and stepped within. Dimly the moonlight illumined the interior.

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guessed the truth of the nocturnal visitor's identity. A sullen, jealous rage enveloped him. He took a step forward just as a frightened cry rang out. The girl awakened, recognized the features of the man above her and Werper saw Mohammed Beyd seize her by the throat before the Belgian's eyes. No! The man should not have her. She was for him alone. Quickly he sprang forward and threw himself upon Mohammed Beyd. The Arab tore the Belgian's fingers from his throat and wheeled upon him. Blow upon blow the two battled about the watched the duel in frozen silence. Again and again Werper struggled to draw his revolver. Mohammed Beyd was unarmed save for a long knife.

And now Fate ordained that he should draw it as he stood panting during the first brief rest of the

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 89

Suddenly Werper threw himself to one side to the floor of the tent leaving a leg extended in the path of the Arab. The trick succeeded. Mohammed Beyd, carried on by the momentum of his charge, stumbled over the protruding obstacle and crashed to the ground. Instantly he was up again and wheeling to renew the battle but Werper was on foot ahead of him and now his revolver loosened from its holster flashed in his hand. The Arab dove head first to grapple with him. There was a sharp report and a lurid gleam in the darkness.

Mohammed Beyd rolled over and over upon the floor to come to a final rest beside the cot of Jane Clayton. Almost immediately following the report came the sound of excited voices in the camp without. Werper could hear people running hither and thither in great confusion. But when he looked for the woman she was not there. During the frenzy of the death duel, she had arisen passed around the struggling pair cautiously made her way out thru the tent's entrance and vanished into the silent watches of the jungle night.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Tarzan of the Apes was in a quandary. Idly he played with the pebbles from his recovered pouch. His thoughts returned to the pile of yellow ingots about which the Arabs and the Abyssinians had waged their relentless battle. What was there in common between that pile of dirty metal and the beautiful, sparkling pebbles that had formerly been in his pouch? Some half-tantalizing memory connected them in his addled brain but it was all so vague. Only the scenes of his ape-ish childhood rose clear before his mind.

Slowly and painfully recollection was attempting to reassert itself, the hurt brain was mending by the healing processes of perfect circulation. The people who now passed before his mind's eye for the first time in weeks were familiar faces, yet he could not place them in their proper niches or call them by name. One was a fair she. What had she been to him? For an instant he seemed to grasp the whole of the true explanation and then the picture faded into a jumbled scene where a naked white boy danced with a band of hairy ape-things.

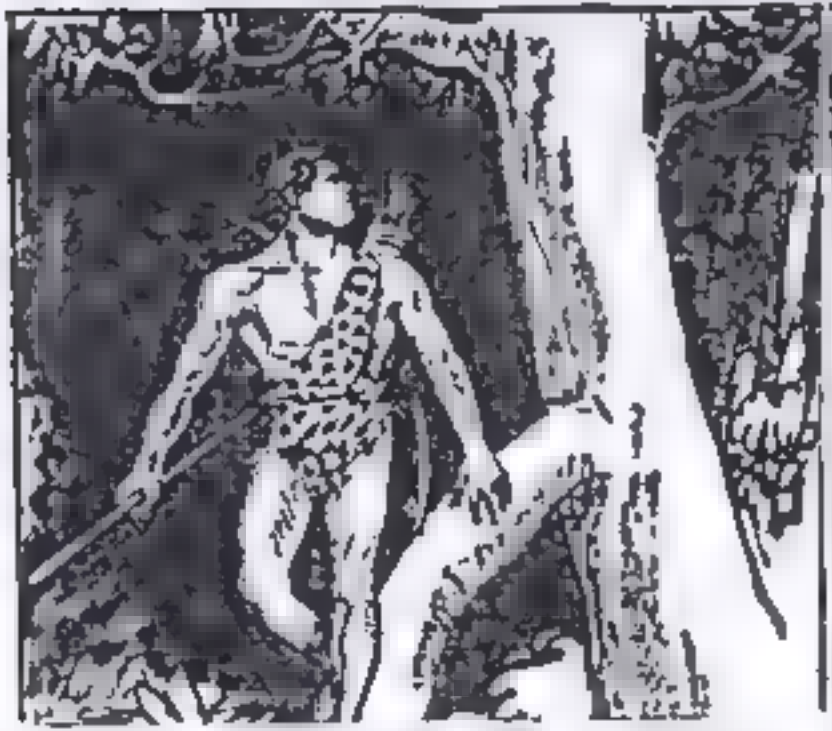
Tarzan mused. Why was it he could not recall? At least he was sure that in some way the pile of gold, the place where it lay and the subtle aroma of the "ape" he had been pursuing the memory picture of the white woman and he himself were inextricably connected by the tie of a forgotten past. If the woman be dead there was better place for her than the [illegible] and if she were [illegible] he would find her. So he set out to the east, in the direction of the [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] he [illegible] Arab [illegible] [illegible] of Ajuret Zak. Hiding [illegible] he let them pass. Then he [illegible] a small band of [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible] by [illegible] path to a [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

At the approach of Tarzan he raised his head and, with a low growl of warning, glared at the intruder. But Tarzan, guessing that the beast had just fed, paid little attention. Stopping a few yards above the lion, Tarzan drew open his knife and [illegible]

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 91



It was on the morning of the third day that the scent of horse and man was wafted faintly to the ape-man's nostrils. Instantly he altered his course and it was not long before he came upon a solitary horseman. Now his eyes confirmed what his nose had previously suspected—the rider was he who had stolen his pretty pebbles. The light of rage flared suddenly in the gray eyes as Tarzan dropped lower among the branches until he moved directly above the unsuspecting Weiper.

The Belgian had contrived to make his escape from the raiders' village during the commotion attending the discovery of Mohammed Beyd's body. The ape-man made a quick leap and the Belgian felt a heavy body hurtle upon his snorting, leaping horse. Giant arms encircled the rider and in the twinkling of an eye he was dragged from his saddle to find himself lying in the trail with a naked white giant kneeling upon his breast. Recognition came to Weiper with the first glance at his captor's face

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

A pallor of fear overspread his features. Strong fingers—fingers of steel—were at his throat. He tried to cry out, to plead for his life, but the strong fingers denied him speech. "My pretty pebbles," cried the man above him. "What have you done with them? Tell me where they are or I will kill you," and the brown fingers of the ape-man closed a little tighter. Werper struggled to free himself. "In God, Lord Greystoke," he managed to cry out, "would you commit murder for a handful of stones?" The steel fingers relaxed a puzzled, fatuous expression softened the savage

"Lord Greystoke!" repeated the ape-man. "Who is he? Where have I heard that name before?" "Why man, you are Lord Greystoke," cried Werper. "You were injured by a falling rock when the earthquake shattered the passage to the underground chamber where you and your Waziri had come for the golden ingots of Opar. You are John Clayton, Lord Greystoke—don't you remember?" "John Clayton, Lord Greystoke," repeated Tarzan. Then for a moment he was silent. Presently his hand went fattering to his forehead—wonder filled his eyes—then understanding!

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The forgotten name had awakened the memory that Tarzan had been struggling to resurrect itself. The ape-man straightened. He threw back his head to his fellows. Shoulders he cried. My white brother because of me. Savages he turned toward Werper. You know! he cried. The lady Jane stands. You followed me to Opar. YOU to get the jewels which I thought but pretty trinkets. Remember that you are to me or. Before he could finish a voice close behind them said. He is all of that and worse. Tarzan turned in astonishment.

There in the trail stood a tall man in uniform. Back of him were a number of soldiers in the uniform of the Congo Free State. He is a murderer moreover. We have followed him long. Now he is my prisoner. Only when I am dead with him said Tarzan stepped and removed not a step and grappled Werper by the shoulder. The Belgian officer raised his automatic but he never could. He noted the strange contest between the powerful woman and ape. And out came Great Fangs when the man spoke.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"Whoever he is," thought the Belgian officer, "he shall not presume to dictate to me." He beckoned to the soldiers, who quickly surrounded the ape-man and his captive. Said Tarzan, held Werper. "He goes with me first," he said quietly. The officer lost his temper. "Unless you wish to be hurt you will not interfere with me," he said. "Take the prisoner, Sergeant." Werper raised his lips close to Tarzan's ear. "Keep me from them and I can show you the very spot where I saw your wife last night," his whispered

The soldiers closed in to seize Werper. Tarzan grabbed him about the waist, lifted him and leaped forward in an attempt to break thru the cordon. His right fist shot out, felling the nearest soldier. Clubbed rifles were torn from the hands of those who barred his way. The blacks did not dare to fire for fear of hitting their own men. Tarzan was already thru them and on the point of dodging into the jungle when one, who had sneaked up from behind, struck him a heavy blow upon the head with a rifle

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 93

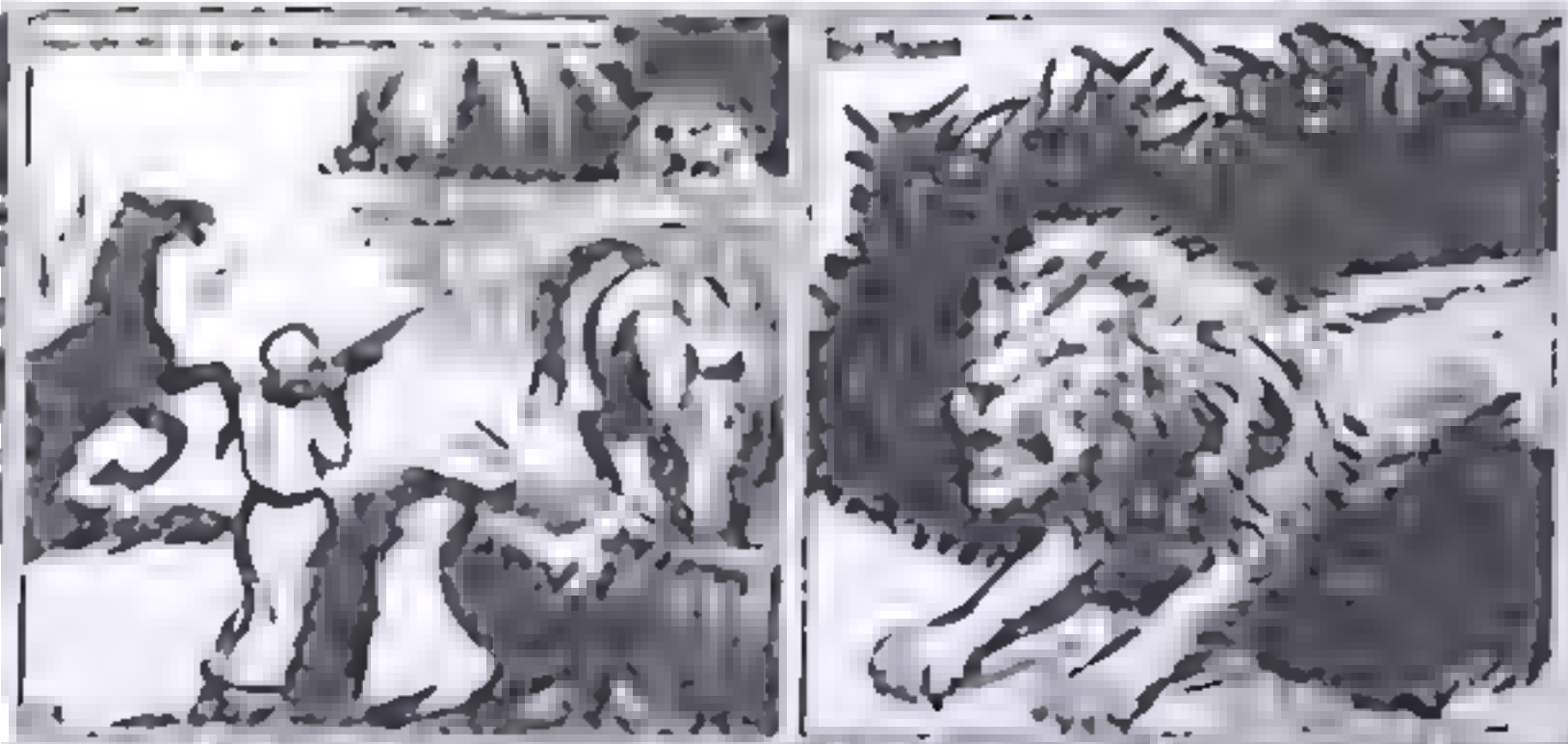
When Tarzan regained his senses he was a long way from the scene of the encounter. Both he and Werper were lying bound. The column had halted beside a stream and were preparing the evening meal. From the thick foliage of the nearby jungle a pair of fierce eyes watched the soldiers with silent intensity. As the guard unfettered Tarzan's hands to allow him to eat and he arose to his feet a startled expression of recognition entered the eyes of the hidden watcher and a low guttural broke from savage lips.

Tarzan heard it but did not reply. Suddenly an inspiration came to him. All thru the meantime he memoried some strange jargon resembling the barking of a dog and the chattering of monkeys. One of the blacks spoke to his companions. "I have heard those sounds before. Once at night, when lost in the jungle I heard the hairy men of the trees talking among themselves and their words were words of this white man. I wish we had not found him. He is an evil spirit. We shall have

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

His companions laughed nervously and moved away to repeat the conversation, with variations and exaggerations, to the others, so that soon a frightful tale of black magic and sudden death was woven about the giant prisoner and had gone the rounds of the camp. And deep in the gloomy jungle as dusk the darkening shadows of the falling night a hairy manlike creature swung silently southward upon some secret mission of its own. Meanwhile Jane Clayton, thru a series of strange chances, had fallen into the hands of the Abyssinians.

After her hairbreadth escape from the Arab camp she had unwittingly crossed the path of the returning soldiers of Menelek, had been captured and now, under new masters, her journey was resumed toward what she now began to believe was her inevitable fate. Abdul Mourak, foiled in all his ventures to gain the gold and jewels of Opar was reluctantly returning to make his report to his black emperor. Perhaps now this fair flower of another race would be an acceptable gift to temper the wrath of that black ruler.



TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 95

Singly and in twos and threes the lions leaped the barrier upon the enclosure was filled with cursing men and screaming horses battling for their lives with the green-eyed devils of the jungle. With the charge of the first lion Jane Clayton had scrambled to her feet, and now she stood horror-stricken at the scene of savage slaughter that swirled and eddied about her. Once a bolting horse knocked her down, and a moment later a lion, leaping in pursuit of another terror-stricken animal brushed her so closely that she was again thrown.

Amidst the cracking of the rifles and the growls of the carnivora rose the death screams of the stricken men and horses as they were dragged down by the blood-mad cats. It was every man for himself, and in the melee the defenseless woman was either forgotten or ignored by her black captors. A score of times was her life menaced by the charging lions, by plunging horses or by the wildly fired bullets of the frightened troopers. Yet there was no chance of escape for her.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Wide-eyed, Jane Clayton stood watching. In a daze she saw the beast nearest her suddenly drop the inanimate thing he had been clawing and raise his head to look about for a new victim. Powerless with fear, she was unable to move. Now the yellow eyes fastened themselves baefully upon the figure of the young woman. The bristling lips raised, disclosing the grinning fangs. A terrific roar broke from the savage throat and the great beast crouched to spring upon this new and helpless victim. . . .

Quiet had fallen early upon the camp where Tarzan and Werper lay securely bound. Two nervous sentries paced their beats. The others slept—or tried to sleep—all but the ape-man. Silently and powerfully he strained at the bonds which fettered his wrists. The muscles knotted beneath the smooth, brown skin of his arms and shoulders. The veins stood out upon his temples from the force of his exertions—a strand parted another and another, and one hand was free—and then both arms.

As Tarzan raised his hands from the jungle came a [illegible] and the ape-man became suddenly a [illegible] with ears and nostrils straining to [illegible] the black void which his eyesight could [illegible]. A [illegible] sound from the direction beyond the camp. A sentry [illegible] peering his eyes into the gloom. The kinky wool upon his head stiffened and raised. He called to his comrade in a hoarse whisper. "Did you hear it?" The other came closer, trembling. Again the weird sound was repeated.

Trees overhung the boma on the opposite side from them. They dared not approach nearer. Their terror even prevented them from arousing their fellows. They could only stand in frozen fear and wait for the fearsome apparition they momentarily expected to see leap from the jungle. Nor did they long to wait. A dim bulky form dropped lightly from the branches of a tree into the camp. At sight of it one of the sentries recovered command of his muscles and his voice. He screamed loudly to awaken the camp and threw a mass of bush on the flickering fire.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The flames leaped high from the rejuvenated fire, lighting the entire camp, and the awakened men shrank back in superstitious terror from the sight that met their frightened vision. A dozen huge and hairy forms loomed large beneath the trees at the far side of the inclosure. The white giant, his hands free had struggled to his knees and was calling to the frightful nocturnal visitors in a hideous medley of bestial gutturals, barkings and growlings. Werper had managed to sit up. He, too, saw the savage faces of the approaching anthropoids.

Growling, the great apes leaped forward toward Tarzan and Werper. Chulk led them. The Belgian officer called to his men to fire upon the intruders, but the Negroes held back, filled as they were with superstitious terror of the hairy tree-men and with the conviction that the white giant who could thus summon the beasts of the jungle to his aid was more than human. Drawing his own weapon, the officer fired and Tarzan, fearing the effect of the noise upon his really timid friends, called to them to hasten and fulfil his commands.

Chulk and a half dozen other apes waddled rapidly forward and following the ape-man's directions, seized both him and Werper and bore them off toward the jungle. The Belgian officer now succeeded in persuading his trembling command to fire a volley after the retreating apes. A ragged, straggling volley it was, but at least one of its bullets found its mark, for as the jungle closed about the hairy rescuers Chulk, who bore Werper across one broad shoulder, staggered.

Chulk reeled from side to side and at last fell mortally wounded. As he went down he dropped Werper so that the latter fell face downward, with the body of the ape lying half across him. In this position the Belgian felt something resting against his hands, which were still bound at his back—something that was not a part of the hairy body of the ape. Mechanically the man's fingers felt of the object resting almost in their grasp—it was a soft pouch filled with small, hard particles.

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Werper gasped in wonderment as recognition filtered thru the incredulity of his mind. It was impossible, and yet—it was true! Tarzan, sitting at a short distance away was busy with the remaining knots of the cords that bound him. Presently he flung aside the last of them and arose. Approaching Werper he knelt beside him. For a moment he examined the ape. "Quite dead," he announced. "Too bad. He was a splendid fellow." And then he turned to the work of liberating the Belgian. When he had freed his hands Werper stayed him.

"I can do the rest with my pocketknife" he said. Thus he succeeded in ridding himself of the ape-man's attention. A moment later he had cut the thong which fastened the pouch about Chulk's shoulder, and once more he was in possession of the jewels of Opar. Then he arose and approached Tarzan. 'Now" said the ape-man, "keep your promise to me. Lead me to the spot where you last saw my wife" The apes trailed after the two white men, but soon their interest lagged and Tarzan bid them rest in a leafy glade while he and Werper continued.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 98

The apes sought comfortable couches beneath the forest shade and soon were as unconcerned of the recent events as tho they had never happened. The two men had gone but a short distance beyond the glade where the apes were when the roaring of lions in the distance fell upon their ears. The apes paid no attention to the familiar sounds until the crack of a rifle came faintly from the same direction. When this was followed by the sound of the galloping of horses and an almost continuous fusillade of shots he stopped short.

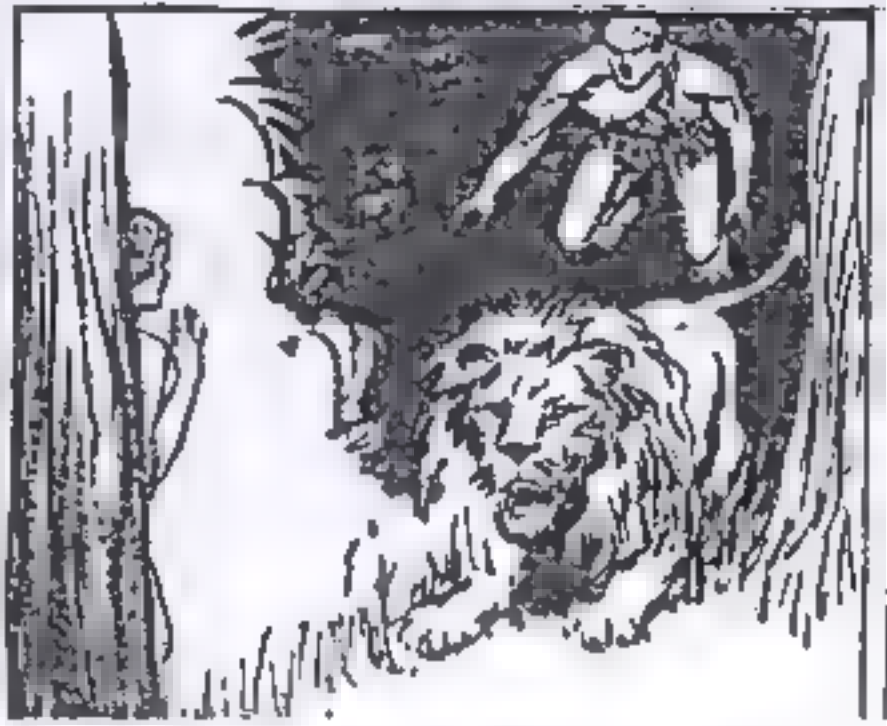
Now came the increased and savage roaring of a large troop of lions. "Someone is having trouble over there," Tarzan said turning to Werper. "I must have to go to them—they may be friends." "Your wife might be among them," suggested the Belgian, for since he had again come into possession of the jewels of Opar he had constantly revolved in his mind some plan to enable him to get Esmeralda. At the suggestion Tarzan started as tho struck with a whip. "God!" he cried, "she might be, and the lions are attacking them!"

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"Stay here man—I will come back for you. I must first go to them." And swinging into a tree he [illegible] and rapidly away. For a moment Werper watched the disappearing figure of a running ape-creature like [illegible]. "Stay here" he asked himself. "Stay here and wait until the return to find and face these beasts from me? Not I my friend." [illegible] And turning about he ran toward Akbet. Werper passed [illegible] of a hunting [illegible] out of the sight of the brave man—forever.

As Tarzan of the Apes hurled them the trees the [illegible] of the battle between the Arab [illegible] and the [illegible] and more closely [illegible] At last the gaze of the [illegible] a [illegible] crossing trees, and a moment later the great figure of the ape-man poised [illegible] enough to look down upon the [illegible] of carnage below. His [illegible] and [illegible] upon the figure of a woman standing facing a great ape.

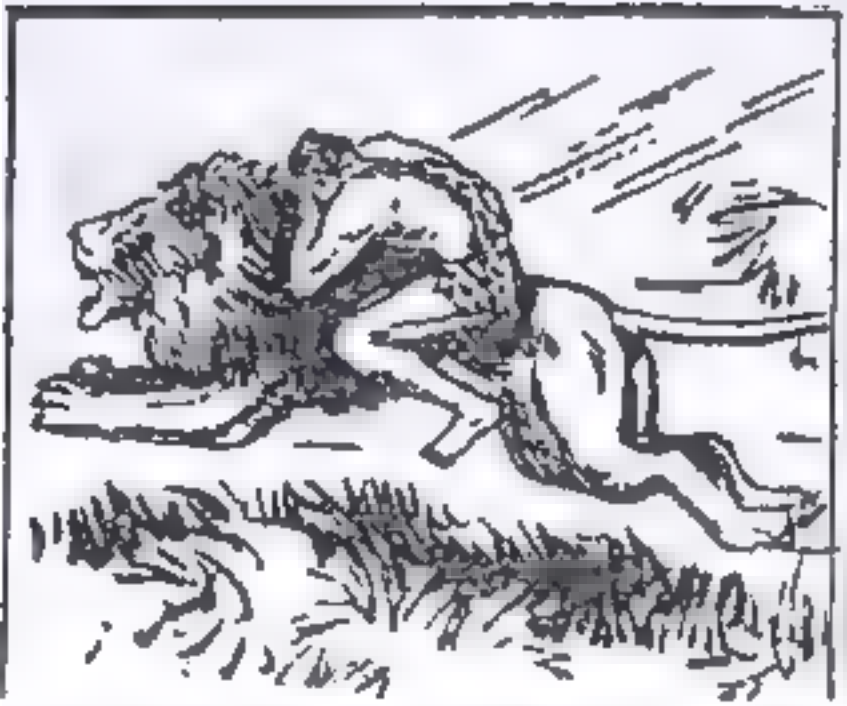
TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 99

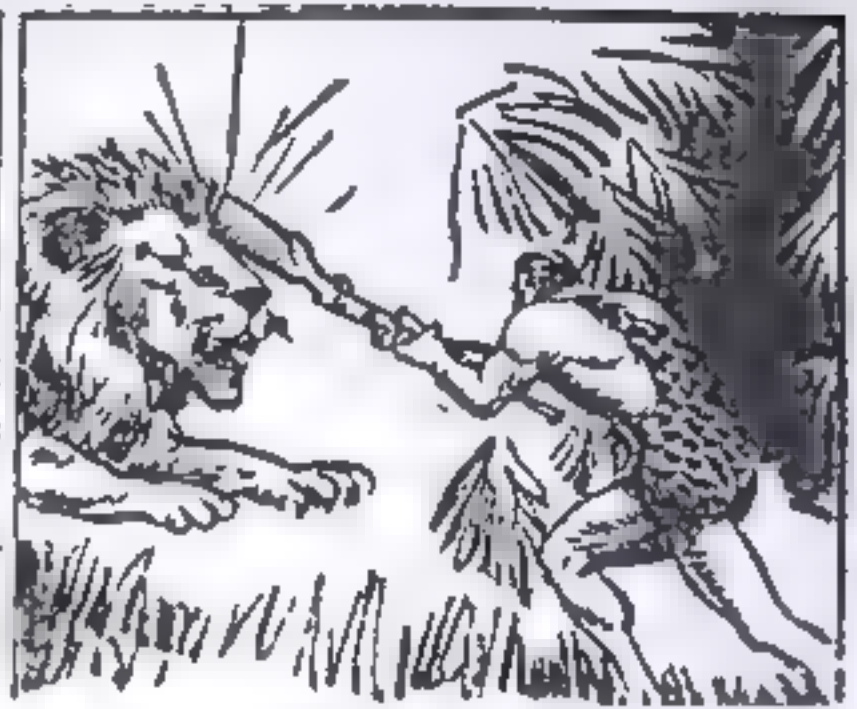


The lion was crouching as Tarzan discovered the tragic tableau. Numa was almost beneath the branch upon which the ape-man stood, unarmed! There was not even a moment's hesitation upon the part of the latter. So hopeless had seemed the situation to her that Jane Clayton but stood in listless apathy awaiting the impact of the huge body that would hurl her to the ground. What use to attempt escape? As well face the hideous end as to be dragged down in futile flight.

She did not even close her eyes to shut out the frightful aspect of that snarling face. And so it was that as she saw the lion preparing to charge, she saw, too, a bronzed and mighty figure leap from an overhanging tree at the instant that Numa rose in his spring. Wide went her eyes in wonder and incredulity as she beheld this seeming apparition risen from the dead. The lion was forgotten—her own peril—everything, save the wondrous miracle of this strange recrudescence.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS





With parted lips, with palms tight pressed against her heaving bosom, the young woman leaned forward large-eyed, enthralled by the vision of her dead mate. She saw the sinewy form leap to the back of the lion, hurtling against the leaping lion like a huge, ape-mate battering ram. She saw the carnivore brushed aside as he was almost upon her, and in that instant she realized that no wrath could thus turn the charge of a maddened lion with brute force greater than the brute's. Tarzan, her Tarzan, lived!

A cry of unspeakable gladness broke from her lips, only to die in terror as she saw the utter defenselessness of her mate and realized that the lion had recovered himself and was turning upon Tarzan in mad lust for vengeance. But Tarzan's quick glance had seen at his feet the discarded rifle of an Abyssinian, and as the lion reared to seize this rash man-thing who had dared interpose its puny strength between Numa and his prey, the heavy stock whirled thru the air and splintered upon the broad forehead of the lion.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 100

Not as an ordinary mortal might strike a blow did Tarzan of the Apes strike but with the murderous fury of a wild beast backed by the steel thews and the mighty heart and brain had bequeathed to him. With the blow ended the shattered skull was [illegible] the [illegible] fell [illegible] to the ground. Jane Clayton threw herself into the eager arms of her husband. For a brief moment he strained her dear form to his breast and then a glance about him assured the ape-man of new dangers.

Upon every hand the lions were leaping upon new victims. To remain was to court death. Tarzan seized Jane Clayton and lifted her in his powerful arms. The blacks who had witnessed his advent looked on in amazement as they saw the white giant leap easily into the branches of the tree from which he had dropped so dramatically upon the scene and vanish as he had come, bearing away their prisoner with him. But they were too well occupied in self defense to attempt to halt him, nor could they have done so if they had tried.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

And so unmolested Tarzan passed from the camp of the Abyssinians, from which the din of conflict followed him deep into the jungle. Back to the spot where he had left Werper went the ape-man, his heart now where free and sorrow had no record. But Werper was gone and Tarzan was convinced that the man had purposely avoided him. An attempt at tracking proved that he made their way toward the ruin and destruction that had once been the center of their happy lives.

Past the village of Achmet Zek their way led them, and there they found the crushed remains of the palisade and the native huts still smoking, mute testament of the wrath of a powerful enemy. "The Waziri," commented Tarzan with a grim smile. "They cannot be far ahead of us. The gold is gone and the jewels of Opar, Jane, but we have each other and the Waziri. We have love and loyalty and friendship. And what are gold and jewels to these?" But Fate, they were soon to see, had turned her smiling face once more upon them.

In the silence of mingled joy and sorrow they passed along thru the familiar jungle. As the afternoon was waning there came faintly to the ears of the ape-man the murmuring cadence of distant voices. Half an hour later the two came upon a horde of ebon warriors which Basuli had collected for his war of vengeance upon the raiders. With them were the captured women of their tribe, rescued from the Arab's village, and tall, even among the giant Waziri, loomed a familiar black form.

It was Mugambi, whom Jane had thought dead amidst the charred ruins of the bungalow. Ah, such a reunion! Long into the night the dancing, singing and laughter awoke the somber echoes of the woods. Again and again were the stories of their various adventures retold. Dawn was already breaking when Basuli for the fortieth time gleefully related how he and a handful of his warriors had watched the battle for the golden ingots which the Abyssinians of Abdul Mourak had waged against the Arab raiders of Achmet Zek.

How, when the victors had ridden away, they had sneaked out of the river weeds and stolen away with the precious ingots to hide them where no robber eye could discover them. Pieced out from the fragments of their various experiences with the Belgian, Lieut. Werper, the truth concerning his malign activities became clear. "Lost are the jewels of Opar forever," smiled Tarzan. "Much good may they do the villain!" The golden ingots of Opar were restored, as were the lives of those dear to him, and Tarzan was happy.

Busy weeks were to follow. The willing hands of laughing laborers, made happy again by the return of the master and mistress they had mourned dead, restored the ruined bungalow and farmhouse for the "Big Bwana." Life took on again the former peaceful, happy existence Lord and Lady Greystoke had known before the renegade Werper betrayed their hospitality and the jewels of Opar had been discoved in the temple vaults of the Sun Worshipers. But one more page was to unfold before the jewels of Opar's tale was told.

TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR—NO. 102

Months had passed. The labor of the Waziri and the gold of Opar had rebuilt and refurnished the wasted homestead of the Greystokes. Once more the simple life of the great African farm went on as it had before the coming of the Belgian and the Arab. Forgotten were the sorrows and dangers of yesterday. For the first time in months Lord Greystoke felt that he might indulge in a holiday, and so a great hunt was organized, that the faithful laborers might feast in celebration of the completion of their work.

In itself the hunt was a success, and 10 days later a well-laden "safari" took up its return march toward the Waziri plain. Lord and Lady Greystoke, with Basuli and Mugambi, rode together at the head of the column, laughing and talking together about the coming feast. Jane Clayton's horse shied suddenly at an object half hidden in the long grasses of an open space in the jungle. Tarzan's keen eyes sought quickly for the reason. "What's this!" he cried, swinging from his saddle. A moment later the four were grouped about a human skull and a litter of whitened bones.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan stooped and lifted a leathern pouch from the grisly relics of a man. The hard outlines of the contents brought an exclamation of surprise to his lips. "The jewels of Opar!" he cried, holding his pouch aloft and, pointing to the bones at his feet, "all that remains of Werper, the Belgian." Mugambi laughed. "Look within, Bwana," he cried, "and you will see what are the jewels of Opar—you will see what the Belgian gave his life for"—and the black laughed aloud.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Tarzan. "Because," replied Mugambi, "I filled the Belgian's pouch with river gravel before I escaped from the Abyssinians' camp. I brought away the real jewels. That they were afterward stolen from me is my shame and disgrace. But, anyway, the Belgian lost them. Tarzan had untied the thong. The contents trickled forth into his palm, a stream of brilliant, scintillating gems. "The jewels of Opar!" cried Tarzan. "But how did Werper come by them again?" None could answer. Both Chulk and Werper were dead, and no other knew.